THE BOOKMAN

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APRIL, 1915

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Amenities

WE DO not know whether this bit is old or new, or whence came the clipping. But whatever the conditions may be, it seems to us well worth while reprinting. It concerns two companion poems in respect to the aristocracy of Harvard and the democracy of Yale. Dr. Samuel C. Bushnell read this poem at the dinner of the Harvard Alumni of Waterbury:

I come from good old Boston,
The home of the bean and the cod,
Where Cabots speak only to Lowells,
And the Lowells speak only to God.

Dean Jones, of Yale, countered with these verses:

Here's to the town of New Haven,
The home of the truth and the light,
Where God speaks to Jones
In the very same tones
That he uses with Hadley and Dwight.

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In Chinese Eyes

We are indebted to the exchange editor of an American daily newspaper, who is indebted to the exchange editor of the Glasgow *Herald,* who in turn is indebted to *L'Echo de Chine,* the Shanghai journal which represents French interests in the Far East, for the following lucid account of the war. It is the work of a young Chinaman, "with a limited knowledge of English":

"Now there is a great battle in Europe. This began because the Prince of Austria went to Serbia with his wife. One man of Serbia killed him. Austria was angry, and so fight Serbia. Germany write a letter to Austria, I will help you. Russia write a letter to Serbia, I will help you. France did not want to fight, but they got ready their soldiers. Germany write a letter to France. You don't get ready or will I fight you in nine hours. Germany to fight them pass Belgium. Belgium say I am a country. I am not a road, and Belgium write a letter to England about Germany to them. So England help Belgium."

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Barbara Henderson

Unquestionably the most conspicuous poem of the war so far is Ernst Lissauer's "Chant of Hate" (Hassgesang gegan England), which we quoted at length in our January issue. Or rather we should say that the most conspicuous poem is the translation of those verses into English, made by Barbara Henderson, and copied so widely throughout England and the United States. It is very rarely that a reputation is made by a translation, but Mrs. Henderson seems to have made one, and to have deserved it. But before "The Chant of Hate," she had been recognised as one of the cleverest of the younger generation of women in the South to-day. As Miss Bynum, she was a Phi Beta Kappa at the University of North Caro-

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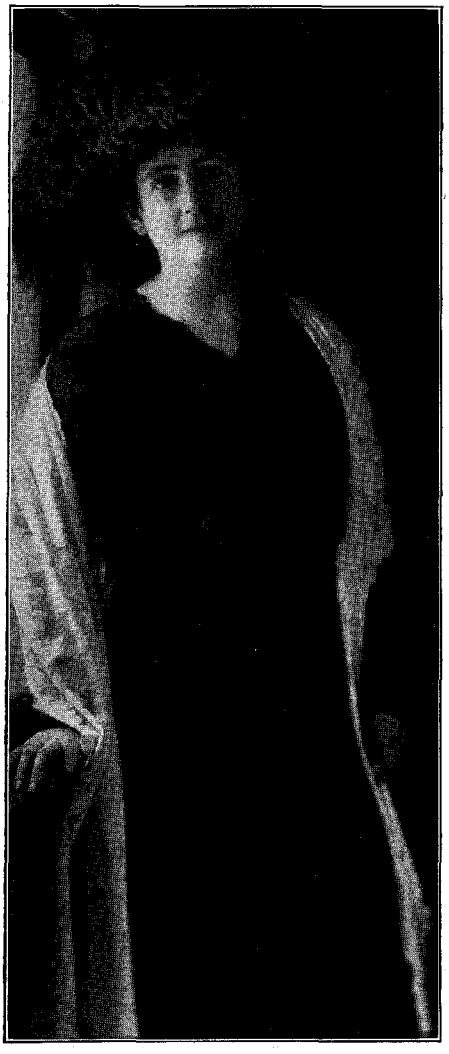
lina, where in June, 1902, she received the two academic degrees, A.B. and A.M. During her undergraduate days her poems were widely copied by college papers throughout the country, and found place in anthologies of American college verse. When she was still in her 'teens, there was sent to her, on the stationery of this magazine, and from one of its former editors, the following letter: "Your poems seem to me remarkable for a girl of eighteen, and I see no reason not to encourage you to pursue a vocation for which you have evidently a real gift and a sincere passion."



BARBARA HENDERSON

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As Mrs. Henderson, the wife of Professor Archibald Henderson of the University of North Carolina, she seems to have been quite indifferent to any literary reputation. She has never made any effort to publish her verse, which, however, is admired and prized in the close circle of her intimate friends. Her most recent poem, "The March of the Women," has enjoyed a wide vogue, and has been the trumpet-call to the women of North Carolina in their battle for the ballot. Mrs. Henderson was first president of the North Carolina Equal Suffrage League, and was recently unanimously reëlected for a second term. Here are the first two verses of "The March of the Women":

Oh, Women, Sisters of mine, let us awake
from our dreaming!
Gone is the night of dreams; the day of
deeds is dawning;
Hear voices call from the hill-tops: "Sisters,
a light is gleaming!"
Hear the sound of feet that march upward
into the morning.

Shall we tread the old path of women, this
and no other?
Worn by their patient feet and salt with
their weeping?
(Sweet eyes grown dim with watching, oh
Mother, my Mother!)
"Nay, lest it prove in vain, my child, the
watch we were keeping."

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Oliver Onions

Of Oliver Onions as a literary craftsman, THE BOOKMAN has had more or less to say in the recent past. His latest work, however, is characterised by several new features. Its length, for instance, is to be reckoned, not in words or pages, but in feet and inches, and it is divided, not into sections and chapters, but into cubic space of accommodation per man. It is bound, not in cloth, but in tarred and sanded felt, well battened down against

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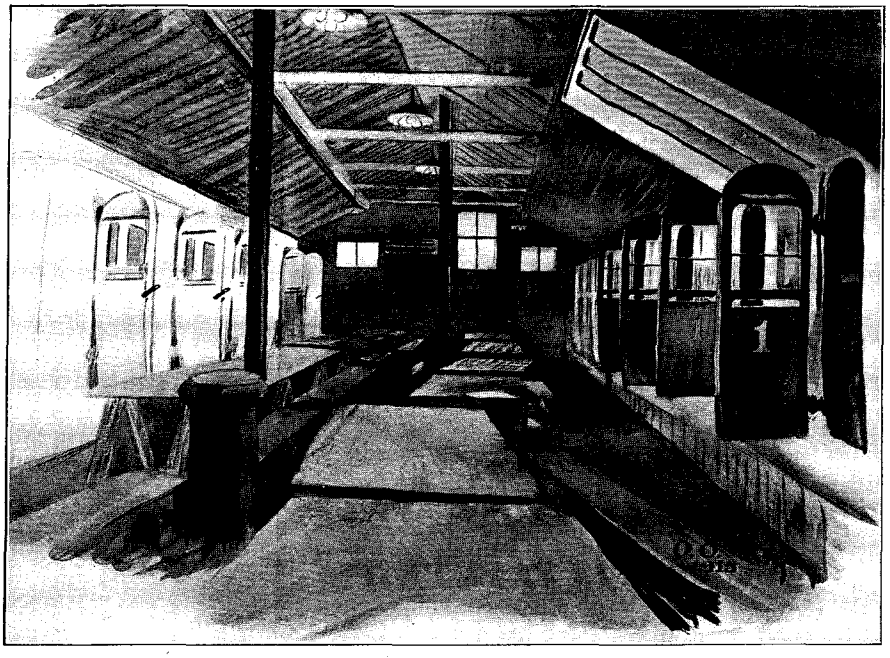

SHELTER FOR VOLUNTEERS TRAINING IN ENGLAND, CONSTRUCTED FROM OLD RAILWAY COACHES BY OLIVER ONIONS. VIEW OF THE INTERIOR, FROM A DRAWING BY MR. ONIONS

the wind, and it has been set up, not by compositors, but by contractors. In a word, as Camp Quartermaster of a Voluntary Defence Organisation, his latest task has been to construct Winter Quarters for the shelter of some hundred of men. Two rows, each of three railway coaches with bays left between the ends, have been set up, and the intervening space roofed over. The bays and ends have also been boarded up, thus providing a central hall, one hundred feet by twenty feet, exclusive of the depth of the coaches themselves. To these additional bunks have been fitted, so that each compartment provides sleeping accommodations for four men. The hall is distempered white, stove-heated, electric-lighted, and floored with power-station ashes. It is furnished with tables and benches, a blackboard for lectures, a guard-room, storeroom, canteen and sergeant-major's office. The whole is guttered and drained, and forms a conspicuous feature where the London Metropolitan Railway passes Wembley Park.

Ernest Poole

We read Ernest Poole's *The Harbour* with admiration, but with that admiration there was mingled a certain amount of exasperation. In laying the book aside there was the mental comment that almost any kind of an idiot could be a propagandist, but that to very few men was it given to be artists. The beginning of *The Harbour* had charm and a certain curious reminiscent thrill. The reader saw the waters of New York Bay and the great wharves and warehouses lining the shores of Manhattan, of Brooklyn, of Staten Island, and of New Jersey with the eyes of the boy in whose person the story is told. The first half of *The Harbour* was rich in achievement, and even richer in promise. Moreover, the way before the author was clear. Here was a story to be told for its own sake, and to the utmost of the narrator's ability as a literary artist. The roused hope brought a corresponding degree of disappointment when, in the closing chapters, the artist effaced himself, and the social re-

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THE SHELTER CAMP FROM THE OUTSIDE

former appeared. We have no quarrel with Mr. Poole's socialistic ideas or with his expression of them. But we resent them when they do so much toward spoiling what promised to be a very unusual book.

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So striking were the early chapters of *The Harbour,* with the pictures of the inner bay and the East River as seen from the Brooklyn Heights home of the hero's childhood years, that the information that Mr. Poole is not a New Yorker by birth and heritage causes positive astonishment. He was born in Chicago, and it was not until after his graduation from Princeton, with the class of 1902, that he first went to New York to live. Through the University Settlement he derived his first knowledge of the city. In his work there, taken up immediately after his college days, he had such associates as LeRoy Scott, Graham Stokes, Walter Weyl, Robert Hunter, William English Walling, and Arthur Bullard. Mr. Poole's particular interest was in the boys who were employed on the streets—newsboys, messengers, and bootblacks. He mingled with them freely, studied their life, their habits, their morals, and extended a helping hand as he had opportunity. Out of this grew several articles, which appeared in current magazines, *McClure's* and *Collier's* among others, and which had much to do in calling public attention to these hitherto neglected forms of child labour. Tuberculosis was also a subject to which he gave much thought, investigating conditions and running down stories from health department records. In time the labour unions became uppermost in his mind, and articles on different labour questions found their way into a variety of publications.

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In 1905 Mr. Poole went to Russia to watch the attempted revolution there. One of his experiences had to do with the discovery that his boon travelling companion was a Japanese agent, whose real mission in the country was to sell guns to the Revolutionists. "But the Revolutionists would never accept Japanese guns," Mr. Poole says. On his return to America Mr. Poole married and took up his residence in Greenwich Village, New York, where he lived for seven years. He continued to write articles of contemporary interest and constructed two or three plays, one of which, *A Man's Friend,* a political drama, was produced with some success in 1914. During these years he was becoming more and more closely allied with Socialist activities. Harbours have always interested Mr. Poole. For Cherbourg, Bergen, and New York he has always had the deepest of feeling. No one who has read the book will question the influence of this life-long fascination. As a boy he visited the docks at every opportunity, mingling with the dockmen, watching the ships come and go, and imbibing the spirit of the great shipping industry. As a young man his interest did not lessen, and as he sought material for special news stories, it was not infrequently that he turned to the waterfront.

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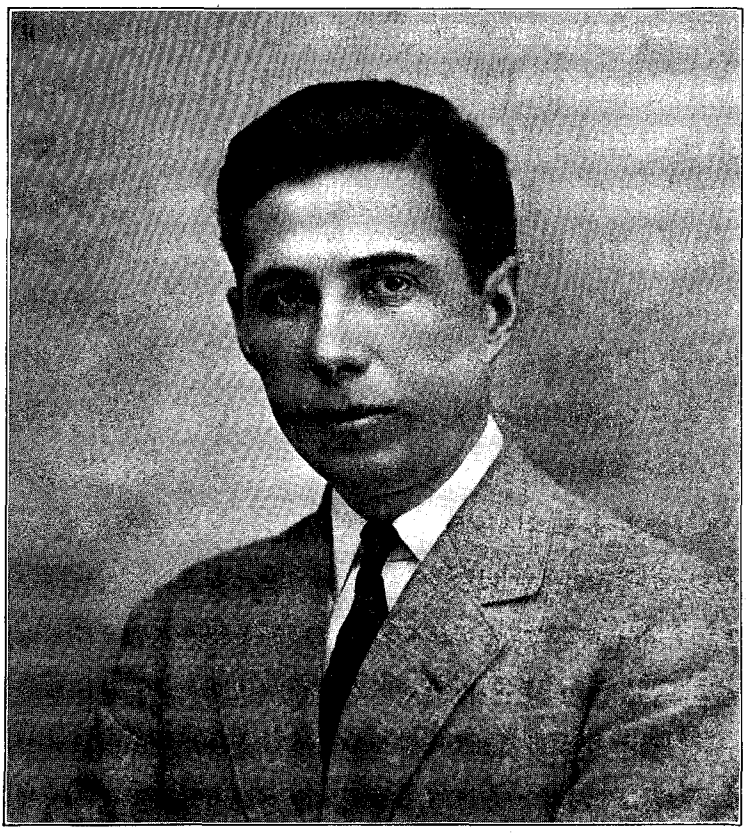

ERNEST POOLE

One of these dock stories described in vivid terms a strike that was all set for a certain day, and Mr. Poole was congratulating himself on the fact that he had obtained a little inside information and that his paper was going to have a "beat." But the strike did not come off as scheduled, and Mr. Poole's article did not reach publication. The strike that is an incident in *The Harbour* is drawn from one that actually did come off, however—the great Chicago stockyards strike. *The Harbour* is the result of several years of work. Written, entirely rewritten and recast, and rewritten again—that is its history. Following the delivery of the completed manuscript to his publishers last autumn, Mr. Poole set out for Europe. He spent a month in Berlin and two weeks in the trenches in the north of France. He was greatly impressed with the change which this intimate contact with soldiers and conditions on the firing line had made in his ideas of war. In an interview published in the *New York Post* soon after his return, he is reported to have said: "If one goes to the firing line with the single idea that war is hell, it will be quickly shattered. If all were horror, mud, and drudgery, one might reasonably hope that this would be the last war. But it is not all horror, and your mind becomes confused. Everything seems to be in a state of flux; the mind is jarred open; people think and talk differently. As the soldiers, for the most part, never see the enemy at whom they are firing, the idea of butchering one's fellow-men does not appear. On the other hand, the feeling

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of brotherhood and mutual help is evident everywhere along the line. And it is sacrifice for an ideal which the soldier at last thinks is tremendous. Despite the rigid military discipline, there is a certain feeling of equality between the soldiers and officers, and the professor fights and watches side by side with the peasant. It is such factors that make war all the more a menace. If it were only ugly we might hope that this would be the last war, but I saw men by thousands who were proud of having fought and will be eager to fight again."

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Señor Sherlock Holmes

That Mr. Sherlock Holmes is the most widely known character of fiction in all history is a fact pretty well established in the minds of those who do not travel beyond the borders of the United States. But to realise the full extent of his notoriety one must have rambled among the book-shops of Spain or of Spanish-American lands on this side of the Atlantic. There will be found, behind gaudily coloured covers, a Señor Sherlock Holmes of Iberian appearance and deportment, who is the hero of an endless series of adventures, the very titles of which would be enough to mystify and astonish Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. These paper-covered books are printed in Barcelona, they represent the imaginative work of hack writers, and they are sold by the tens and hundreds of thousands to satisfy the appetites of readers in South America, Mexico, and Cuba. At the top of the cover there is a portrait of the creator of the science of deduction, a portrait which in general conforms to the picture first drawn almost a quarter of a century ago by Dr. Doyle in the pages of *A Study in Scarlet,* but so unconsciously yet subtly altered by the crude artist that it is a Spaniard whom we see instead of the lean, athletic Englishman of the original invention.

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We do not know how many problems have confronted Señor Sherlock Holmes, but here is a partial list of titles which serves to indicate his activities:

The Seller of Corpses.
The Theft of the Blue Diamond.
The Daughter of the Usurer.
Blackwell, the Pirate of the Thames.
Jack the Ripper.
The Forgers of London.
The Bloody Hammer.
A Criminal Doctor.
The Director's Testament.
Sherlock Holmes and the Opium Smugglers.
In the Pittsburgh School of Crime.
At the Doors of Death.
The Red Widow of Paris.
The Human Beast.
A Night of Terror.
The Robbery of the Pearl Necklace.
The Infamous Gang of Cairo.
The Shipwreck of Corfu.
The King of the Bandits.

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"John C." Raffles

Second in importance only to Señor Sherlock Holmes is Señor John C. Raffles, whose Spanish exploits would be likely to puzzle Mr. E. W. Hornung quite as much as the Sherlockian adventures would puzzle Mr. Hornung's brother-in-law, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. They, too, are products of a Barcelona publisher and the work of Spanish hacks. With the apparent idea of adding a touch of verisimilitude, Raffles has been endowed with a Christian name and a middle initial. Hence the John C. Here is an indication of the tempestuous life of Raffles as presented to Spanish reading lovers of sensational fiction:

1. The Mysterious Unknown—The Punishment of a Dishonest Jeweller—The Treasure in a Sarcophagus—The Strategy of a Banker.

2. A Robbery in the Royal Palace—In the Catacombs of Paris—Money and Love—The Hindoo Idol.

3. The Gambling Prince—The Duke of Norfolk's Diamonds—Sunken Treasures—The Fake Detective Sergeant.

4. The Assault in the Sleeping Car—The Silver Apostle—Among the "Apaches" of Paris—The Punishment of Don Juan.

5. The Red Master—The Mystery of the

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Mutilated Children—The Negro in the Boudoir—Among the Ruins of Messina.

6. The Heir of Eaglestone—The Alchemist—The Bank President—Number R. 100.

7. The Secret of the Ring—The Sacred Treasure of Siva—The King's Club—Inspector Baxter in a Mad-house.

8. The President of the Colonies—The Hindoo Mystery—The Four Fathers—An Easy Death.

9. The Pretended Highwayman—The Alarm Trumpet—Raffles and the Chinese Chief of Police—The Queen of the Diamonds.

10. The Abducted Maiden—A Theft in a Museum—The Courtier of Belgrade—The Beautiful Lady.

11. The Negro's Gun—The Madman of Hanwell—The Two Who Bet and Won Nothing—Involuntary Vengeance.

12. The Rajah's Treasure—The Mysterious Comet—The Cocotte's Necklace—The Champion of Virtue.

ONE OF THE INNUMERABLE ADVENTURES OF THE SPANISH SHERLOCK HOLMES

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13. A Wedding Journey—The Lady's Pearl Necklace—Mexican Gold—The Pirates of the Stock-Exchange.

14. The State Treasure—The Incorrigible Thief—The Palace of the Muses of Saint Helena—A Rung in Jacob's Ladder.

15. The Priest of the Sun—The Owner of the *Dolphin*—Between Honour and Crime—Under the Red Banner.

16. In the Rat-trap—The Georgian Prince—The Spirit of Lady Bertha Dunkel—The Most Difficult Task.

17. The Secret of the Treasure—The Usurper of the Inheritance—The Ruined Man—The Mysterious Aeroplane.

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Reverting to Sherlock Holmes, there is the new story by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Almost thirty years ago Dr. Doyle wrote an infinitely better tale according to the exact formula that he has used in *The Valley of Fear*. For *A Study in Scarlet* he received, for all

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE IN HIS FIFTY-SEVENTH YEAR

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rights, a sum amounting to about one hundred and twenty-five dollars. For that niggardly return he has since been amply compensated, but in actual value *The Valley of Fear* is worth perhaps about one-twentieth of what *A Study in Scarlet* was worth. Nevertheless, the new story is entertaining enough, and offers points for conjecture. At the time of his second visit to America, a year or two ago, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle met W. J. Burns, and listened to some of his experiences. There is more than a suggestion that on these experiences were based the American chapters of the new book, although there are reasons for thinking that the prototypes of the Scowrers were the Molly Maguires of former days. There is a point of resemblance between Doyle and Burns. Mr. Burns has recently been attempting to prove the innocence of Leo Frank, of Atlanta, Georgia. Twice has Doyle adapted the reasoning processes of Sherlock Holmes to real life; first in the case of Edjali the Syrian, and later in the affair of Oscar Slater. Slater was suspected of having murdered a wealthy woman in Glasgow under mysterious circumstances. He sailed for America and was arrested in New York. On his return to Scotland he was condemned to death. Two days before the execution his sentence was changed to imprisonment for life. Doyle's purpose was to clear an innocent man. He was not successful, but the reason for that, he believes to-day, is that the authorities responsible for the condemnation of Slater wanted to clear themselves of the accusation of error before they thought of restoring justice.

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To Russia as well as to Spain has the influence of Sherlock Holmes found its way. Among the books published in 1908 there were more than a thousand sensational novels, classed as "Nat Pinkerton and Sherlock Holmes Literature," with such expressive titles as *The Hanged, The Stranglers, The Disinterred Corpse,* and *The Expropriators.* A Russian critic has found in this sensational literature the expression of a national sentiment. It is significant of a revolt against three great ideas that have at different times dominated Russian literature: the quiet pessimism of Turgenev, the Christian non-resistance religion of Tolstoy, and the familiar Russian type of will-less philosophy. The new craze for "Nat Pinkerton and Sherlock Holmes" stories, the critic thinks, foreshadows a complete change in the Russian reader, the decay of the literature of passivity, and the rise of a new literature of action and physical revolt.

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The very extraordinary motion-picture film entitled *The Birth of a Nation* and depicting, among other scenes, the activities of the Ku Klux Clan during the Reconstruction days in the South, recalls a time when the discretion of Sherlock Holmes reached heights that were ludicrous. It was in "The Adventure of the Five Orange Pits." Holmes had been busy tracing the movements of the American barque *Lone Star* and was reporting the results of his labour to Watson in the seclusion of their rooms in Upper Baker Street. It was only after a cautious look about him and then in a whisper that he asked the question: "Have you ever heard of the Ku Klux Clan?" As a matter of fact, the query was one that at the time could have been shouted with perfect safety by any man, woman or child in any part of the United States. The work of the Ku Klux had been done, and the men who had worn its mystic insignia had gone back to their various peaceful occupations of farming, clerking, and building. To English readers the precautionary glance and the lowered tone may have brought a thrill; to Americans they were nothing more than a source of mild amusement.

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The Trollope Centenary

The Anthony Trollope centenary, which comes the 24th of this month, is, with the exception of that of George Eliot, practically the last centenary of that particular group of novelists that is associated with the Victorian era.

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E. A. POE'S "THE CITY IN THE SEA." EDMUND DULAC. FROM "MODERN BOOK ILLUSTRATORS AND THEIR WORK"

Bulwer was born in 1803, Disraeli in 1804, Thackeray in 1811, and Dickens in 1812. By four years Trollope was the senior of the author of *The Mill on the Floss*. Often as the story of his life has been told, it is always worth retelling as an example of incessant labour and methodical achievement. Born in London, the son of a talented but unsuccessful barrister and the woman who left behind her as her most conspicuous literary monument the book called *Domestic Manners of the Americans,* Anthony Trollope's early days were spent in the wretched farm-house which was later accurately described in *Orley Farm*. Then he was sent to Harrow, where he passed three miserable years, and where he left a reputation for slovenliness of person and dulness of mind. Nor was he any happier at a private school to which he was transferred, nor at Winchester College. His parents were poor, and he himself was ugly and uncouth. He tried to study, and he tried to teach. But he seems to have had no aptitude in either direction. Twice he endeavoured to win a sizarship at Cambridge and once at Oxford, always failing ignominiously, and at last reluctantly giving up all idea of a university career. The dejection of this period was somewhat relieved by the financial success of his mother's book of travels. With the eight hundred pounds accruing from the work, the family's pecuniary difficulties were temporarily lightened. Nevertheless, it soon became necessary for Anthony to choose a definite career. He was offered a commission in an Austrian cavalry regiment and began the study of the German language to qualify himself for this command. But he changed his mind when another opportunity presented itself, and accepted a clerkship in the general post-office, with which branch of the public service he remained connected for more than thirty years.

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The first seven of these years he was a junior clerk, with a salary which began at ninety pounds a year and rose to one hundred and forty pounds. This was simply a continuation of the squalour and comparative poverty that had soured his youth. That period of his life does not

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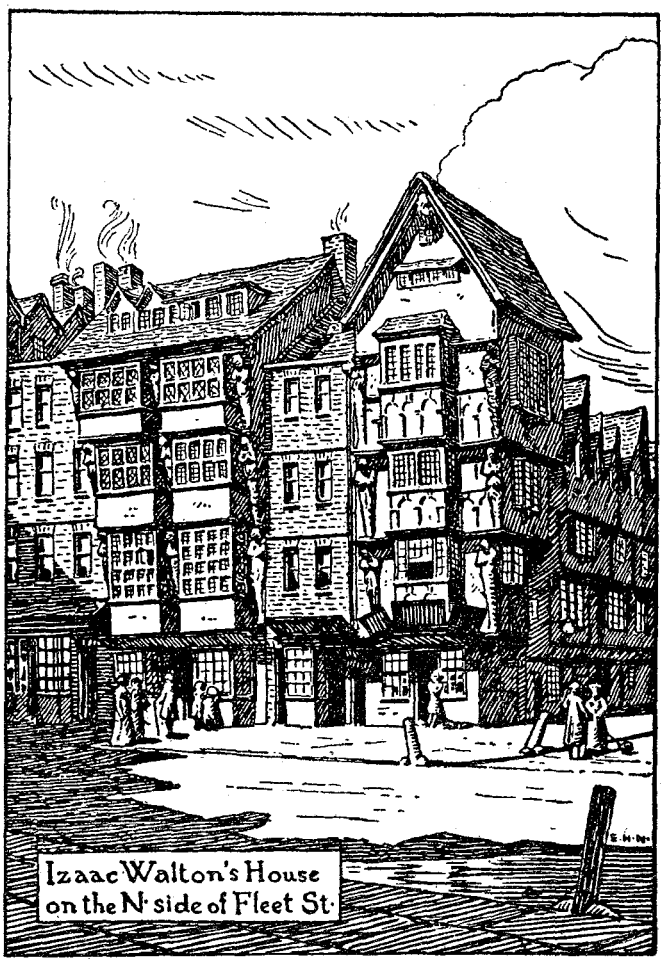

ISAAC WALTON'S HOUSE. EDMUND H. NEW. FROM "MODERN BOOK ILLUSTRATORS AND THEIR WORK"

present a pleasant picture. It involved gambling, excessive drinking, trouble with the money-lenders, and with a certain young woman. But he had begun to read, he taught himself to translate both French and Latin, he came to know Horace from beginning to end, and he absorbed what was best in English poetry. Also there first dawned upon him the possibility that some day he himself might write a novel. In 1841 he was transferred to Ireland, to a position of comparative independence, with an income, during the very first year, of four hundred pounds. The change was in every way beneficial. The black sheep of London became in Ireland an exceedingly efficient public servant. It was in Ireland that he married, and that he wrote his first novel, *The MacDermots of Ballycloran,* which was written between 1843 and 1845, but not published until 1847. Undismayed by the failure of that book, he tried a second story, again an Irish one, and again failed. He then tried an historical novel, and a comedy with no better results, and turned to his official duties for several

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"THE FIFES AND DRUMS OF HER MAJESTY'S GRENADIERS." H. M. BROCK, R. I. ("THE ESSAYS OF DOUGLAS JERROLD.") FROM "MODERN BOOK ILLUSTRATORS AND THEIR WORK"

years, putting all thoughts of writing out of his head. It was not until 1853, when he was almost forty years of age, that he began the composition of *The Warden,* the first of the long series of Barsetshire novels.

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The Warden appeared in 1855, but created no great stir. And by the end of 1857, just ten years from the time of the publication of his first book, his total literary earnings amounted to fifty-five pounds. But he had learned his *métier,* and found his field. *Barchester Towers* succeeded *The Warden,* and at once made Trollope generally known, and assured him a definite literary position. In addition, promotion in the postal service more than doubled his official income and enabled him to travel. He went to the Continent, to Egypt as a government representative for the purpose of making a postal treaty, to the United States, to Cuba, to Central America, to Australia, to South Africa, and to Iceland. When, after his travels, he settled himself in London, his circle of acquaintances was very different from that circle that he had known years before as a junior clerk. Instead of card-playing in public houses, he was now on terms of intimacy with all that was best in English literary and artistic life. He stood for Parliament and sat week after week in the gallery of the House of Commons. In a word, his later days were as prosperous as his early years had been miserable. His indefatigable labour had builded up an edifice consisting of nearly fifty novels, four books of travel, five volumes of stories, and four biographical works. After his death, which took place in 1882, appeared his *Autobiography,* which carried down to the year 1879, and was supplemented by a few pages written by his son Henry, who edited the work.

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In the thirteenth chapter of his *Autobiography* Trollope had his say about the literary figures of his own time. He did not hesitate to name Thackeray the first, holding that there was no character in fiction, with the possible exception of

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Don Quixote, with whom the reader becomes so intimately acquainted as with Colonel Newcome. Also he regarded Thackeray's style as the purest and the most harmonious among all the novelists, although occasionally disfigured by a slight touch of affectation. Second to Thackeray he ranked George Eliot. "The lessons which she teaches remain," he said, "though it is not for the sake of the lessons that her pages are read. Seth Bede, Adam Bede, Maggie and Tom Tulliver, old Silas Marner, and much above all, Tito, are characters which, when once known, can never be forgotten." Such praise as Trollope gave to Dickens was given grudgingly. He considered the pathos stagey and melodramatic; the style jerky, ungrammatical, and created by Dickens himself in defiance of rules. "Dickens's novels are like Boucicault's plays. He has known how to draw his lines broadly, so that all should see the colour." Trollope thought Bulwer a man of very great parts, who thoroughly understood the political status of his own country, a subject on which Dickens was marvellously ignorant, and which Thackeray had never studied. Of Charles Reade is written: "I look upon him as endowed almost with genius, but as one who has not been gifted by nature with ordinary powers of reasoning. In the common affairs of life he cannot see what is right or wrong; and as he is altogether unwilling to be guided by the opinions of others, he is constantly making mistakes in his literary career, and subjecting himself to reproach which he hardly deserves."

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With the same methodical care with which he produced his books, Trollope kept the record of their earnings. Thirty years of literary labour brought him a return of approximately three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. In the concluding chapter of his *Autobiography* he noted that he had published more than twice as much as Carlyle, and considerably more than Voltaire, even including his letters. His most successful books, from the financial point of view, were *The Small House at Allington, Orley Farm, Can You Forgive Her?, The Last Chronicle of Barset, Phineas Finn, He Knew He Was Right,* and *The Way We Live Now.* For every one of these his earnings were three thousand pounds or more. His average earnings from his pen in the last fifteen years of his life amounted to about four thousand pounds a year.

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French Poets Parodied

The number of anthologies which have been published in Paris of late has made the production of a parody inevitable. This has appeared at last in *La Grande Anthologie,* the only one, as it is claimed on the cover, which "published only the unpublished." "It is the first time that an anthology can boast this characteristic," solemnly avers the editor in his elaborate *Préambule,* with its *"Exposé de notre Methodologie, Avertissements, etc. . . . etc."* But this is not the only novel feature of the work. "Most anthologies," he continues "—we do not say all, for however sad our flesh may be, we have the happiness of not having read all the books"—a malicious reference to Mallarmé's famous line in *Brise Marine*—"most anthologies class their authors alphabetically. The result is that we find always at the head . . . either M. Jean Écart (Aicard), or M. Henri Bathaille (Bataille), while Paul Verlaine, M. Verhérien (Verhaeren) and Mlle. Zompette are infallibly relegated to the end of the volume." The anthologist had then thought of reversing the alphabetical order in order that the last should be first, and vice versa. "But we have perceived after several months—which scarcely flatters our faculty of observation—that in either case MM. Maurice Maigre (Magre), Leon Largier (Larguier) and others would remain obstinately buried in the middle, that is to say, in a place where quick glances at the bookstalls—the only ones with which this volume doubtless will be honoured—can scarcely hope to unearth them. So we

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EDMOND ROUSTAND

have renounced all alphabetical classification in favour of a grouping by schools."

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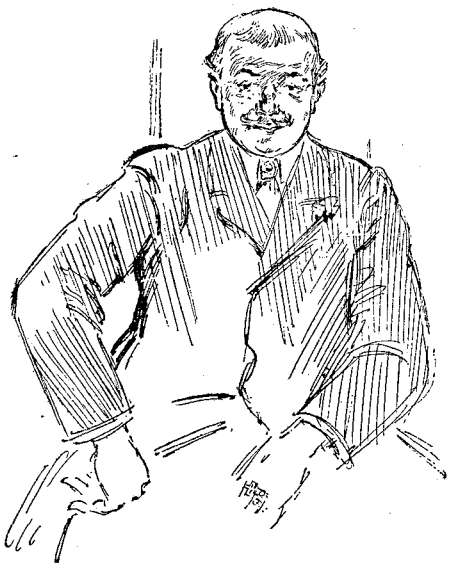
These schools are "Les Antiquaires," "Les Libertins," "Les Uniques," "Attardés et Egarés," "Les Saltimbanques," "Les Discoboles," and "Les Vivants et les Maures," the latter, through the pun on the word "Maures" (Morts), being equivalent, of course, to "The Quick and the Dead." The first school "represents the aristocracy and, as it were, to speak like le doux Mique"—the critic, Réné Doumic—"the extreme right of the contemporary poetic Assembly, a party interesting to the highest degree as much by the gravity of its inspiration, as by the length of the names of its principal members." Thus its leader is Sébastien—Charles—Georges Leconte de Lisle-Adam," a wonderful name, composed of the authentic names of no less than three well-known French poets of to-day and yesterday: Sébastien Charles Leconte, Leconte de Lisle, and Villiers de l'Isle-Adam. The group also in-

SÉBASTIEN—CHARLES—GEORGES LECONTE DE LISLE-ADAM



ÉMILE VERHÉRIEN

cludes Henri-Mathurin de Reigner (Henri de Regnier), Jean-Louis Foulong de Vau (d'Oyer) (Maurice Foulon), and Jehan Richepaing (Jean Richepin). Among "Les Libertins" one recognises at once, under the name of Jorg de Portorico, the well-known playwright Georges de Porto Riche; in the group of "Les Uniques," as Rafaele d'Annonceleau, the Italian poet, who has now become a French dramatist, M. Gabriel d'Annunzio; while elsewhere we find, figuring as Joseph-Marie Netti, that other Italian poet of notoriety to-day, the "Futurist Marinetti.

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"The German Rhine"

Another poem, long more or less forgotten, that has been revived by the war is Alfred de Musset's "The German Rhine" (Le Rhin Allemand). *Les Annales* of Paris informs us that a great number of its readers have written to ask for the republication of Musset's famous verses. Here is the story of that poem. About the middle of the reign of Louis Philippe, a secret treaty having been drawn up between Prussia and Turkey against France regarding the Egyptian question, French public opinion ran high. War sentiment was rife in Paris. The Germans felt themselves seriously threatened, and prepared to take up arms, urged on by a belligerent press. A poet of Bonn, by name Nicolas Becker, fed the flame with certain verses that passed from mouth to mouth and brought him the personal compliments of the Prussian King. Becker capped his efforts by dedicating the poem to Lamartine. Lamartine replied with the "Marseillaise of Peace," verses composed in an altruistic and paternal spirit that pleased neither the Germans nor the French. It was not the moment, thought the latter, for a French poet to write in denunciation of conquerors and armed hosts, and to bestow metrical caresses on visions of eternal gentleness and brotherhood. "The Marseillaise of Peace" was received with hostile murmurs. It jostled the national pride. The French, ticklish on the point of honour, did not like retreats. It exasperated them that the finest poet of the century opposed only this cloudy and Utopian protest to Becker's vindictive thrust. No more than the crowd did the men of letters and the artists approve of Lamartine's verses. They admired the form, but not the spirit. Madame de Girardin relates that in the course of one of her evenings the conversation turned to the subject. Each guest said his say. They read the "Rheinlied" of Becker; they read the "Marseillaise of Peace." "There was another reply to send to that gentleman," cried the hostess. "My dear Musset, write it for us." She locked him in a room with paper, pens, and two cigars. When she released him, half an hour later, the cigars had been smoked and the verses beginning "Nous l'avons eu, votre Rhin allemand," written.

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Robert W. Service

The new novel by Robert W. Service is called *The Pretender,* and is a story of the Latin Quarter of Paris. The English reviews are curiously unanimous in assigning a dual personality to the author, with the statement that the first hundred pages seem to have been written by another Service differing from the author of the remaining chapters of the book. It is the first time that Mr. Service has deserted the land of his literary fame—the Canadian Northwest—and is accounted for probably by the fact that he has made Paris his home for the last year or two and has been deeply impressed with its life. Service himself is a Scotchman of some thirty-eight years—years crowded with more vicissitudes and struggles than fall to the lot of the ordinary man. After a dispiriting experience with the drab life of a bank clerk in Glasgow, at the age of twenty-one he emigrated to Canada and, travelling steerage, landed in Vancouver with a scant five dollars in his pocket. Picking stones, chopping trees, driving reaping machines through the great wheat fields, were some of the casual "jobs" that kept him alive until, in a spirit of adventure and restlessness, he worked his way down toward Mexico, travelling "light," generally with little more than a spare blanket for baggage. Then came less primitive occupations—a little school-teaching, newspaper reporting, Indian trading with, as he says, "much idleness in between."

Tiring finally of being kicked about from pillar to post, Mr. Service once again sought a bank position, and after a little time in the West he was sent north to the Yukon at the time of the gold rush and remained there in the branch bank for eight years. These years of frontier life made a great im-

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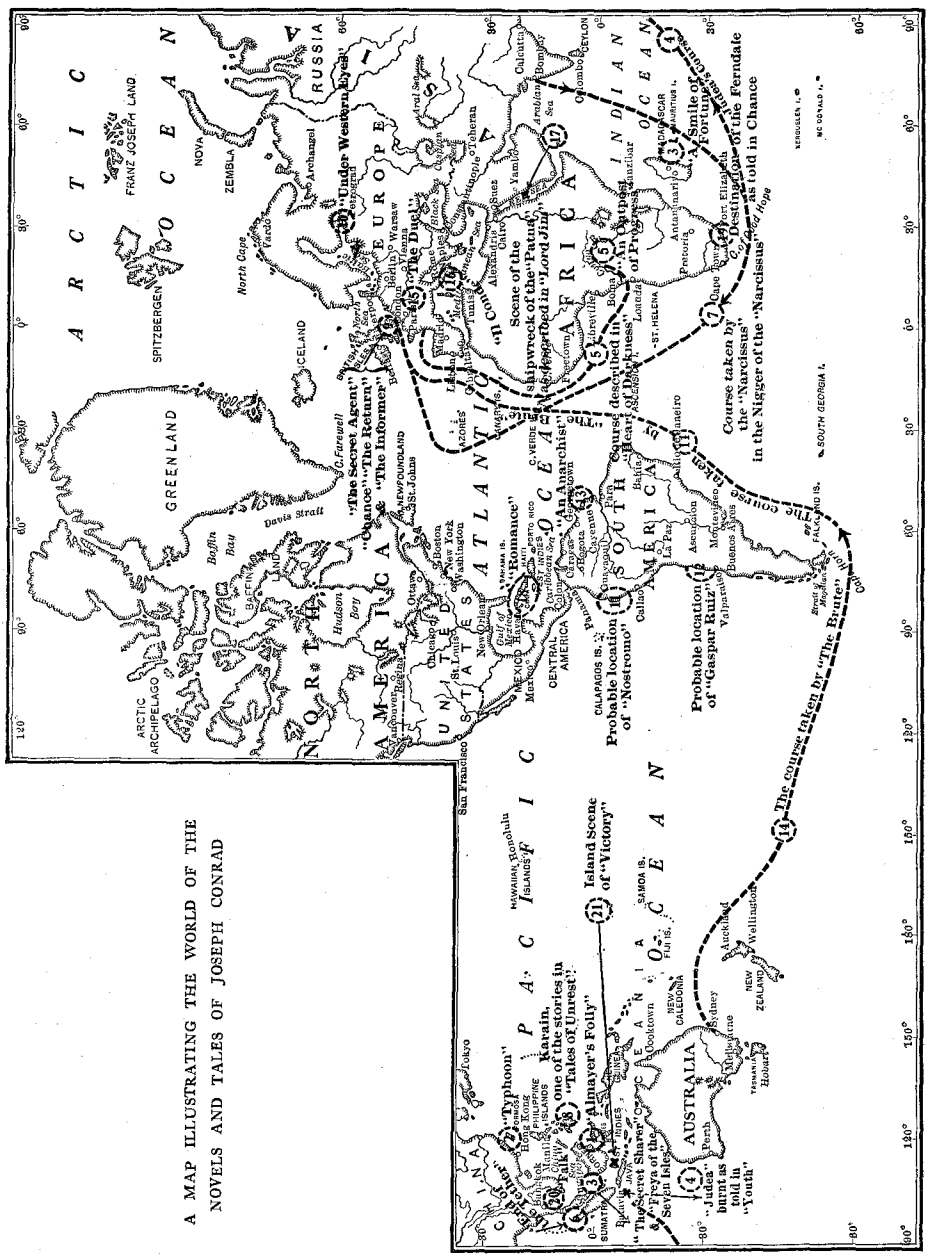

A MAP ILLUSTRATING THE WORLD OF THE NOVELS AND TALES OF JOSEPH CONRAD

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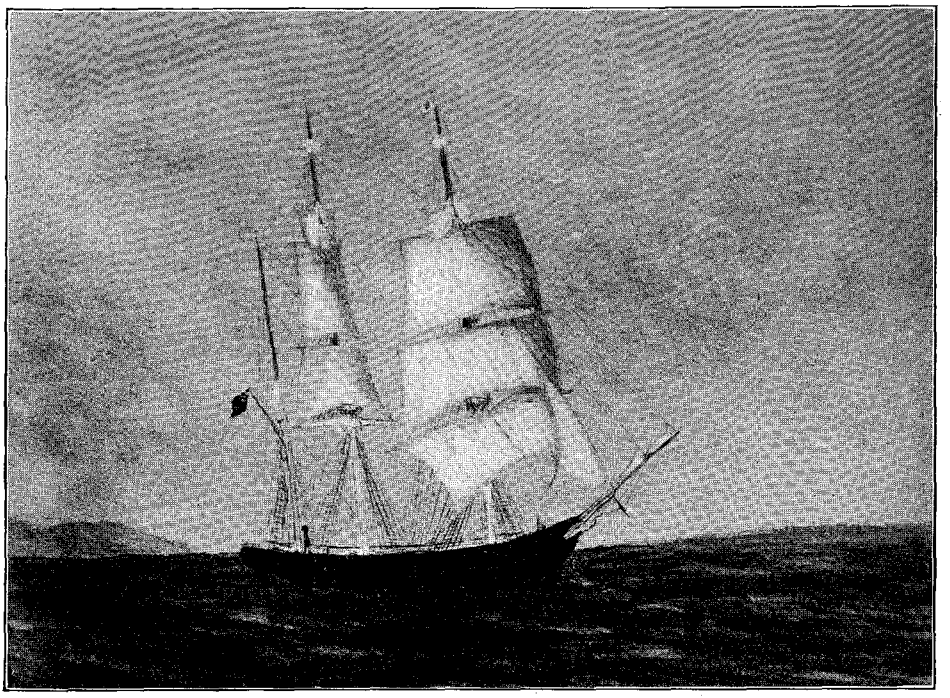

THE "OTAGO," JOSEPH CONRAD'S FIRST COMMAND

pression that finally expressed itself in *Songs of a Sourdough,* a book that reached its seventh edition before the date of publication. So it came about that the grubbing bank clerk began to receive cheques in four figures and soon gave up his banking to see more of the world, but in a quite different manner from his earlier experiences. Turkey at the time of the Balkan war attracted him, and after that he drifted to Paris, his present home and the inspiration of his new novel.

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Conrad's First Ship

Naturally much has been written about Joseph Conrad's connection with the sea. Here is a picture of his first command, the barque *Otago,* of which Conrad was skipper from 1887 to 1889, made from a drawing by G. F. W. Hope, an old sea friend of the novelist. The *Otago* was Clyde built, and of iron, and was registered as from Port Adelaide, South Australia. The drawing was made according to a minute description given by Conrad. Hope himself did not sail in the *Otago,* but in the *Duke of Sutherland.* He tells that in the early days of their friendship Conrad, having just given up the sea, was in the habit of visiting the Hope home and reading portions of the manuscript he was just completing (*Almayer's Folly*). *Lord Jim* was dedicated to Mr. and Mrs. Hope. The *Otago* is in all probability the boat that figures in "The Secret Sharer," a tale in *'Twixt Land and Sea.* It will be recalled that the story deals with the hazardous navigating of a captain in his first command. The scene is the head of the Gulf of Siam. All these details correspond with Conrad's account of his own adventures on his first cruise as master as told in *The Mirror of the Sea.* Conrad enthusiasts will find it interesting to compare the first chapter of *The Mirror of the Sea* with the tale "The Secret Sharer."

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As the accompanying map indicates, following Joseph Conrad's many men and occasional women takes the reader pretty well all over the world. His European settings include London, for *The Secret Agent* and for much of *Chance;* Petrograd and Geneva, for *Under Western Eyes;* Strassburg, for "The Dual"; Naples, for "Il Conde," and Paris for "An Anarchist." Here also are indicated the course taken by the *Judea* as described in *Youth,* the course described

E. F. BENSON SKATING IN SWITZERLAND. THE LATEST BOOK FROM THE AUTHOR OF "DODO" IS "ARUNDEL"

in *Heart of Darkness,* and that taken by the *Narcissus* in *The Nigger of the Narcissus,* the book that brought Conrad his first recognition. Problematical identifications of backgrounds are those of "Gaspar Ruiz" and of *Nostromo,* of which Arnold Bennett has said that he reads it without fail once a year.

"The World of H. G. Wells"

To compare H. G. Wells with Matthew Arnold may seem at first glance a ludicrous effort, and yet Mr. Van Wycke Brooks opens his critical study called *The World of H. G. Wells* with just this supposed parallelism:

> Grotesque and violent as it may at first appear, I believe that in the future Wells will be thought of as having played toward his own epoch a part very similar to that played by Matthew Arnold. . . . In reality the entire trend of Arnold's social criticism was anti-individualistic and in a straight line with socialism.

Arnold himself has said, "My poems represent, on the whole, the main movement of mind of the last quarter century"; and of Wells Brooks writes, "Seen retrospectively, the main work of Wells has not been to promote any intellectual or economic doctrine, but to alter the English frame of mind."

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Wells's origin and early life are especially interesting, as they seem almost to have predetermined the character of his later work. As he himself once wrote, "I am, by a sort of predestination, a socialist." Wells was born in the English "middle class," the child of the daughter of an innkeeper and of the son of a head gardener. His father kept a shop in a London suburb and eked out the family's resources at professional cricket. His shop was unsuccessful, and his mother, who had been a lady's maid, became a housekeeper in a large country house. Wells was destined to be a shopkeeper, and at the age of thirteen was apprenticed first to a chemist and then to a draper. At this point one of those inexplicable wells of ardour and ambition must have sprung up in the 'prentice boy's heart to enable him to break through the age-old crust of prejudice about the middle-class London shopkeeper, and to struggle and study so as to obtain eventually, with the aid of various grants and scholarships, a degree in science from the University of London. He taught biology for two or three years

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and then entered journalism. Beginning with literary articles and criticisms, he soon entered the field of imaginative, scientific stories, continuing the rest of his life in literary pursuits.

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So Wells's personal life may be seen to be an ever-pressing upward from the moss-grown shop-keeping world to higher though equally transient levels, with a growing degree of personal and mental freedom—a "progressive shedding of personalities," as Brooks calls it. It is a process that calls for "a certain lack of substantiality, a power to disencumber himself, to shed customs and affections and all the densenesses and coagulations which mark each grade in that closely defined hierarchy . . . to become a rolling stone, a drifting and unsettled, a detached and acutely personal individual." Is it any wonder, then, that his mind roves freely through space and time, that he has obtained an impersonal, extraneous conception of human society as a living whole, a personality in itself? From this point of view Wells seems almost determined by his environment—as much a function of environment as genius can ever be.

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Wells's frank statement of his own literary activities is thoroughly characteristic:

> The literary life is one of the modern forms of adventure. Success with a book—even such a commercially modest success as mine has been—means in the English-speaking work not merely a moderate financial independence, but the utmost freedom of movement and intercourse. A poor man is lifted out of his narrow circumstances into familiar and unrestrained intercourse with a great variety of people. He sees the world; if his work excites interest, he meets philosophers, scientific men, soldiers, artists, professional men, politicians of all sorts, the rich, the great, and he may make such use of them as he can. He finds himself no longer reading in books and papers but hearing and touching at first hand the big questions that sway men, the initiatives that shape human affairs. . . . To be a literary artist is to want to render one's impressions of the things about one. Life has interested me enormously and filled me with ideas and associations I want to present again. I have liked life and like it more and more. The days in the shop and the servants' hall, the straitened struggles of my early manhood, have stored me with vivid memories that illuminate and help me to appreciate all the wider vistas of my later social experiences. I have friends and intimates now at almost every social level, from that of a peer to that of a pauper, and I find my sympathies and curiosities stretching like a thin spider's web from top to bottom of the social tangle. I count that wide social range one of the most fortunate accidents of my life, and another is that I am of a diffident and ineffectual presence, unpunctual, fitful, and easily bored by other than literary effort; so that I am not tempted to cut a figure in the world and abandon that work of observing and writing which is my proper business in it.

H. G. WELLS

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Van Wycke Brooks, the author of this study of Wells, is himself an interesting

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Courtesy of Mitchell Kennerley.
VAN WYCKE BROOKS, AUTHOR OF "THE WORLD OF H. G. WELLS"

figure among the younger critics. A Harvard, 1907, man, he has dabbled in journalism, including a year on the staff of *The World's Work,* and from 1911 to 1913 he was instructor in English at Stanford University. Last year he spent in England, and while there taught a class of workingmen. He has published a book, *John Addington Symonds,* a biographical study and a dialogue on American life, called *The Wine of the Puritans.*

• • •

A New Psychology

How many works of fiction have given rise to new schools of philosophy? There is *Bovarysme,* based upon the instinct to appear other than one is, which Jules de Gaultier deduced from the heroine of Flaubert's novel, *Madame Bovary.* And in the current number Mr. Cleveland Palmer tells how the Russian students of less than a decade ago were swept by *Saninisme* as the result of the epoch-making novel by Michael Artzibashef that has just found its way into English. Meanwhile as the inventor of a "new psychology" is being hailed to-day the French poet M. Jules Romains, founder of the *École Unanimiste* and author of a singular little prose novel called *La Mort d'un Quelqu'un*—in English, *The Death of a Nobody.* The hero of this novel, a pensioned railroad engineer, who is a widower living by himself in Paris, dies in the first dozen pages. But as he has a soul, and this soul goes on residing somewhere, the author himself goes on analysing it wherever he happens to find it—in individuals and in groups and companies of individuals, who recreate the late M. Jacques Godard by thinking of him, or rather *thinking him. The Death of a Nobody* has been hailed as, more than any other book ever written, enforcing a conviction of human solidarity. Here was a man who before his death was literally "nobody"—almost less than nobody. Yet, no sooner had he died than he began to act upon people who had hardly known him, scarcely seen him, in life—his fellow-tenants, the families of his fellow-members in a mutual benefit society, and old friends and neighbours in a far-off mountain village, of whom he had lost sight since half a century. And yet, as the same critic points out, this insistence upon universal solidarity by no means diminishes the importance of personal forces, "since it prolongs, on the contrary, their influence in the social group."

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Anna B. Warner

With the passing of Anna Warner closes the career of the last of the two famous Warner sisters, whose names are so intimately associated in the minds of our longer-time readers with *The Wide, Wide World, Queechy, Say and Seal,* and many another famous story delineating the times and customs of a society fast being crowded out by modern realism and pragmatism. Anna survived her more famous sister by nearly thirty years, living quietly at her West Point home, seeing much of "her boys," as she

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called the many cadets whom she came to know well, and attending to her garden, her chief delight. Fortunately a few years ago she completed her biography of Susan Warner (published under that name), and in it she gives the many interesting details of family life that formed the background of the marvellously successful *Wide, Wide World* as well as, through the journals of Susan that are freely quoted, interesting sidelights on the current history of those troublous times of '55-'65. Of a good family and reared in luxury, the Warner girls found themselves through their father's misfortune facing a poverty pitifully, yet courageously, described in Susan's journals. Forced at times actually to use a piece of cotton rag in a saucer of lard for an improvised light because they had no candles and no money to buy any, Susan kept at her writing and produced that first book that

ANNA WARNER

SUSAN WARNER

was refused by almost all the leading book firms in New York, and later was reported to have sold at one single railway stand in England to the total of ten thousand copies! (A pirated edition.) Through the kindness of friends the old family house had been kept, and as the royalties began to appear and the new book, *Queechy,* "caught on" even better than *The Wide, Wide World,* the Misses Warner, with their father and aunt, came to New York, where they took a modest part in the literary society of the time, meeting many famous people, especially at the receptions given by Mr. Putnam, the fortunate publisher of the Warners.

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These first two books were written by Susan Warner alone, *Say and Seal* being the first upon which the two sisters collaborated. Many books under this joint authorship followed, and Anna herself wrote many stories without her sister's aid. Indeed, as the author of the famous hymn "We Would See Jesus," Anna Warner had declared her genius even before her work with her sister. Anna was an enthusiastic gardener to the end

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of her life; among her other interests, outside of writing, were her membership in the D. A. R., her connection with the Academy, where she was accorded the privileges of a member of the teaching staff, rowing in her earlier days and study all her life. Her funeral services at West Point were given with military honours.

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More About Miss Braddon

Under his pseudonym of "Claudius Clear" in the *British Weekly,* Sir William Robertson Nicoll has been giving his impressions and recollections of the late Miss Braddon. He knew her but slightly, having met her only a few times on the terrace of the House of Commons, but he recalls his own early years, when she was much more than an influence. He comments that most of the articles called forth by her death omitted certain facts worth recording. For example, that she became really well known to the public through the medium of the *London Journal,* a paper which has been dead for some years, but which was once a power in the land. Like Robert Bonner's *New York Ledger,* the *London Journal* carried no advertisements. Each number began with an instalment of a serial story, and a second serial story began in the middle. The illustrating wood-cuts were the work of Sir John Gilbert. Besides serial stories, there were answers to correspondents, jokes, and a few short miscellaneous articles, but it was on the serials that the paper depended. If they were acceptable the circulation grew, and if they were not it went rapidly down. The purchasers were mostly people in humble circumstances, but there was a sprinkling of readers in all classes of society. It was the universal habit of servant girls to read the *London Journal.*

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When Sir William was a little boy he was paid by his nurse a penny weekly in return for reading to her the stories in the *London Journal.* When the paper was at its apogee the editor had two writers on whom he could absolutely depend. They were Pierce Egan, probably the same Pierce Egan who wrote voluminously of the early days of the British prize ring and chronicled the doings of "Tom and Jerry" in London; and the American, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, who lived for a time in England, and was once the tenant of the house in Norwood where Mr. Spurgeon spent his last days. Both Pierce Egan and Mrs. Southworth knew their business and kept the interest of the readers alive from week to week. But when Miss Braddon came on the scene it was obvious that an author of far higher quality had been added to the forces. The fact that she could write well did not necessarily imply that she would succeed with the clientèle. But she did succeed, for she knew how to make a plot and how to tell a story.

• • •

Although Miss Braddon nearly made a reputation at verse, it is by her novels that she lives, and she made her fame with *Lady Audley's Secret,* published in 1862. To William Tinsley's *The Random Recollections of a Publisher* Sir William Robertson Nicoll turns for the early story of the novel:

> Tinsley says correctly that it was begun as a serial in a periodical called *Robin Goodfellow,* which was edited by Charles Mackay. *Robin Goodfellow* was a publication after the manner of Dickens's *All the Year Round,* and Mackay was extremely fortunate in getting hold of the serial. But there was no capital behind his venture, and the story was unfinished when the paper died. Tinsley says that it was recommenced as a serial in the *Sixpenny Magazine,* which he thinks died before the story was finished. This I cannot verify, but am strongly persuaded that it appeared in the *London Journal.* At all events, I am certain that the *London Journal* published *Aurora Floyd, The Trail of the Serpent,* and *Henry Dunbar.* Probably there were others. Tinsley says that the book was announced to be published at two shillings, and C. J. Skeat, a second-rate publisher, advertised it in three volumes. But

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Tinsley and his brother had been watching the story, and resolved to buy it from Miss Braddon's husband (Maxwell), whom he knew very well. As to the price paid Tinsley is vague, but he says: "We gave Miss Braddon, I feel sure, a larger sum for it than she had dreamed of. After that we gave her £500 and other handsome presents, and then we had a good profit on the book; and we also did very well out of *Aurora Floyd*." The Tinsleys also published *Eleanor's Victory* and *John Marchmont's Legacy*, and paid for a very short lease of them close upon £4,000. Tinsley complains that the latter two books were handicapped. A company had been started called the Library Company, Limited, which interfered with the business of other libraries by lending as many books for a half-guinea subscription as the others did for double that sum. The result was that when the Library Company came to grief the opposition that was good for trade for a time had gone, and the other libraries, having the monopoly, restricted their purchases. But for a time *Lady Audley's Secret* was the rage. Every day in the week the orders were renewed, and there were sales that, according to Tinsley, had not been heard of before that time, nor were heard after that time.

RUSSIA'S LATEST NOVELIST

BY CLEVELAND PALMER

In 1907, after the failure of the Russian Revolution, there sprang up among the intellectual classes an intense reaction against that idealistic political effort which had once more proved its futility. Then appeared a daring novel by a new writer, which summed up the current spirit of loathing and discontent, explained it, offered an outlet in another direction, and hence scored a success that had scarcely been known in Russia since the days of Dostoevsky. This author was Michael Artzibashef, and his novel *Sanine*.* It took its title from the name of its principal character, Vladimir Sanine, who is rather a god than a man—let us say perhaps most of all a faun or a satyr—who professes contempt for tentatives of political reform, hatred of Christianity, utter opposition to all artificial codes of morals, freedom from every restraint imposed by society, and fierce impatience with those habits of introspection and self-analysis which have for so long afflicted the soul of Russia, paralysing the will and corroding every normal, healthy, happy impulse. At once among students and ex-political workers "Sanine Clubs" were formed, "Saninism" was preached, and Professor Phelps tells us in his *Essays on Russian Novelists* that the "Sanine-morals" of undergraduates, boys and girls, at high school and college were even alluded to in a speech in the Duma.

This immediate and far-reaching effect of a book on contemporary thought and life is characteristically Russian. It is difficult for the Anglo-Saxon to appreciate the power and prestige of the printed word on the Slav mind, which, in this respect as in others, seems to retain something of the primitive savage just emerging into the first stages of civilisation. It even surpasses anything he may find in his own revolutionary novelist of to-day, Mr. H. G. Wells, whose heroes are always planning to redeem the modern world by the enormous distribution of printed literature. But in the present instance this prompt taking of a book as a complete programme of life had this paradoxical side to it, that the book itself contained one of the most vigourous protests that have ever been made against the resort of life to literature on all occasions to heal its wounds and solve its perplexities.

*Sanine. By Michael Artzibashef. Translated by Percy Pinkerton. With a Preface by Gilbert Cannan. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

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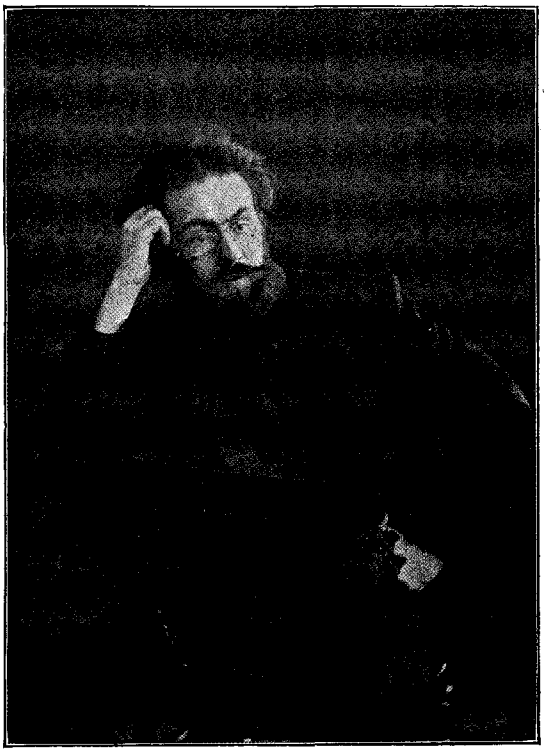
Turning to Yourii, the character who is presented as the type of the sentimental, idealistic, propagandist, self-analytical and miserably unhappy Russian of the past, Sanine says:

"Do you really believe that you can get a conception of life from any book?"



MICHAEL ARTZIBASHEF

"Most certainly I do," replied Yourii, in a tone of surprise.

"Then you are wrong," said Sanine. "If this were really so, one could mould the whole of humanity according to one type by giving people works to read of one tendency. A conception of life is only obtained from life itself, in its entirety, of which literature and human thought are but an infinitesimal part."

This disclaimer on the part of the author is important in view of the tendency of most critics to regard *Sanine* as a work of highly immoral teachings. As a matter of fact, it is not at all the intention of the author to teach. It is merely to awaken the torpid reader, and lead him to make on his own account some new revaluation of the codes by which he has been wont to govern his life. In this sense there is nothing so very strange, unusual or sinister about *Sanine,* and Artzibashef, who clearly derives from Nietzsche, merely takes his place among the modern analysts of ideas and critics of social institutions, along with Ibsen, Samuel Butler, Bernard Shaw and Remy de Gourmont.

We should be greatly surprised if this Tartar, of most cosmopolitan ancestry, in whose veins mingles blood Russian, French, Georgian and Polish, and who boasts descent from the famous Pole Kosciusko, did not get even his Nietzsche filtered through the French of the last-

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mentioned author. The insistence on the sexual side of man's—and woman's—emancipation, the pæan of praise poured out upon life at all times, with glowing sensuousness and voluptuousness—this seems less characteristic of the German writer than of M. de Gourmont, of whom it has been even suggested that it was "the hatred of modesty that taught him hatred of Christianity." Certainly there is no undue love of modesty in this book, where the purest, most virginal maidens glow with passionate ardours and give themselves, unable to resist the imperious impulse, to men whom they know to be their inferiors.

"Is this erotomania? Am I really so bad, so depraved?" exclaims, with real terror, Sanine's sister, Lida, dreaming one night, in the garden, of Sarudine's embraces. And there are many who will shrink from the brutal directness with which Sanine and his feminine counterpart, Sina Karsavina, seek the fulfilment of their desires. But it would be a mistake to insist too much upon the element of brutality—brutishness, even—that underlies their temperament. For this would be to confuse them with the truly profligate and dissolute types, such as Sarudine and Voluchine.

The difference between the two sets of figures lies largely in their attitude toward society. Sanine seduces Sina, Sarudine seduces Lida. How, then, is the former superior to the latter? It is that the soldier, thoroughly conventional at heart, violates what he himself really respects, and is quite self-consciously a beast of prey prowling through the jungle of the little provincial town, seeking whom he may devour. Sanine, on the other hand, having deified instinct, acts in accordance with it and entirely without sense of sin—like the master, not like the slave, which Sarudine really is.

This may seem somewhat like begging the question, and it is so. For it is probable that instinct is exactly the same in no two men, and it is certain that absence of a "sense of sin" may make a man a "monster" as well as a "master." Fortunately, in Sanine—though perhaps unfortunately for the author, for whom the fact tends to minimise any general value the portrayal may have—this instinct is, as a matter of fact, exceptional. It is fraught with all sorts of delicacies and refinements. Sanine and Sina are talking:

"My dream is always of some golden age," he said, "when nothing shall stand between man and his happiness, and when, fearless and free, he can give himself up to all attainable enjoyments."

"Yes, but how is he to do that? By a return to barbarism?"

"No. The epoch when he lived like a brute was a miserable, barbarous one, and our own epoch, in which the body, dominated by the mind, is kept under and set in the background, lacks sense and vigour. But humanity has not lived in vain. It has created new conditions of life, which give no scope either for grossness or asceticism."

"Yes, but what of love? Does not that impose obligations upon us?"

"No. If love imposes grievous obligations, it is through jealousy, and jealousy is the outcome of slavery. In any form, slavery causes harm. Men should enjoy what love can give them fearlessly and without restrictions. If this were so, love would be infinitely richer and more varied in all its forms and more influenced by chance and opportunity."

A man who talks this way is certainly no "brute." Rather he is a poet and a philosopher, and the only serious charge which can be brought against him is that which is generally brought against all dreamers—of unpracticality.

Sanine is engaged, not, as he thinks, in confronting the problems of real life, but in painting an ideal vision—a vision, however, that is not personal to himself alone, but belongs to all poets and lovers of loveliness in all ages. Throughout the passage we have just quoted we seem to hear, indeed, as a sort of undertone, the golden syllables of Tasso, "O bella età d'oro," with its "glad and golden law."—"What pleases, is permitted."

A dream of the Golden Age, a daring

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attempt to transplant it to the world of to-day—that is what *Sanine* implies. Hence it is, perhaps, a little strong to speak, as Professor Phelps does, of its tendency as "sinister and damnable"; though it may readily be admitted that all attempts to acclimate the age of innocence in the torrid zones of unpurified human passion have their danger, and are doomed to mislead certain simple, unsophisticated natures.

What counts in the book is its really liberal and generous spirit. This is disclosed clearly as soon as we leave the questionable domain of sexual impulse and passion. Who but Sanine has a friendly glance and a word of encouragement for the uncouth little Jew whom the others tease or treat with contempt at their club meeting? Then there is the manly, common-sense attitude of Sanine when he is challenged to fight a duel. Here, at least, he will have the sympathy of all American readers with him. And perhaps from this point of agreement they will arrive at a more complete comprehension of his attitude toward life as a whole.

To sum up, this book is a protest at once against the interpretation of a nation's life too exclusively political (like Yeats's school in Ireland), and against the remnants of a false romanticism in the realm of human sentiment, which has long ceased to perform any legitimate service (if it ever did so), and is now the source of infinite unhappiness. Who can read the pages in which Sanine reasons with his sister when she finds that she is pregnant—saving her from suicide—and not feel that there is truth in what he says to her, as well as in what he says to her real lover, Novikoff, showing him his folly in letting a single false step on Lida's part come between him and his happiness?

In reading *Sanine,* then, so full of youthful strength and vigour, even excessive, one thinks of the old Florentines, and of the throbbing passion of life displayed, for example, in such an artist as Pollaiuolo, with his "Rape of Dejanira," and the "Battle of the Nudes." And just as Dostoevsky represented the culmination of what may be called the "Apostolic Age" in Russian literature, so Artzibashef may well signalise the appearance of a real Russian "Renaissance." At least the period so called in Italian history followed close upon the subsidence and failure of just such political upheavals in Florence and elsewhere as marked the middle of the last decade in Russia, and there is no reason why, under similar conditions, the same thing should not happen again and again.

THE MAGAZINE IN AMERICA

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

PART TWO—THE MAKING OF THE BOSTON TRADITION

I

THE MONTHLY "ANTHOLOGY" AND ITS CHILD

THE *Anthology* began life with an insouciance scarcely decorous in the future parent of the *North American Review.* It is mildly disquieting when large coming events refuse to cast their shadow before. You fear that the world may be after all but a random affair. In one way, however, it must be owned that a characteristic note was sounded. The cover announced, "Edited by Sylvanus Per Se." But sprightliness, not to say flippancy, awaited within. Although we have the feeling of a parent for the publication before us, yet it may be proper to declare to the world that it is not indebted to us for birth nor was it born in our house. We knew neither its father nor its mother, nor hardly of its existence until naked, hungry, and

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helpless it was brought and laid at our door. In proportion as it engaged our care it won our affection. We shall give to our charge expensive advantages, in order to make him extensively and permanently useful." The "we" of this editorial later declared themselves to be "a society of gentlemen who have undertaken the publication merely for their own amusement and for the diffusion of literary taste, and they would be satisfied to defray expenses and have no desire for remuneration; the *Anthology* has never been a favourite with the public at large, nor were they ambitious of popularity, but the ablest pens of the country have praised them and their highest ideal is the pleasing consciousness of having done the State some service." This is well on in the fifth volume, however, and the Olympian accents of the future *North American* are now beginning to shape themselves.

The first volume of the *Monthly Anthology and Boston Review* contained no such prescience. Though it had an air of saying something uncommon (proceeding perhaps from its professed indifference to remuneration) and printed occasional Latin poems, you might look in vain in the earlier numbers for any consciousness that it was a carrier of destiny. Indeed, it still pursued the pedestrian custom of publishing the month's marriages and births and deaths of the city of Boston. And although a translation of the Sanskrit Sakuntala ran through six numbers, still Matilda desired Mr. Editor to print the following poem, written by the intimate companion of her early years, of which—though they were not written to be published and she supposes will not bear criticising—she desires a fairer and more desirable copy than she can write herself. (Fancy asking the parent of the *North American Review* to become one's amanuensis!) Silvius has a regular department of literary and social chat (a cosiness which was sternly rebuked in the second generation); and there were the Literary Wanderer, The Remarker, The Family Physician, and The Botanist to buttonhole you monthly in a somewhat superior but still neighbourly fashion. Yet already, in the second volume, there was a faint premonition of that Nirvana which its enemies (soured Bostonians) maliciously hinted that it had reached two-score years later. The editors dismissed the year with neither pride nor depression; the work had amused many idle hours; they have endeavoured to improve the literature of our country and to diffuse an undefiled taste; if they had been at times severe, it was because the disorders of American literature were to be cured only by the lancet. But they added an expression which by no stretch of the imagination can one picture the *North American* of the mid-century employing —"we have endeavoured to add to the general stock of innocent gaiety"; and, also, they had become worldly enough to confess satisfaction at seeing their subscribers doubled within the year. Like all the editors of our splendid-spirited early magazines, they took occasion of the increase of subscription to enlarge; and, unlike the rest, they had by this time a concrete and specific object in addition to their wider public service. They confess to a wish that the pecuniary receipts may rise as high as possible above demands, since all the surplus is to be applied to the support and increase of a Public Library. There never was any surplus; in fact, the Anthology Club relinquished their publication at the end of the tenth volume, because the members felt that they could lose money to better advantage, but that did not prevent them from leaving another fine memorial of their civic conscience in the shape of Boston *Athenæum*.

The *Anthology*, it is true, never quite achieved the rotund voice, the makings of which it bequeathed to the *North American;* but it is interesting to see the resonance gathering strength in their yearly addresses. And even in the beginning, it was thought sufficiently chesty by the *Emerald*—which had its high ideals also, for "though variety of subject was to be its sedulous endeavour,

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they always stood willing to sacrifice it to elegance of expression, chastity of thought, and value of information." There now exists no literary paper but the *Anthology* in this place, it went on to say, and the gravity of its pages would claim little that could be suitable to those of the *Emerald*. But the *Anthology* in 1811 would never have dreamed of returning to the vertiginosity of 1805. In that volume they regretted that while their predecessors had been uniformly favourites of the ladies, they received only frowns and neglect; but they had no intention of wooing the sex with love-tales or commentaries on fashion; or acrostics and rebuses; and furthermore their phizzes were too hopelessly ugly to be moulded into a simper or tortured into an ogle. Though patronage could be increased by making their work popular or insipid, they desire the praise only of those who relish manly thinking and manly literature—nevertheless, it must be understood that they feel themselves incapable to pronounce on any theological works. Volume four says that the *Review* is conducted under the conviction that public criticism upon writers for the public does not in itself imply either injustice or malevolence. "The respectable patronage now given the *Anthology* is sufficient to encourage their perseverance; and they trust that the love of letters and art will increase with the growing wealth of the country, which fosters luxury unless restrained by literature and taste. We may this year offer strictures on different modes of education." From this last sentence it may be gathered that the gait of the *North American*—that of offering strictures—was now being struck. The sixth volume establishes the stride quite distinctly. "The facility with which the promises of editors are made at the present day is exceeded only by the indifference with which they are broken; so we will make no promises beyond hoping that the *Anthology* will yet be the repository of the sound literature of New England. We have found that some publishers and editors have not scrupled at altering English republications; and our reviewers will particularly be on their guard against such liberties." In the seventh volume the tone becomes slightly playful again, but it is the Johnsonian playfulness of the conscious dictator. "Seven years is a great age among the literary ephemera of this country, and we have arrived at this degree of maturity in spite of innumerable predictions to the contrary. We almost flatter ourselves that our constitution and temperament are more vigourous and that our uncommon duration is not accidental, but is the evidence of something sound in our stamina. We have been accused of depreciating our own country and everything indigenous. Owing to some glaring faults in our scheme of widespread superficial education, we are harassed with a class of authors more numerous here, in proportion, than in any other country—worthless weeds springing up prematurely, and their number is augmented by those who have mistaken virtuous patriotic sentiments for inspiration. These we have felt bound to contribute our efforts to eradicate."

This complaint, however justified at the period, is the badge of the high-toned. One cannot get so far back in literature that he fails altogether to hear that there is now a mob of gentlemen that write with ease. In Boston even the *Royal American* had said in 1774, when, like all the other magazines, it was constantly calling for copy: "We all write nowadays, learned and unlearned; we write even though we cannot spell." The *Anthology* had often regretted that some persons of wit and sentiment of their acquaintance had not augmented their stock of entertainment or knowledge, and that it had to support itself on the unregulated contributions of a few literary men who were pleased with the public's profit or pleasure in their writings but who had no extraordinary stimulus to write, and that they found fewer occasions than they could wish for expressing thanks to correspondents. Though the broth was al-

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most entirely their own, they always felt that too many cooks were having a hand in it. At last, in 1811, they made this announcement:

> One of the greatest inconveniences we experience from month to month is that which arises from the want of an editor devoted to the work, whose literary reputation would in a measure be at stake. Hitherto the receipts of the *Anthology* have not enabled us to make such a provision. One of our number has voluntarily assumed the responsibility of seeing the work through the press; and when the materials have not been furnished to his hands, he has been obliged to make such hasty selections, in order to complete the number of pages, as his leisure amidst professional engagements would permit. For this evil we have hopes of a speedy remedy, and if our hopes are not disappointed, the *Anthology* will be placed under the peculiar care of a gentleman whose learning, talents and taste will enable him to make it all that its friends can desire.

This gentleman was apparently William Tudor, and it was he who, at the end of the tenth volume, merged it into the *North American*. Whatever the broth furnished by the first number of this, it was not spoiled by too many cooks, for Tudor wrote, with the exception of a poem, every one of its one hundred and fifty pages. Beginning life as a bi-monthly, it became a quarterly and then a monthly. Perhaps this youthful preoccupation with matters purely temporal is what prevents it now, in its old age, from classing itself with those magazines which take liberties with time throughout the year in order to get two Christmases into December. During its very first year the editor, in answering a complaint of delay, begged his distant subscribers to recollect that the number does not appear until the middle of the month by which it is dated, and even later. At first the new *Americans* were like the old *Anthologies*. The departments of general intelligence were retained, and even the practice resumed of publishing those fascinating documents, meteorological tables. Yet, though there were occasional anecdotes, there were no chatty letters or social descriptions and very little poetry. This last was not the editor's fault, however, as he says he has been so seldom favoured with poetical offerings that he rejects any with some regret and hesitation, and later congratulates himself that the department of Original Poetry is growing. But the earlier volumes are marked by the gradual retirement of the editor from public confidences; and on the seventh volume by the rigid retirement of fact, as well as fancy, in the suppression of the departments of Poetry and Intelligence. The former lasted long enough to get in that trivial piece of work "Thanatopsis," but not for a long period was the *North American* to open its august doors to any other poetical prattle. Already the reviews were increasing in length and showed the tendency to group several books into an article of fifty pages or more on the British type, in which the books are but *corpora vilia*—sloven and unhandsome corpses which arouse the author's reflective remonstrance by coming between the wind and his nobility. Tudor, from the beginning, sought to emancipate the magazine from the somewhat Bostonian tone of its parent, although his efforts toward a general circulation were content with attempting to widen the material rather than the subscription list. "I tried to abstract myself," he wrote, "from the narrow prejudices of locality, however I might feel them." An article in the second volume lamented the literary delinquency of America and its dependence on England—we have not yet made an attempt toward a literature of our own, it said. But Tudor, justly, wrote afterward, in his Miscellanies:

> The *North American* certainly shows that there is a considerable stock of literature already accumulated in the country, when such a journal should have continued for several years increasing in value and preserving itself from the bigoted sway of any political or religious party.

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Though Tudor reported growing patronage, the enterprise was supported by a club of gentlemen who sustained the same relation to it as had the Anthology Club to its monthly. For several years it was necessary for them to dip into their pockets at their regular suppers and dinners. In 1817 Jared Sparks, then a tutor at Harvard, wrote to a friend:

> It will doubtless be strange news to you to hear that I have engaged to take charge of the *North American Review* after the next number, when Mr. Tudor resigns. A certain number of our most distinguished literary gentlemen have associated themselves and agreed to furnish articles in their turn, and it is on this condition only that I would engage in the affair.

The difficulties in the way of getting good articles and of holding up benevolent gentlemen to their own good intentions—says H. B. Adams in his *Life of Jared Sparks,* which contains the fullest and most documentary account of the early years of the magazine—began to dawn upon the young editor before his first number was ready. In 1819 Sparks went to Baltimore and was succeeded by Edward T. Channing, who resigned soon after to take a chair at Harvard (later editors found no difficulty in holding down the two chairs at once) and was followed by Edward Everett. Duyckinck says that Dana was in line for the editorship but was considered too unpopular, whereupon he resigned from the staff and left the club. The departure of Sparks to Baltimore was of great consequence to the magazine, for he performed even more valuable service for it when absent than when present. By his work among his new friends and his constant correspondence with Channing and Everett he widened its influence and helped to make it our first approximation to a national magazine. When he returned in 1823 to conduct it again, it showed at once the effects of his wider horizon; and his first important articles were upon the colonisation movement and upon Baltimore. Furthermore, he had been industriously extending the subscription list all the while he was away and helping Channing and Everett to introduce business methods in circulating the magazine —something which Tudor had never even attempted. Once again editor, he employed better business agents and established many new local connections throughout the country, with the result that its circulation rapidly increased.

The North American Review Club, continues Adams, for several years controlled the policy of the magazine, both editorial and financial.

Edward Everett wrote Sparks in 1820: "The North American Club voted to ask you to write a paper on African Colonisation for the next number." T. Parsons wrote Sparks in 1822: "I shall never write again for the *North American* without being paid for it, and the question of pay or not pay is now agitating the Club. None of the owners of the book work but Everett and you." Everett, who had rapidly conformed his magazine to the English type, wrote him frankly in 1821: "Your remark against its want of Americanism is just, but you must remember some things: First, you cannot pour anything out of the vessel but what is in it. I am obliged to depend on myself more than any other person, and I must write that which will run fastest. I am ashamed of this, but I cannot help it. Second, there is really a dearth of American topics: the American books are too poor to praise, and to abuse them will not do. Third, the people round here, our most numerous and oldest friends, have not the raging Americanism that reigns in your quarter." J. G. Palfrey wrote Sparks in 1823: "Everett informs us that he has informed you that he resigns the *North American* to you, on condition of your editing it in Boston, and on the same terms that he has done."

With the advent of Sparks came not only a far more substantial subscription list, but pay for the writers. This was uniformly one dollar a page, and no copy thrown in. "Every writer pays for his book like any other subscriber," said Sparks. The remark illustrates not only

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the definiteness of the new business management, but the old idea that to see one's self in print was a solid compensation. It was an idea that persisted many years both with shaky and with stable magazines. Emerson wrote to Thoreau in 1843: "I am sorry to say that when I called on Bradbury and Soden, I was informed they could not pay you at present any part of their debt on account of the *Boston Miscellany*. After much talking, all the promise he could offer was 'that within a year it would probably be paid'—a probability which certainly looks very slender. The very worst thing he said was the proposition that you should take your payment in the form of *Boston Miscellanies*." But the new policy of paying their writers did not impede the magazine's success.

"For the last seven years," Sparks wrote Everett in 1828, "the work has increased in value about $2,000 a year. I paid for it $10,900. The first two years I had it I realised very little. I then sold a quarter of it to Mr. Gray [for $4,000], with the agreement that he should have out of the proceeds $1,100 a year as publisher and I $2,200 a year as editor; and if anything remained, it was to be divided according to the respective value of our shares. The largest amount that I have ever received in a year was $2,283—this was my compensation as editor and for the interest on the amount of my share, three-quarters of the whole. The work was valued last May at $20,705. If you are inclined to purchase one-quarter of it, you shall have it for $5,000. I will then agree to receive as editor $1,500, and Mr. Gray shall have $1,100 as publisher. The surplus will be divided according to our respective shares, it being understood that I shall be paid for what I write at the same rate as yourself. The exact number of efficient subscribers I cannot tell. I doubt whether it is more than 3,200. We shall scarcely expect the same ratio of increase hereafter as heretofore. The new journals that have been set on foot, and with a considerable success, must in the nature of things, fill up some of the channels into which our work would otherwise run." Finally he sold his three-quarter interest to Alexander Everett, in 1830, for $15,000. "I am not very light-hearted about it," he wrote to one of his friends. "But I have sold it for $9,100 more than I gave for it; and during the six years that I owned it, I have actually realised from it $22,000."

Prescott, who from 1821 to 1833 contributed annually an article to the magazine, came to the conclusion—says Ticknor—that criticising the works of others is all but worthless. Hence, the letter of his in 1837 may be slightly prejudiced. "The last number of the *North American* has found its way into our woods. I have only glanced at it, but it looks uncommonly weak and waterish. I suppose the paltry price the *North* pays (all it can bear, too, I believe) will not command the variety of contributions and from the highest sources, as with the English journals. For a' that, however, the old *North* is the best periodical we ever had or, considering its resources, are likely to have, for the present."

As Irving was our first writer to obtain success abroad, so the *North American* was our first magazine to obtain an international reputation. The *Edinburgh Review*, in noticing the *Sketch Book*, said:

It is the work of an American entirely bred and trained in that country; and it is the first American book, we rather think, of any description, but certainly the first purely literary production to which we could give the praise of being written throughout with the greatest care and accuracy, and worked up to great purity and beauty of diction on the model of the most elegant and polished of our native writers. The American genius has hitherto been defective in taste, certainly, rather than in talent. While we are upon the subject of American literature, we think ourselves called upon to state that we have lately received two numbers of the *North American Review*, or *Miscellaneous Journal*, published quarterly at Boston, which appears to us to be the best and most promising production of the press of that country that has ever come to our hands.

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It is written with great spirit, learning and ability, on a great variety of subjects; and abounds with profound and original discussions on the most interesting topics. Though abundantly patriotic, or rather national, there is nothing offensive or absolutely unreasonable in the tone of its politics; and no very reprehensible marks either of national partialities or antipathies. The style is generally good, though with considerable exceptions, and sins oftener from affectation than from ignorance. But the work is of a powerful and masculine character, and is decidedly superior to anything of the kind that existed in Europe twenty years ago. It is a proud thing for us to see Quarterly Reviews propagating bold truths and original speculations in all quarters of the world; and when we grow old and stupid ourselves, we hope still to be honoured in the talents and merits of those heirs of our principles and children of our example.

It is amusing to see that a little later, in 1826, Alexander Everett was writing *Sparks from Madrid:* "Properly managed and followed up with spirit, it ought in time to take the place of the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly,* which are at present mostly job-work and have nearly lost the vital spark that made them popular." He added that he doubted whether the President of the United States had a higher trust to be accountable for than the editor of the *North American.* This has been a congenial view for many editors of the magazine in its admirable career since. But some people abroad derived from it, as Everett implied, their only notion of American affairs. In 1826 there was a regular sale of over one hundred copies a month in London and twelve copies in remote Calcutta. And it had already become as disturbing a factor in one quarter as a President. For in 1824 it received the first, and for many decades to come the only, distinction of the kind ever accorded to an American magazine—that of being prohibited. On account of its anti-Bourbon spirit, France would not allow it to cross her frontiers. How is this for a record of a ten-year-old magazine which some persons at home were calling un-American!

II—THE BUCKINGHAM PUBLICATIONS

"Conscious of inability, we dare not say that the flowers of the *Polyanthos* shall be all indigenous," ran the announcement in 1806 of this small and chubby magazine of seventy-two pages, which might well have borrowed from New York of just a decade before the title of *The Lady and Gentleman's Pocket Magazine of Literary and Polite Amusement.* It paid much attention to the drama and the local theatre, and reviewed also the New York and Philadelphia companies. It is curious and instructive to note how eagerly the magazines seized upon the infant theatre as a topic likely to widen their appeal. At the beginning of the century President Dwight had written in *Travels in New England:* "When the first proposal was made to establish a theatre in this town, a considerable number of the inhabitants eagerly engaged in forwarding the design. Accordingly, a theatre was built, and soon after that another. There is reason to believe that the stage is now regarded with very general indifference. One of the theatres has already been taken down, and the other, it is said, is far from being crowded." The same year that saw the *Polyanthos* bud marked the introduction of the *Emerald,* which—*Containing Sketches of the Manners, Morals, Amusements of the Age*—flashed its corrective comment on the stage also. "The drama has become a public amusement of prime importance and there can be no doubt that much advantage will accrue from checking its absurdity and rewarding its merit." Thus, though President Dwight was doubtless stating a fact, doubtless also the wish was father to the deduction that the pulling down of the second theatre indicated that public interest in the stage was waning. Rather was it an illustration of the perennial habit which the theatre shares with the magazine of multiplying faster than the audience. The *Cabinet* in 1811 was at times almost a theatrical

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magazine, and showed that the exploitation of the theatre as a business had increased as well as the public interest. It devoted much space to George Frederic Cooke, who had just arrived after sixteen nights in New York, and took the occasion of some sharp practice in the matter of tickets to scold the Boston theatre roundly. "The company is miserably deficient, the orchestra intolerable; the foreground of the stage is hardly illuminated sufficiently to discern the face of a performer the distance of four boxes from the scene, the smoke that arises from the most execrable oil makes matters worse and 'dims the ineffectual fire' of the side lights. The coldness of the house renders it dangerous for ladies to venture thither at all, much more to appear there dressed with taste, elegance and fashion. Nor are the boxes fit for their reception, being neither washed nor properly swept. The management, taking advantage of the anxiety to see Mr. Cooke, forced the public to purchase at an advanced price a ticket for a night he would not perform if they would get places for the nights he did." All the papers seemed to feel from the very start of their theatrical comment that correcting the players was a very ticklish matter; though it appears to have been genuinely appreciated that criticism of acting—even when the general level of criticism of all kinds was vituperative and personal—had fallen to disgraceful depths. There was also some wholesome fear that the truculent tribe would make a scene. Theatrical criticism, wrote J. F. Buckingham, always called down curses on the head of the author. In his magazine, the *Ordeal,* 1809, he tried to lift the business into a higher zone. "The conductors of the Theatrical Department will direct their remarks to the apparent taste of the public and the merits of the compositions rather than the defects of men and women, whose secondary intellect and capriciousness of passion would reduce the dignity of criticism to the clamorous ebullition of frivolous garrulity." This booming sentence was but the conventional editorial manner, for in his Memoirs he wrote quite humanly of his theatrical criticisms in the *Polyanthos:* "They are all my own. Some of them are severe, but I am not aware that any of them are unjust. Mr. Poe, the father of the late E. A. Poe, took offence at a remark on his wife's acting and called at my house to 'chastise my impertinence,' but went away without effecting his purpose." Several times during his long and varied career, he notes similar calls and announces, perhaps with pardonable pride, similar results. In spite of several fracases with both lawyers and actors, he went unlicked to a good citizen's grave. Here is a condensation of his simple account of his splendid work for the city of Boston:

My first attempt to amuse, instruct and edify the public was the *Polyanthos.* The *ungrateful* or undiscerning public—notwithstanding my expressed flattery of their taste and confidence in their liberality—suffered it to wither and die at the end of twenty months. Yet the attempt ought to have succeeded. The engravings were not quite equal to those we meet now in magazines [1852], but they were the best that could be obtained. The portraits were accompanied with biographical notices. The difficulty of obtaining either was discouraging, but I should have persevered if the subscription had been sufficient to pay the cost, without regarding my own labour. The suspension of the *Polyanthos* was a relief to my labour and an advantage to my pocket; for the publication produced not enough to pay the actual cost of paper, printing and engraving. Considering that it was the first attempt in Boston (if not in the United States) to publish a magazine with a regular series of portraits, I do not feel that there is reason to be ashamed of my labour—there have been many reasons to regret that I was foolish and improvident enough to make the experiment. In 1812 the publication was resumed and two volumes issued of the original size and form. These were succeeded by four volumes, octavo, the contents of similar character. The biography and theatrical criticism were still for the most part, and unless when otherwise ac-

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knowledged, my own. The *Ordeal* I began in 1809. The matter was chiefly political. The whole amount of subscriptions fell short of the expense, and it was discontinued at the end of six months.

[The announcement of the *Ordeal* is interesting: "In a place like Boston, which has always been remarkable for a disregard, if not discontinuance, of periodical works, and at a time when the crisis in our public affairs is so alarming as to threaten the very existence of the nation, it may well be enquired of the editors what result they can expect but failure. But the paramount necessity of securing our civil and political existence should unite all honest men in an ardent effort to exhibit to the *view of the people* the deformities which disgrace the present administration of government, by tearing away the curtain of hypocrisy under which they have long been concealed. The strong connection which subsists in all good governments between politics, religion, and literature inculcates the necessity of a like exposure of their absurdities. The office of the satirist, though ungrateful, is necessary; and satire will be one of the engines which the editors of this publication will employ to further their general design. Articles of serious discussion or general information shall have a general or implied local application. The department of Poetry in every literary journal in the United States has always been meagre of original stamina or support, particularly in respect to satirical effusions. As we shall have in view the censure of the ridiculous, as well as the approbation of the dignified, we shall frequently have recourse to foreign storehouses for weapons to overthrow the adversaries of good sense. We call on our poetical friends to help us scourge the absurd taste which prevails in the poetry of the times. None will be considered as subscribers but such as pay for one volume at the time of subscribing. *That we may never disturb the good nature of our friends with a call for payment, nor experience the mortification of a refusal ourselves, the above article will be dispensed with in no case whatever.*]

I ventured in 1817 to issue a prospectus of the *New England Galaxy and Masonic Magazine.* Freemasonry was then in its palmy days, and this was the first periodical masonic paper. Notwithstanding the confident tone of my prospectus and salutatory address, it was not without doubt and misgivings that I proceeded in my undertaking. A wife and six children had no other resource than my labour; and all apparatus was to be got (if got at all) on credit, and of *that* I had none. Mrs. Susanna Rowson was a highly valued correspondent. I am myself accountable for all the trash "From the Shop of Pertinax Period and Co.," and every original article, the authorship of which is not acknowledged or indicated by a signature, was of my own manufacture. The *Galaxy,* as may be inferred from my address to its readers on the commencement of the second year, had not met with entire approbation. As the circulation increased, endeavours to stir up resentment against its freedom of remark were multiplied. Criticisms on the operations of the missionary societies, certain practices of the banks and brokers, public lecturers and itinerant preachers and instructors, and the proceedings of political caucuses received admonitory and threatening letters, mostly anonymous. In its fourth year the title *Masonic Magazine* was dropped, as it had proved one obstacle in the way of its general circulation, but the interests of the institution were still watched with fidelity. Our success was becoming substantial, when in 1822 a prosecution for libel—an occurrence which was to happen again four times, but from which I suffered only anxiety and vexation and some loss of money—led to a modification of the common law of libel. Custom once imperiously, even tyrannically, imposed on editors an annual tax in the shape of a New Year's address. The task was always irksome from the difficulty of guiding thought to a new channel and of giving to an old and hackneyed sentiment new forms of expression. In 1828 I sold the *Galaxy* to Willard Phillips and Theophilus Parsons, having conducted it over eleven years, in order to devote my entire attention to the Boston *Daily Courier.*

The *New England Magazine* is Buckingham's finest monument in the

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magazine line. It was a publication admirable for its day, and containing for ours not only a wealth of indispensable historical material but a surprising amount of good literature. Articles were at first unsigned or signed only with initials. As time went on, some full names appeared; but the practice does not seem to have justified itself in the editor's mind. Buckingham began the magazine on account of his son, Edward. This young man immediately made sure of the support of several of the popular writers of the day, Edward Everett, Hildreth, Hillard, Hannah Gould, Frothingham. But the persons who will now attract most attention—says George Willis Cooke in the second *New England Magazine,* which went to join its elder brother many years after—were then known but little or not at all. These were Longfellow, Whittier, Hawthorne, and Holmes. Two papers of the Autocrat appeared here, and the resumption of them in the *Atlantic* several decades later showed only a maturer mellowing of the same method. "We promised to give it a year's probation," ran the announcement of the second volume, "and if the event has not entirely brought the realisation of our hopes, it has not disappointed our expectations. The circulation has increased monthly, though it is yet far from being a source of pecuniary profit. It was intended to embellish the magazine with a series of portraits, and this intention it has been impossible to fulfil. There is some difficulty in procuring original likenesses, and more in obtaining correct copies of originals. The fastidiousness of individuals in two or three instances has frustrated our design, but with all these discouragements the design will not be abandoned." The year saw the realisation of that hope, but the next year marked the extinction of another. In July, 1833, Edward Buckingham died. An editorial announcement paid him a dignified and touching tribute, and there was also a memorial poem. This is a striking instance of the real bonds which existed between the editors and the subscribers of the early magazines. "The *New England Magazine* was the offspring and the property of Edward Buckingham. In projecting the work, the idea of making money was no part of the consideration. The elder of the editors had previously had sufficient experience to enable him to feel how uncertain and delusive are all calculations of that sort. The other needed a chance for improvement in the pleasanter departments of literature. He for whom the magazine was created and by whom it existed is no more. The surviving editor feels that he cannot desert it now."

When he retired from the management, said Park Benjamin, the papers became less general and didactic, with the result of an increase in circulation. The new editors were Dr. S. G. Howe and D. O. Sargent, both of whom had been writing for its columns. Finally, at the request of the proprietors, Park Benjamin, who had been a constant contributor, became sole editor. The *New England* is the first magazine we have had occasion to chronicle which from the beginning paid its writers. At the end of its first year under the new management, it said to its contributors: "The remuneration which we have been able to extend is not, we are deeply conscious, commensurate with your deserts; but the terms of one dollar by the page of prose and double the sum for poetry, is all that the magazine can afford; and though lamentable the confession, we must own that even with these rates not one solitary penny is left to reward the editorial labour at the close of the year. With the extension of our subscription list, your compensation shall be increased to two—yes, three dollars a page; and even then we could wish it were more. We will look for our own reward in the consciousness of having done something to encourage American literature." It is to be hoped that Dr. Howe still continued to pay himself for his articles, otherwise he would positively have lost money by assuming the editorial chair. All honour to the *New*

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England! In this, as in every other aspect of its professional activity, it set from the start a high standard. It is one of the few magazines in the long list whose untimely death may at this distance be genuinely regretted.

It was not long before Park Benjamin issued his valedictory. Although there were to be some years of fluctuation in the traffic, he may be called the first in the procession of editors and magazines heading toward New York.

It could not be expected that a journal affording very limited means of compensation to authors could attain a very high standard of excellence. [Note that no sooner had the practice begun than those rapacious writers started to bargain at once! Ten years before they had been glad to write for the good of the country and their own reputation.] It has presented from month to month the best papers from writers who were generously content with a very inadequate remuneration. Authors of celebrity, whose books are sure of a popular reward, are vainly solicited to waste their efforts in the pages of a monthly magazine. Could the American publishers afford, like the English, to pay handsomely for articles, we should soon see our journals assuming a different character and vying successfully with the best transatlantic productions. As the case stands, it is unfair to make comparisons between the light literature of Great Britain and the United States. There are few educated men in this country who can yield themselves to the pursuits of literature and the liberal studies. With the exception of those whom fortune has placed beyond the necessity of exertion, there are no authors by profession. When a poor man has attempted to live by scholarship, he has been compelled to seek a resource as instructor or lecturer or some such mind-wearying employment. I believe, however, that we shall soon see better days. The worth of literary labour is beginning to be appreciated. The magazine will hereafter be conducted under better auspices. It will be united with another work of a similar kind in New York, and be styled in future the *American Monthly Magazine.*

This proved to be, it is true, but one of the long, long thoughts of a young man; yet, O Boston, Boston, how often in the years to come wert thou to hear from high places that westward the course of empire was taking its way! Now, however, all unconscious of the worst blow fate had in store for her—when the *North American Review,* cradled in her bosom, was to prove sharper than a serpent's tooth—she had already set about, undeafened by the commercial clamours of New York and Philadelphia, the making of the Boston tradition.

III. The Transcendental Club and the "Dial"

Dr. Hale says the people of Boston took an interest in what we should now call idealistic or sentimental enterprises, such as was not paralleled in what he knew of other cities. In Boston, by a sort of natural law, the prophets of new beliefs and new superstitions made rendezvous. This local ferment, eager expectation, and readiness for new things did not characterise Boston at the beginning of the century, and certainly, he adds, does not characterise it to-day.

A picturesque place where one who was wise enough might watch some of its currents, was the modest book-shop kept in a private house by Miss Elizabeth Peabody. Miss Peabody had been the teacher of a girls' school; and she was herself on the very front edge of all the advance movements. Somehow or other she and her sisters—afterward Mrs. Horace Mann and Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne—opened a "foreign circulating library" in what was the front parlour. I am afraid that the subscription to the library and the sales of books did not amount to much. But what happened was this: If you had a vacant ten minutes you went in there, for it was just in the middle of the Boston of that time. Who was there that you did not meet who was wide-awake and interested in the future? Perhaps somebody told you that Margaret Fuller's conversation of that week would

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be on the myth of Juno or the myth of Ceres, and wouldn't you like to come round on Thursday evening? Or somebody said that thus-and-so would be going on in preparation for Brook Farm. If you had that ten minutes and looked in at 12 West Street, you were made sure, if you had not known it before, that this world had a future and that very probably it was true that the kingdom of God was at hand. I think the Brook Farm people all made their regular headquarters at the Foreign Circulating Library. I am afraid that the helter-skelter in which everybody availed himself of its hospitalities did not promote its pecuniary success.

This last sentence might have been written of the *Dial,* the publication which this eager idealistic band projected as the fountain-light of all their day. At no time in its four years did its subscription list reach three hundred names. Even the open-handed Miss Peabody, who was quite inured to such behaviour from the Boston intellectuals, complained at its being systematically loaned from house to house. Mr. F. B. Sanborn says it died of starvation, chiefly because it was ahead of the times; but, as Miss Peabody testified that it could have paid expenses with five hundred subscribers, it died evidently of the thrift of its admirers.

Mr. George Willis Cooke in the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy* has written the most complete account of it. As early as 1835, he says, Emerson wrote of an "organ of a spiritual philosophy" which was to have been called the Transcendentalist, or the Spiritual Inquirer. He suggested to Carlyle, whom all his American enthusiasts were urging to settle in America, that he take the editorship. "We have some confidence," wrote Emerson (not remembering what plain livers were Boston's highest thinkers), "that it could be made to secure him a support." Out of the discussion over the proposed periodical grew several meetings of what came to be known as the Transcendentalist Club, a dozen people who desired a more spiritual interpretation of religion. The talk was large and leisurely and did not grow definite until 1839. Margaret Fuller was selected for editor, and the first issue was set for April, 1840. But only thirty subscribers had appeared by June. Nevertheless, in July the *Dial* essayed the outer air. The announcement ran:

We invite the attention of our countrymen to a new design. With some reluctance the present editors of this work have yielded themselves to the wishes of their friends, finding something sacred and not to be withstood in the importunity which urged the production of a Journal in a new spirit. Many sincere persons in New England reprobate that rigour of our conventions of religion and education which is turning us to stone, which renounces hope, which looks only backward, which asks only such a future as the past, which suspects improvement and holds nothing so much in horror as new views and the dreams of youth. No one can converse much with different classes of society in New England without remarking the progress of a revolution. It is in every form a protest against usage and a search for principles. If our Journal share the impulse of the time, it cannot now prescribe its own course. It cannot foretell in orderly propositions what it shall attempt. Let it be one cheerful, rational voice amid the din of mourners and polemics.

The editors for the first two years were Ripley and Margaret Fuller. For her it was the principal event in that literary career of hers which somehow did not come off. Charles Taber Congdon thought, like everyone else, that she considered her own opinion conclusive and a little resented any attempt to change it; and that she swayed all around her by sheer force of her royal intellect. She had physical peculiarities which were not pleasant, and even Emerson confessed that she repelled him upon first acquaintance. Later, Greeley wrote that he could never agree with his guest about diet or about tea, of which she drank great draughts. But arrogant and opinionated as Margaret was, she wrote Emerson on her withdrawal that

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his purpose would be to represent his own tastes and make a good periodical, while hers had rather been to let all kinds of people have freedom to say their say for better or for worse. And she proved right; for Emerson paid far more attention to merely good writing, and for the rest gave a voice only to those reforms he personally sympathised with. The first number, says Cooke, rather disappointed them all: Alcott wrote in his sententious way, "It measures not the meridian but the morning ray—the nations wait for the gnomon that shall mark the broad noon." And later he wrote, "A fit organ for such as myself is not yet, but is to be." Emerson contented himself with writing to Carlyle: "It is not much but it is better than anything we had." The intention had been to pay Margaret two hundred dollars for the editing, but the money did not materialise. As time went on she found that her health would not bear the strain of teaching and editing at the same time; and she saw that it was in vain to hope any longer for a maintenance from the paper, so that she might devote herself to her pen. During the second year, too, the publishers failed; and it was only with difficulty that the editors secured the small subscription list. Miss Peabody then undertook the publishing, and even wrapped the numbers for mailing. She wrote Emerson that she would first pay the printer and then Margaret Fuller,—if after the latter had received three hundred a year there was any left, she would take the usual commission. But she succeeded, says Cooke, no better than "that rascally firm who were her predecessors."

Emerson recorded in his diary: "I must settle the question, it seems, of its life or death. I wish it to live, but I do not wish to be its life, neither do I like to put it in the hands of the Humanity and Reform men, because they trample on letters and poetry; nor in the hands of scholars, for they are dead and dry." Later he wrote Carlyle: "I had not the cruelty to kill it, and so must answer with my own proper care and nursing for its life. Perhaps it is a great folly in me, who have little adroitness in turning out work. Lately at New York, I found it to be to a certain class of men and women an object of tenderness and religion. You cannot believe it?" And yet it could not muster its five hundred subscribers! So all the thrift was not Bostonian—perhaps this coterie took a neighbourhood copy also. At the beginning of its third year, when Emerson took charge, its subscribers numbered only two hundred and twenty. Emerson's early publisher, James Munroe, offered a better business management than it had hitherto received and smaller expenses by reason of its connection with his own firm; but as a year's experience demonstrated that the expenses were greater and that the commission for his management would have been large enough even if they had been decreased, Emerson managed it himself for two years. It seems to have cost him some hundreds of dollars.

Emerson as editor was much concerned not only with good literature, but with liveliness and variety. "W. E. Channing's Letters are very agreeable reading," he wrote to Thoreau, "and their wisdom lightened by a vivacity very rare in the *Dial*. I have a valuable manuscript—a sea-voyage—from a new hand, which is all clear, good sense, and I may make some of Lane's graver sheets give way for this honest story." Thoreau wrote to Emerson: "I think this is a noble number. It perspires thought and feeling. I can speak of it now a little like a foreigner [he had assisted Emerson in editing the paper in 1843]; and to me it is a long letter of encouragement and reproof, and no doubt it is so to many another in the land. So don't give up the ship." To such as accepted it at all, says Cooke, Transcendentalism came as a gospel; and the periodical was its voice. Emerson wrote Thoreau in 1843: "The *New Englander* from New Haven angrily affirms that the *Dial* is not as

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good as the Bible. By all these signs we infer that we make some figure in the literary world though we are not as yet encouraged by a swollen subscription list." In April, 1844, George William Curtis wrote to Dwight: "The *Dial* stops. Is it not like the going out of a star? Its place was so unique in our literature! All who wrote and sang for it were clothed in white garments; and the work itself so calm and collected, though springing from the same undismayed hope which furthers all our best reforms. But the intellectual worth of the times will be told in other ways, though the *Dial* no longer reports the progress of the day."

Curtis had appeared there for the first time; and so had Thoreau, Dwight, Cranch and Dana. For all its writers it had been almost their first means of self-expression, whether like Emerson and Alcott they had appeared before or not. The fervour of the writers, their air of having something to say which outsiders could not appreciate, their unconcern for facts and literary laws—all these things, says Cooke, made it an object of ridicule to those not in sympathy; and even to those who were, for Cranch and James Freeman Clarke in Louisville caricatured the extravagance and naivété of the Orphic Sayings of Alcott, which were often as profound as they were absurd. "How surprised would some of these writers be," says Frothingham's *Transcendentalism in New England,* "if they should now in their prosaic days read what they wrote under the spell of that fine frenzy!" Much of his best writing in prose and verse Emerson contributed to its pages; and almost all its staff afterward won distinction and a few fame, seemingly permanent. But in spite of their one hundred and thirty-six pages, Carlyle thought the numbers had too little body; and Brownson owned in the Boston *Quarterly,* while praising it highly, that it lacked manliness; and the Philistine press called it a chaos of obscurity and nonsense, while the religious press scented atheism. Perhaps Furness said the best thing about it when he wrote to Emerson in 1852: "I am attracted and repelled by all this talk and speculation about things unseen and unseeable. How continually does it degenerate into a wisdom of words, and how hard it is to keep humble and self-forgetting. It is a favourite idea of mine that the all-ministering Providence gives us these speculations and theology and religious forms, etc., etc., to occupy us and divert our attention from the work going on within us, which our self-conceit, if it meddles with it, is sure to spoil; just as we rattle a bunch of keys before a baby when it is being vaccinated."

The next article in Mr. Tassin's series will deal with the Philadelphia magazines in the first half of the nineteenth century. Though Boston had snatched the fillet from her brow, and only within her household was now heard the boast that she was the American Athens, Philadelphia was still the centre of culture enough to inaugurate and centre of practicality enough to maintain the three most financially successful magazines (as long as they lasted) of the entire period. At the beginning of this era, Neal in an English magazine scornfully referred to her natives as "mutton-headed Athenians," and Charles Godfrey Leland, at the end of it, admitted that his fellow-citizens, though well-washed, well-dressed, and well-behaved, were all alike as buttons out of a button-mould—still this Tomlinson of cities did more in her three magazines to encourage "light literature" in America than her younger rivals, Boston, who had seized the sceptre, and New York, who now began to clamour for it.

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THE CREATOR OF THE FIRST YANKEE OF LITERATURE

BY RUTH KEDZIE WOOD

I

A PARADOXICAL "cradle of Yankee humour" is the Nova Scotia town of Windsor, whose proudest boast since the days of George the Third has been its college, a church university which "out-Toried Oxford" and was chartered by the colonies' oppressor. The founder of Kings College was the first bishop of Nova Scotia, who as the Reverend Charles Inglis defied a Revolutionary general by praying Heaven from his pulpit in Trinity Church, New York, that British George might confound his enemies and vanquish his foes.

In an environment dominated by the Royalist spirit, Thomas Chandler Haliburton was born, December 17, 1796. From Kings College he was graduated at the age of nineteen. His father's father had moved from Boston to Nova Scotia because of his allegiance to England, and joined a colony of United Empire Loyalists near Windsor. More remotely, young Haliburton was related to the family of Sir Walter Scott, who wrote *The Memorials of the Haliburtons* for private circulation.

At twenty, the youth who was to become Canada's foremost man of letters made a romantic marriage with the orphaned daughter of a British army officer. Three years later he was admitted to the bar, and began to practise law and oratory in Annapolis Royal, the ancient settlement where, in his own words, "the egg was laid of that American bird whose progeny have since spread over this immense continent." The house where he lived is next to the Clifton Hotel on the main street of this famously old little town called for Queen Anne.

As a speaker, the young lawyer's wit was kindly, though, as later years were to prove, he spoke even more effectively with his pen than with his tongue. In his thirty-first year he made an address before the Assembly at Halifax which so moved a reporter named Joseph Howe, afterward the greatest orator in the Dominion, that he forgot to write it down and sat open-mouthed to the end of the peroration. A year later, Haliburton was appointed Chief Justice of the Lower Court of Common Pleas, and in 1841 he took his seat on the bench of the Supreme Court of the province. In the interval between these two appointments, the legislator and the judge became also the historian and littérateur. As the Squire in a conversation with Sam Slick, he himself refers to his history of Nova Scotia as an "important account of unimportant things," but despite the modest cynicism this work, published in 1829, is even to-day judged an authority on early provincial happenings. It is said that Longfellow acquired from it his knowledge of the Acadians and their enforced migration, and it is further related that the tale of the parted lovers, as Longfellow received it, came in a descending line from an aunt of Judge Haliburton's to Nathaniel Hawthorne, and through him to his illustrious brother-in-law.

The creator of Sam Slick was born in the same house in which his father had been born before it was moved from its original site. This fact gave rise to a remark, oft-quoted by the Judge, that he and his parent had first seen the light under the same roof though the towns of their birth were twenty miles apart. This was not the dwelling, however, in which the author's most widely famed character came into being. A new and finer house, called "Clifton," was erected

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by Judge Haliburton on a large estate at the end of a shaded avenue, near the college.

Visitors to Windsor inquire still for the "Sam Slick house"—a rambling, homely cottage with wainscoted rooms and wide mantels, where one likes to imagine the presence of the discerning and chivalrous Nova Scotian whom Artemus Ward called "the founder of the American school of humour," and whose Clockmaker established the American type in literature.

JUDGE HALIBURTON IN HIS LIBRARY

II

In 1835, under the title *Recollections of Nova Scotia,* a series of papers appeared anonymously in Joe Howe's newspaper, *The Nova Scotian,* published in Halifax. These sketches of colonial life drew immediate attention for their instructive and witty analysis of character and events, but most of all, the reading eye of Canadians and their neighbours was caught by the acute, good-tempered Yankee, native of the State whose governor was the original Brother Jonathan, and mouthpiece of the author. In his "down-east talk," allegory and epigram, flattery and censure assumed a novel flavour.

The Squire (under this alias the writer chose to hide his identity) related in the first paper having met on the road, riding "a good bay horse," "a tall thin man with hollow cheeks and bright twinkling black eyes" who made himself known as Mr. Sam Slick of Slickville, Onion County, Connecticut, a successful salesman (through knowledge of "soft sawder and human natur' ") of tawdry wooden clocks. During subsequent journeyings through the Nova Scotia peninsula, the Squire and the shrewd New Englander discussed from their saddles or before the fires of wayside inns a multitude of subjects of poignant interest to the North Americans and the Britishers of four-score years ago.

The first twenty-one chapters of the *Recollections* appeared in the *Nova Scotian.* So broadly had the journals of the United States and England dissem-

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inated the opinions of Mr. Slick that the editor of the Halifax newspaper decided to issue a duo decimo volume to include the chapters already published and some additional contributions. Issued in this form, the writings of the unknown humourist had an immediate success under the title *The Clockmaker; or, The Sayings and Doings of Samuel Slick of Slickville.*

An American edition of 1837 announces in its advertising pages the new

Photograph by Paul Yates.

HOME OF "SAM SLICK," WINDSOR, NOVA SCOTIA

books *Barnaby Rudge* and *Oliver Twist,* by the author of the *Pickwick Club,* which had been published the year before. The two Samuels, Weller and Slick, were products of the same literary era, and both induced laughter by their dialect and astute stories. *The Clockmaker,* "a composite of the character-types of the United States," convulsed the cultured Easterner as well as the frontiersman of the prairies. In England, Sam Slick was forthwith accepted as the symbolic American in speech, appearance, and manner of thought. He was boastful, he was unscrupulous and illiterate, and he talked with a twang. His judgments, however, were permeated with a saving wit, and "hossense." So potent was Haliburton's delineation of the Yankee trader that up to the present day has it influenced the foreign estimate of the citizens of the United States.

The illustrators of *Sayings and Doings,* and of later volumes, confirmed the written description of *The Clockmaker* and made him lean, smiling and crudely habited in contrast to "testy, pompous, pot-bellied John Bull." A reviewer in the *London Times* of November 27, 1840, pronounced the opinion that "no modern book can give a better insight into the politics, prejudices, manners and acting of the inhabitants of the United States than this. . . . He (Sam Slick) is the shrewdest traveller through 'the States' that has yet perambulated the whereabouts of Jonathan. . . . Sam Slick is to the inhabitants of the United States what

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Hotspur was to the chivalry of England,

The glass wherein the youth may dress themselves."

The *Living Age* compared Sam Slick to Tristram Shandy, avowing that he was "precious as a queer creature, knowing, impudent, sensible, sagacious, vulgar, yet not without a certain tact, and overflowing with humour."

"The British can whip all the world, and we can whip the British," was a do you say to a cross of the two? And that's just what we are," he asserts of his countrymen. "Push on—keep movin'—go ahead," is the maxim of the States according to this spokesman, who made his utterances little more than a half century after the new republic had begun its career under Washington.

III

In the train of *The Clockmaker* came other works, all issued anony-

HALIBURTON'S GARDEN AND LAWN, WINDSOR, NOVA SCOTIA

saying widely quoted. "I believe we may stump the Univarse," was another boast of Connecticut Sam. "We improve on everything and we have improved on our own species. . . . One of our free and enlightened citizens—he's the chap that has both speed, wind and bottom; he's clear grit—ginger to the backbone, you may depend . . . spry as a fox, supple as an eel, and cute as a weasel . . . they fairly take the shine off creation—they are actilly equal to cash." "Brag is a good dog and Holdfast a better one, but what

mously, but bearing the brand of the same facetious pen. *The Attaché; or, Sam Slick in England,* supposes the keen-witted Yankee to have gained so exalted a "literary reputation" that he is appointed to a post under the American ambassador to the Court of St. James. There he turns his satire upon the foibles and affectations of the country to which he is for the time being accredited. This book, so Haliburton's biographers say, was a counterstroke to Dickens's uncomplimentary *American Sketches. Wise Saws and Modern In-*

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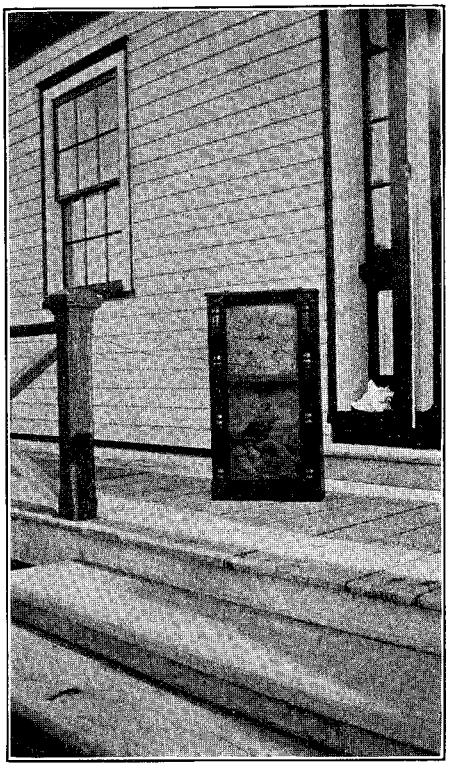
stances and its sequel, *Nature and Human Nature,* also dealt with the now celebrated citizen of Slickville, his Opinions, Doings, and Inventions.

The Letter-bag of the Great Western; or, Life in a Steamer, comprised an entertaining budget of correspondence presumably written by travellers to or from America, which vastly amused both tourists and stay-at-homes in those earliest days of steam transportation, seventy years ago. *Fraser's Magazine* published serially *The Old Judge; or, Life in a Colony,* which chiefly aimed to portray social and economic conditions in Nova Scotia. It was published in book form in 1849 and subsequently translated into French and German. The authorship of these contributions to humourous literature remained a mystery until 1856, when Judge Haliburton, whose wife had died some years before, left his home in Windsor and went to live in England. There an American gentleman had been credited with the uncommon success of the Sam Slick books. The jurist had kept his secret well, and without consoling royalties, for he never received any material reward for *The Clockmaker* beyond a silver salver presented by Richard Bentley, his English publisher. *The Clockmaker* ran into fifty editions and was given a place with the classic creations of Fielding, Smollett and Burham.



THE SAM SLICK CLOCK

Haliburton had rooms for a time above a toy-shop in Piccadilly. Then he took to wife a well-to-do widow, who maintained an establishment at Isleworth, near Richmond-on-the Thames. In 1859 the eminent colonial was elected to Parliament, where he was

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granted the coveted opportunity of championing the despised Canadian colonies, which many in Great Britain, Gladstone included, would have divorced from the Empire.

He died in 1865, at the age of sixty-eight, and was buried on the banks of the Thames, in the same Acre where lie the bones of Captain Vancouver, the explorer and navigator.

A son of Judge Haliburton was raised to the peerage as a reward for notable service in the British War Office. The first native of an English colony to be so honoured, he quartered his coat-of-arms with the maple leaf and beaver of New Scotland and with the stag and thistle of Old Scotland.

Photograph by Paul Yates.

WHERE "SAM SLICK" WAS WRITTEN. WITH AN EARLY PORTRAIT OF JUDGE HALIBURTON OVER THE MANTLE

IV

Haliburton's position as the premier humourist of his school has been sustained by critics of both hemispheres. A London admirer doubts if he had a rival "in his peculiar vocation"—the portrayal of the national character beyond the Atlantic. An *Illustrated News* review of 1843 said that his success was achieved through "sound and sagacious views of human nature as it exists in a comparatively free and unsophisticated state."

"Of all the seventeen senses," says Mr. Slick, "I like common sense about as well as any on 'em, arter all." "I seek the sunny side of life always, unless the weather is too hot, and then I go to the shade. The changes in the temperature make me enjoy both," was one of his Wise Saws. In *Nature and Human Nature* he declares, "There are three things, Squire, I like in a spekelation:—First. A fair shake. Second. A fair profit, and third, a fair share of fun." "The sunny side of common sense" is a terse definition that has been

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applied to the individiual humour of *The Clockmaker*. America has been called a nation of optimists. Nowhere in literature is there a more irrepressible exponent of optimism than this lank, perceptive itinerant peddler bequeathed to us by a native of provincial Canada.

Haliburton's portrait was after the manner of Hogarth, said a French critic; "his characters were the precursors of Twain's and Mrs. Partington's"; "Sam Slick was the archetype of David Harum," other judges have affirmed. His work is "likely to have a more enduring reputation than the mere mechanical humour of Mark Twain," is an English journalist's extravagant sentiment. Christopher North in *Blackwood's Magazine* compared Sam Slick to amusing characterisations of Washington Irving, to the latter's disadvantage. "Haliburton is a caricaturist as good as Dickens, better than Thackeray," declared a writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* in the year 1850. "Thackeray was too literary in his drawing. Dickens had always a theory to illustrate. Haliburton understood caricature as it should be understood. His portraits had the true animus of caricature. They were grotesque and eccentric, with no hidden moral lurking behind."

A critic contributed to the same periodical, in 1841, an article entitled "Scènes de la Vie Privée dans l'Amerique du Nord," in which he adjudged the adages of Monsieur Slick to be as

SAM SLICK, THE TYPICAL YANKEE. REPRODUCED FROM A DRAWING ON THE COVER OF ONE OF HALIBURTON'S EARLY WORKS

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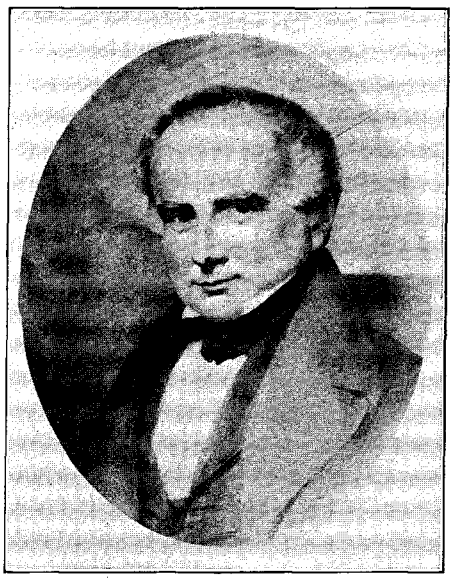
sage as those of Sancho Panza. It was his opinion that "since the characterisations of Walter Scott, no one has invented a better personage than Sam Slick. . . . His nose is pointed, his forehead high, his physiognomy laughing, his eye scintillating with penetration and vanity. . . . Active, industrious, he gives way to no one. He excels in the difficult art of exciting the desire of his patrons, of tweaking their ardour, of concealing the hook, then producing it again. . . . He loves his country, its institutions, but has his eyes open for the faults, dangers and abuses of the United States. When reason lacks, anecdotes come to his aid,—after the anecdotes, proverbs. The little book of Monsieur Haliburton expresses the true motives which animate the Americans—insatiable activity, acquisitiveness, the desire to devour space and time."

Many of the Clockmaker's sayings have became proverbs, though few who use them are aware of their source. "Circumstances alter cases" is a maxim

JUDGE HALIBURTON'S FIRST WIFE (NÉE MISS NEVILLE)



JUDGE HALIBURTON

from the Old Judge. "I guess I wasn't brought up at all, I growed," is undoubtedly the ancestor of Topsy's quaint avowal. Said Sam, "When ladies wear the breeches, their petticoats must be long to hide them." "The houses hope builds are castles in the air," was another sententious saying we owe to him.

It is recorded that Judge Haliburton gained an insight into the dodges of the "circuit" clock peddlers who for years over-ran both States and Provinces from north to south, through sitting in judgment upon them when they were tried before him for hoaxing their patrons. His ideas of the Yankee dialect and temperament are supposed to have been promoted by an acquaintance with descendants of the Loyalists, who, transplanted from New England soil, had the same accent and vulgarities of speech, and the same methods of trade. As the Squire he makes Sam confess that a certain clock, a "gawdy, highly varnished, trumpery-looking affair," which he had cunningly disposed of for forty dollars, had an actual value of six dollars and a half.

Such timepieces are still to be found

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in Nova Scotia houses. If one asks why they are still designated as "Sam Slick clocks," the country folk shake their heads vaguely. "It's what everybody's always called them," said a very old man.

"But there never was a real peddler named Sam Slick."

"Perhaps not, but a-plenty of scheming vagrants from over the line that sold cheats like this," thumping the old clock with its sallowed face and useless hands. "Since I was a boy,—I was born in '34—I kin remember hanging on to this clock in the back of the wagon going to the village to get it fixed, and bringing it home again to find it out o' kelter afore we got to the door."

Which corroborates Sam Slick's own description of the clocks he sold—"clocks warranted to run from July to Etarnity, stoppages included, and I must say they do run as—as long as wooden clocks commonly do, that's a fact."

ROBERT HUGH BENSON

A Personal Memory

BY JOSEPH H. MC MAHON, PH.D.

WHATEVER the verdict of critics or people, *Loneliness,* Mgr. Benson's last novel, will always be for me his best because of the prejudice of personal interest. He wrote the concluding chapters of it in the small hours of the morning of the brilliant day last August when for the last time, I journeyed down to Hare Street to be his guest for a week end. That night after dinner and after his recital of the themes treated in the novel and of his purpose in using it, he read those concluding chapters for me. The scene was most interesting and intimate. By repeated purchases he had increased the grounds originally surrounding Hare Street House until they embraced three or four considerable adjoining properties. On one of these he had erected two delightfully picturesque cottages. I rather think his idea was to form a distinctively Catholic colony in this out-of-the-way, humdrum English village that had been totally innocent of Catholics until he came to settle there. He was attracted by the beauty of the wrought-iron Charles II gateway, leading to the large, roomy, square, comfortable house that he purchased I am quite sure because of its gateway and old wainscoting.

It was to one of these cottages, occupied by a lady of distinguished lineage, herself a convert, that we were invited to take our coffee. Evidently it was a fixed practice with him to go over to this elegantly appointed "country house living room" to drink the tiny cup of coffee and smoke innumerable cigarettes, while in a semicircle round the beautiful room in the soft light of shaded electroliers sat his hostess and several of her neighbours and visitors. Greetings were scarcely exchanged when the trim maid entered with the shining coffee service; and then with his characteristic impatience at losing time, he asked whether he would begin. He read rapidly between frequent pulls at his cigarette. To unaccustomed American eyes it was amusing to see these stately English dames, all of "the grand air," drawing out silver cigarette cases, and calmly lighting each a cigarette, smoking placidly as he read, until some interjection would cause the reading to be suspended while an animated discus-

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THE LATE MONSIGNOR BENSON AND REV. JOSEPH H. MC MAHON IN NEW YORK DURING MONSIGNOR BENSON'S VISIT TO THIS COUNTRY IN THE SPRING OF 1914

sion would take place to decide some point of literary taste or artistic appreciation.

He did not take criticism tamely. At the first symptom of disagreement he was rigid with expectation of attack and determination to defend. On more than one point in that evening's discussion and in subsequent ones he had the good sense to see that his critics had the right of the question. Then, with cigarette pendent between his lips he would jab his pencil at the manuscript, or perhaps steadying the manuscript with the hand that held the rapidly burning cigarette, which naturally distributed its ash liberally and with fine indifference, he made the corrections.

Invariably at the hour set for night prayers he would stop abruptly and with a brusque "Good-Night" hurry out over the dark paths that led through the various gardens, familiar to him but difficult to the stranger, stopping now and then to indicate a dangerous step or overhanging bough, until the chapel was reached. There the servants would assemble; and presently the door giving out on the public road would open and in the twilight of the darkness diffused with the light of the sanctuary lamp, the figures of our erstwhile "reading circle" could be seen, their heads bearing the classic Spanish mantilla, and their rich gowns rustling as they knelt, each evidently in an accustomed place. Then from his stall behind the rood screen that his own hands had helped to carve would come the harsh subdued voice that five minutes before had been rushing through the words his own witchery had brought together to depict lovely scenes, or thrilling emotions, but that now reverentially rendered the beautiful prayers of Compline.

The reading ended, one by one the worshippers would slip away, leaving him huddled up in his favourite attitude

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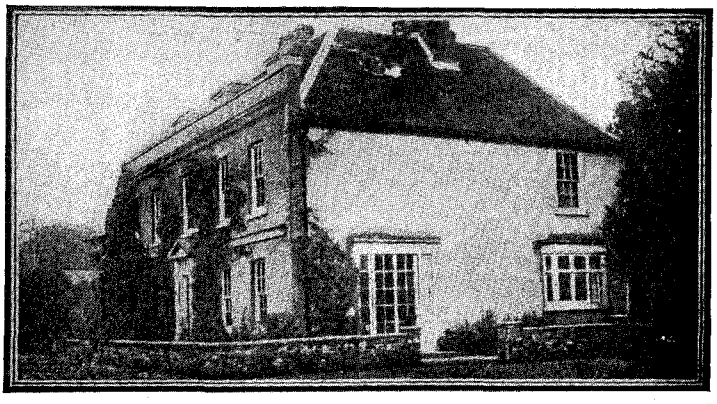
reading Matins and Lauds by the weird light of the altar lamp. Naturally my own thoughts dwelt long on the two scenes apparently so diverse yet really so connected: because the story based upon the loneliness of Elsa and woven with so much pathos and tragedy into the loneliness of his Catholic girl heroine that brought her back to God, found its explanation in that slight figure now absorbed in prayer before the altar of God. For he truly tried to use his literary gift by making known through the creations of his mind the manifestations of that God that came to him in his prayer.



HARE STREET HOUSE, NEAR THE VILLAGE OF BUNTINGFORD, THE HOME OF THE LATE MONSIGNOR BENSON

II

Loneliness I think is the clearest clue not only to Mgr. Benson's purpose in writing his novels, but also to the whole character of his Catholic life. He was always striving to bring God before men. Not content to reach those who would come to hear him preach, he sought a wider audience among those who would scorn the claims of a pulpit but could be reached by the story of a novel. This is evidently the purpose of *Loneliness*. Artistically I think it one of his best works. There is not so much introspection in it as in *The Coward,* perhaps his best psychological study, but that rather enhances its interest as a story. The theme of Elsa is as constant throughout the book as the theme of the Grail music in *Parsifal*. Even amidst the seductive sensuality of the music of the second act of *Parsifal* sounds the *motif* of the Grail as a warning and a contrast. So throughout *Loneliness* the Elsa theme. The tragic incidents by which the sense of her isolation is so poetically yet thoroughly driven home and the thrilling closing scene are artistic embellishment of a high degree. The lesson is powerful. The purpose of the book as unfolded in those *noctibus ambrosianis* was exactly to teach the danger to a Catholic lurking in those mixed marriages which the Catholic preacher so fiercely and ofttimes uselessly denounces.

This endeavour to convey some Catholic truth or teaching was the underlying purpose of all Mgr. Benson's novel writing. He had a wonderful gift of imagination, splendid powers of description, remarkable capacity for observing, and a genius for creating characters that seemed real. As a result he could actually become saturated with the atmosphere of any place or period. During his first visit to me here in America three years ago, he mentioned the fact

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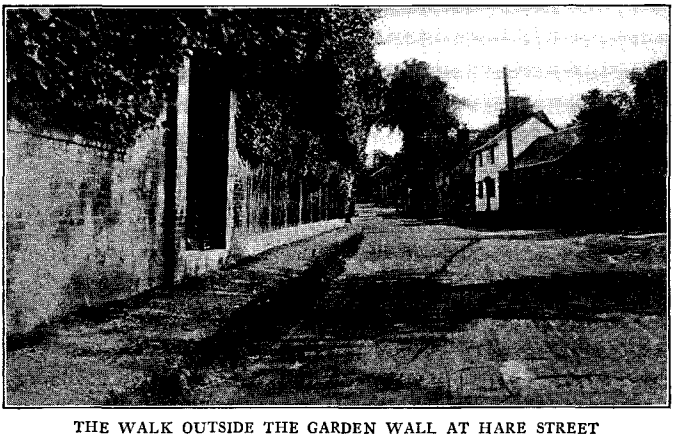
that he had written a novel dealing with the death of Charles II. He was very fond of that royal blackguard because, as he said, he was genuine. What interested him most was the Catholic death of Charles. But he was not satisfied with the book as written. Last year, on the occasion of his second visit, he gleefully told how in disgust he had thrown his manuscript in the fire; then had gone and buried himself for two weeks in libraries reading about nothing and seeing nothing but the reign of Charles. In that time he had written the novel that appeared as *Oddsfish.*

fault. I had written a description of Hare Street House for the "home consumption" of some of his devoted young friends in America. He was keen to hear my description. As I began with the wall that shut in the property, saying that it was a high wooden paling or palisade fence, he interrupted to say, "Oh, no, there you're wrong, the wall is brick." It happened to be the case of the two sides of a shield. I had walked down the road where the fence was indeed a wooden palisade. But as he always turned up the road and in that direction the wall was of brick!



THE WALK OUTSIDE THE GARDEN WALL AT HARE STREET

During my visit to him last summer I took a long walk one morning that brought me through some charming villages. I was unfamiliar with the country and anxious to identify these places that had impressed me. On my return to the library where he was working I observed a large map standing in a corner. Thinking it might be a county map that would show these villages, I asked for it, and was surprised to hear him remark, "Oh, that's a map of London in the time of Charles, that I had enlarged and drawn to scale. I can find my way to any point in it."

Sometimes his observation was at

III

All these gifts or faculties he made use of to bring his readers into touch with Catholic things and Catholic life. Personally I do not know of any more fascinating description of the Catholic Mass than is to be found in *By What Authority* and *The King's Achievement.* These historical romances are admittedly fascinating alike for non-Catholic and Catholic. The poetry and romance of the Catholic liturgy is set forth so artistically that one is insensible to the inoculation of dogmatic truth. But it seems to me that a non-Catholic reading

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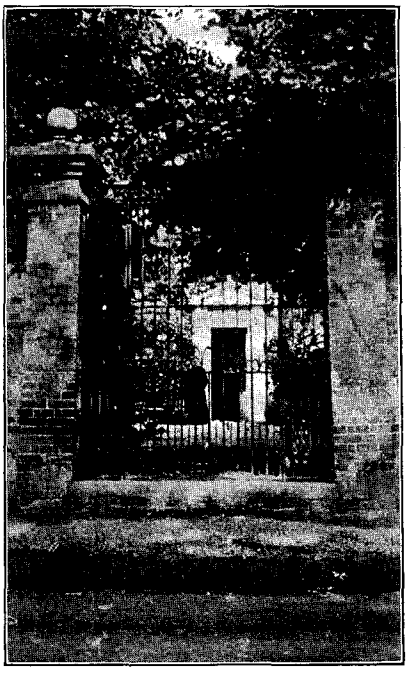
intelligently the exquisite description of the flowers ornamenting the altar, and the fine analysis of the liturgical prayers that lead up to the consecration must have not only a clearer idea of Catholic belief in the Real Presence, but must share somewhat in the reverence of Catholics for that mysterious rite.

Readers of his novels must also have noticed his great respect for antiquity. An amusing instance will illustrate and explain. We walked over one day to inspect an estate recently purchased by a devoted friend of his, Lady Gifford. The chaplain was living very comfortably at one end of a long barn, where rooms had been made supplied with every modern convenience. The other part of the barn had been turned into a chapel capable, I should judge, of accommodating one hundred people. A cement floor had been laid, steam heating apparatus installed, waterproofing applied to the sides, walls braced with iron clamps. The appearance was on the whole very good. I found Benson gazing with interest at the upright wooden pillars that supported the roof and talking rapturously with the chaplain. These pillars had been gnawed almost to the danger point by the cattle that had occupied the stalls here for centuries. To my American practical mind it would have seemed better to have torn down the whole structure and built a modern building. But that would have been a desecration in Benson's eyes. The reason was that this was a link that stretched back to the times when England was Catholic and Our Lady's Dowry. Now as a Catholic chapel it gave an object lesson in



THE ST. CHARLES GATEWAY AT HARE STREET HOUSE

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continuity. So, throughout his books with regard to the treatment of old Catholic houses and homes. The reader cannot get away from the fact that real existing buildings are described: the scenes enacted in them connect them with the Catholics of old England.

In my judgment, and I am glad to say in his judgment also, *Richard Raynal, Solitary,* is the best of his books from the literary point of view. It is a

MONSIGNOR BENSON AT HOME

flawless gem. It has the polish, the elegance of style, the finish that his other books, written in haste and under high pressure, too often lack. But its purpose is the same—to reproduce a phase of life in the England that used to be Catholic and to make the modern Englishman wistful for a return to that idyllic mystic existence that is in such sharp contrast to the materialism of present English life.

To turn to another class of his writings. The same purpose is discernible in his society, or psychological novels. Some aspect of Catholic life is the foil by which a religious lesson is taught. *An Average Man,* for instance, leaves no doubt as to the glory of heroic sacrifice for the sake of truth. *The Coward* finely emphasises the sympathetic insight into human nature possessed by the Mother Church even where a natural mother failed. *Initiation* teaches the need and nobility of the Gospel of Pain in an age that seeks physical comfort above all things, and so glides into sensuality and worse. His apocalyptic novels never interested me personally, but they reveal his facility for seeing different sides of a question and writing from either point of view. He used to tell with amusement how on the occasion of a visit to Rome he received a hint from a distinguished ecclesiastic and friend that some suspicion was aroused by his books dealing with the future of the Church and the end of the world, and

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that he had better be careful. "Oh, not at all," was Benson's answer. "I've done with them. They are no longer interesting. I shan't write anything else in that line."

His reviewers unconsciously gave testimony to the existence of this same underlying purpose. I recall the fact that a certain French periodical written for priests reviewed at length such of his novels as had already been translated into French, pointing out their deep religious meaning, and incidentally calling attention twice to one point in which the writer of the review discovered Benson in error. The judgment of the *Times* will not be forgotten. The *Times* reviewer noted the fact that Mgr. Benson had gven a new conception of the historical Jesuit to English literature, and it must in future be reckoned with. The same paper hit upon the deathbed scene of Charles in *Oddsfish* as worthy of special comment.

IV

The purpose that shows so clearly in his novels was, of course, a reflection of that which dominated his life as a Catholic priest. That life spanned only one short decade. It made up in intensity for what it lacked in years. He chose preaching as his special calling. At it he laboured to the end. He especially welcomed the opportunity of comng to this country, whose greatness fascinated him and whose complexity immensely interested him. His first trip to America was on the invitation of the Bellamy Storers. On that occasion he gave ten lectures at Mrs. Jack Gardiner's famous Boston residence. These were afterward published as *Christ in the Church*. Somehow or other his Boston visit did not create much impression, although he preached several times in the Cathedral. But at least it made known the fact that he was a preacher. When he came to New York at my invitation to preach during Lent at the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes it was interesting to find how well known he was, especially among non-Catholics.

Two things had contributed to establish his reputation. First, the fact of his relationship. It was picturesque and striking to think of the son of an Archbishop of Canterbury preaching as a Catholic priest in a Catholic church. Numbers were attracted by that fact, as well as by their acquaintance with his own books and those of his brothers. The interest aroused among non-Catholics in his appearance here was an amazing revelation to us and became an embarrassment. Naturally enough, our first concern was to provide for our Catholic people. But we could not refuse the requests that poured in upon us, and soon found that in order to give an opportunity to all he would have to lecture in a large public hall. Twice, therefore, during his first Lenten visit to us the great ballroom of the Hotel Astor was filled to its utmost with a distinguished audience largely composed of non-Catholics. The spell of his personality rested upon all who heard him. People who had heard him in England or in Rome came sometimes from great distances solely to listen to him in New York. Our little church ordinarily accommodates eight hundred and fifty people when filled; but twelve hundred people have been jammed into it at many of Benson's sermons. When he returned two years later we found it necessary to have him give additional lectures weekly in our auditorium.

During his last two visits to the United States it was always the same. Wherever Mgr. Benson was announced to speak a crowded attendance was assured. It is estimated that during those two visits he addressed more than one hundred thousand people. His activity was a marvel. Sometimes he preached as many as five sermons in a day; in several instances he had travelled over a hundred miles between sermons. He seemed to thrive on excitement. He would never refuse an invitation to preach unless it was physically or morally impossible for him to accept; there never was question of sparing himself. He entered thoroughly into the spirit of

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our American life, enjoyed the hurry and bustle of it, sympathised with its aspirations and understood its institutions. Our slang attracted him by reason of its picturesqueness—and with boyish pride he plumed himself on his correct use of it. Our courts and prisons interested him greatly. I recall his visit to Sing Sing, where, not content with doing what ordinary visitors do, he had to sit and be strapped in the electric chair for the sake of the experience. His verdict on our prison system was that it was vastly superior to that of his own country.

While English to the heart's core, he could and did appreciate whatever good he found here, and, indeed, keenly enjoyed every new experience. On one occasion he rode in the engineer's cab of the huge locomotive drawing one of the fastest expresses between New York and Albany. Afterward he confessed that his heart was mostly in his mouth during the trip, and he squirmed as the mighty monster took the curves round the headlands of the Hudson, fancying that it must inevitably plunge into the river.

In summing up his impressions of America he once said that he realised what was the difference between his own country and ours. His country possessed antiquity and its monuments, and the consciousness of their possession caused his countrymen to live too much in the past. Here, where everything was new and things had, indeed, to be created, we lived too much in the present and did not steady ourselves by reflecting upon the past and learning its lessons. He thought this was particularly true of American religious life.

V

In his feverish eagerness for work Mgr. Benson betrayed a premonition that he would not live long. On several occasions he gave expression to this feeling when remonstrated with. The volume of work he assumed was enormous. His correspondence was voluminous and most diversified. Here again he particularly enjoyed communication with non-Catholics. He had a wonderful gift of appreciating their point of view and sympathising with it, and this led him into association with many non-Catholic organisations. One of his special friends was the Rev. R. J. Campbell, the celebrated divine of City Temple, London. He was associated with him on the editorial staff of a periodical in order to prevent any misrepresentation of Catholic teaching. It is much to the credit of both that the association continued up to the time of his death. Indeed, he used to relate with relish how Mr. Campbell, who had invited him to address a gathering of non-Catholics, secured a hearing for him when an unruly portion of the audience began to heckle him.

That same enthusiastic desire to be a point of contact between the Catholic Church and the members of the Church he had left caused him to act as one of the staff of priests attached to the motor-chapel of the English Apostolate on its first tour. This Catholic "gospel-wagon" would go to some English village or town where there was no Catholic church and endeavour to gather an audience to listen to the preaching of Catholic doctrine. Benson's experiences were most amusing, sometimes dangerous to his safety. He was very proud of one result of his labours in the establishment of a Catholic church at Buntingford, a village two miles from Hare Street and about thirty from London.

This being the dominant passion of his Catholic life, it is not strange, then, to find it showing in all his work. His novels, as I have said, were prompted by it. Not content with this method of propaganda, he turned his attention to the drama as a means of teaching. In what are called mystery plays he was very successful. One of them, *The Nativity Play,* caught admirably the spirit of the old English mediæval plays and even the quaint charm of their language. His last play, *The Upper Room,* which will be produced for the first time in

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New York this winter, cannot, of course be judged by the practical test, but seems to read well and offers great dramatic possibilities as a presentation of a Passion Play without the introduction of the figure of the Lord. His *Maid of Orleans* was very successful, and was his attempt as an Englishman to atone for the English misrepresentation of that beautiful character. He became convinced in the last few months of his life that he could become a successful playwright, and devoted considerable time to the dramatisation of some of his novels. A competent critic who read these efforts in manuscript thought they would be successful. I know that he collaborated with a celebrated actor and manager in the construction of one based upon a most successful novel. The weak spot in it, in the judgment of the collaborator, is the weak spot in his novels as works of art—he was most unsuccessful in the love interest. His women characters scarcely do justice to the sex or to that compelling human interest.

Mgr. Benson was always passionately fond of music. Strange to say, while he played fairly well both on piano and organ, it was by ear only. But again in the last months of his life he took to the scientific study of music. His intensity and concentration of purpose once more triumphed, and in a few weeks he actually could play very well for an amateur. His restless eagerness showed itself also in a desire to learn how to paint. His instructor was a famous Royal Academician, who had fallen under the spell of his magnetic personality and who grew quite proud of his apt pupil.

VI

I cannot close these rambling reminiscences without insisting upon the wonder of that personal magnetism. It fascinated people who knew him only through the medium of his books. It has been my great pleasure to receive numbers of letters from persons who tried to describe the influence of that personality upon them. It is difficult, almost impossible, to analyse it accurately. His appearance was not impressive. His features were somewhat coarse and his face unattractive. Yet there was a certain dignity in the slight figure that arrested attention. In speaking he was all in action. His lithe body writhed and quivered under the pressure of his emotions. His gesticulation was practically

THE LATE MONSIGNOR BENSON WITH THE ORIGINAL OF "LITTLE JIM" IN "INITIATION"

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nil and what there was of it was crude. His voice was raucous and mellowed only under the strain of some compelling enthusiasm. Yet he fascinated his auditors. He possessed in a marvellous degree the mysterious power of drawing men's souls to him. I have watched the wonderful effects upon his audience as they responded gradually to his power until they sat rigid and tense with the strain, breathlessly hanging upon the torrent of words that rushed impetuously from him. The secret was that of personality. Adulation, hero-worship was offered him to an extraordinary degree. But his simplicity, his guilelessness and, above all, his absorption in his life passion rendered him immune to flattery and praise. He passed unscathed through that most terrible ordeal of a man in his position and with his powers—and vanity had no part whatever in his composition.

Mgr. Benson was a great force for spiritual good. His death, coming so unexpectedly, rather dazed his admirers. The *Athæneum's* comment will find many echoes here; his death is a distinct loss to contemporary English literature. More than that. His novels were translated into French, German and Danish, and commanded quite a circle of readers, so that his loss is deplored by people of many different races. His life was a flame of fire. It is pathetic to use for him the heroic words with which his last book, *Loneliness,* concludes.

A DICKENS FIRESIDE FANTASY

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

"If the company will now come to order," said Mr. Pickwick, rapping gently on the table and beaming through his spectacles with a kindliness that seemed to irradiate the whole of the assemblage before him, "I will ask my good friend Mr. Sergeant Buzfuz to read the indictment in the matter before us."

There was an almost instant silence. Everybody present from sagacious persons such as Mr. Perker of Gray's Hill, or his unfathomable colleague, Mr. Tulkinghorn, to such simple souls as Mr. Willett Senior, or Mr. Dick, could not fail to perceive that there must be something quite unusual on foot when Mr. Pickwick should speak of the learned Sergeant as his good friend, and should ever appear to direct a glance of something like affectionate recognition toward Mr. Dodgson and Fogg, who were seated in close proximity to the great legal luminary himself.

"Half a minute, Pickwick,"—interrupted the cheery voice of a rather dilapidated but altogether brisk personage seated in one of the front rows of chairs, "dry business—lawyers speech—go on talking—won't stop—perish of thirst—better let some one brew up punch—eh, sir—only a minute."

"Egad, Pickwick, Jingle's right," cried out Mr. Wardle, "let the lawyers talk away if you like, but I'll be dashed, sir, if I'll sit here all evening with a dry throat listening to their palaver. Here, Emily, Joe,—where the dooce is that boy gone to——"

But long before the fat boy could be roused up from his slumbers in a remote corner of the hall where he lay enthroned upon a pile of rugs and wraps, among which the greatcoat of Mr. Weller Senior, and the shawl of Mrs. Gamp were plainly discernible,—another volunteer had stepped into the breech.

How and whence Mr. Micawber was suddenly able to produce a bag of lemons, by what necromancy sugar (set into such fascinating little lumps that the soul

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of the American Sugar Refining Company might well shrink with envy at the sight of them), by what artifice he was able to combine them, in proportions known only to himself, with a square bottle of extra gin, and to bedew the surface of the steaming mixture with nutmegs that must have come from the very groves of Lebanon itself,—how all this was done, I say, passes the imagination to conceive. Necromancy it must have been indeed. For as the steaming bowl of punch sent its vapours throughout the room, so transfigured and yet so strangely lifelike did the assembled company become as seen through its haze, that I vow it must have been brewed from the very lemons of reminiscence, mixed by that strange alchemy of affection that is wafted to us still from the pages of The Unforgotten Master.

* * * * *

"Excellent," said Mr. Pickwick, as he put down his glass, "I don't know when I've tasted better punch."

"Only once, perhaps," chuckled Mr. Wardle.

"Ah, well, yes once perhaps!" assented Mr. Pickwick with perfect serenity. And then, turning to old Mrs. Wardle, who sat close on his left hand and attired in her very best cap and who for this evening seemed to have laid aside every trace of deafness, he added—"Your son will have his joke, madam: he is reminding me of an incident to which I fear perhaps already too much attention has been given by—by——"

Mr. Pickwick seemed to hesitate for a phrase. He looked in a somewhat dubious way toward Mr. Perker of Gray's Inn, and added:

"——by an undiscerning public."

"Quite so," nodded Mr. Perker lustily,—"by an undiscerning public. You may say that, Mr. Pickwick, with entire impunity. An undiscerning public. I take your meaning. Very good, sir, a glass of punch, sir."

"With pleasure," said Mr. Pickwick. Whereupon there was such a hobnobbing of glass, and such an exchange of compliments, and such an affectionate reciprocity of sentiment in various parts of the hall that it seemed for a time as if the serious business of the evening were likely to be indefinitely suspended.

All good things, however, even the drinking of punch by Mr. Micawber and his associates, must of necessity come to an end. Partly by sundry mild knockings on Mr. Pickwick's table and partly by more violent disturbances on the floor created by Mr. Bumble's staff, a measure of quiet was restored.

"With your permission then," said the illustrious chairman, "I will resume the course of my remarks. My intention had been to content myself with asking my good friend, Mr. Sergeant Buzfuz, to state the whole of the matter which brings us together. But perhaps I shall not be trespassing upon my valued friend's prerogative if I say a word or two in introduction of his course."

Loud cries of "Hear! hear!" mingled perhaps with a sound not entirely unlike the crowing of a cock and which may have proceeded from the lungs of Mr. Samuel Weller, indicated an ample assent.

"Very good," said Mr. Pickwick, evidently very much gratified. "I shall try to be very brief and, as I dare not pretend to emulate the talent of my learned friend, I will endeavour to say what I mean in as few words as possible."

Mr. Pickwick paused for a moment, and then with a look of something like constraint or even distress upon his usually unruffled countenance, he resumed.

"None of you, I fear, are altogether ignorant of the name of Mr. Blotton of Aldgate."

Loud groans, coupled with cries of "Shame! Traitor! Snake in the grass!" gave ample evidence to Mr. Pickwick (had he needed it) of the reputation which Mr. Blotton of Aldgate enjoyed among his associates. Indeed, it had so long been the practice to exclude that gentleman and all mention of him from every assemblage of the sort that the company were filled with wonder that

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Mr. Pickwick himself should thus openly name his arch enemy and detractor.

"It is only with great reluctance," continued the good gentleman, "that I pronounce the name of this individual. His offence toward myself I readily pass over: but his want of respect toward that illustrious body which was good enough to honour me by designating itself after my name (I refer, more explicitly, to the Pickwick Club) is a matter which has, I think, already been condemned by the verdict of impartial history."

Mr. Pickwick looked about him. His audience evidently impressed by the fervour of the chairman's eloquence, were now completely silent. Some of them indeed, as Mr. Weller Senior, were evidently so spellbound by Mr. Pickwick's oratory that they leaned back in their seats with their eyes closed as in an ecstasy of enjoyment.

"Had Mr. Blotton of Aldgate confined his malice to his disruption of the Pickwick Club, or even to the foul blow which he dealt to the noble science of Archæology in his unwarranted attack on the authenticity of an inscription which I may say at least stands, in spite of his onslaughts, unique in the annals of literature,—had his malice stopped here, despicable though it was, I for one should have been content to consign his memory to the ignominy which it has so richly deserved.

"But, gentlemen, it has not stopped here. It did not so stop. It has gone on. It is still with us."

Here Mr. Pickwick made another pause so dramatic and impressive that even those of his associates who were not yet aware of the purpose of the present gathering, realised that it was no ordinary communication that Mr. Pickwick was about to impart.

"It is now," continued Mr. Pickwick some eighty years ago since the individual to whom I allude first gave evidence of the singularly malicious composition of his individuality. It might have been hoped that it would have long since have passed into oblivion. Alas it was not to be. Like everything that was touched by that master hand of which we, my assembled friends, are the embodied creations, Mr. Blotton of Aldgate has proved immortal. More than that, he appears like every character created by our great originator to have been multiplied to infinity. I lament to say that in this later age every civilised country has its Aldgate, and every Aldgate, I grieve to state, is disfigured by its Blotton.

"One might have thought that our dead master's memory would have been left unassailed. Alas! every genius has its detractors. In every generous bosom a snake is warmed. And from this snake, from these snakes of whom I speak, from this cohort of snakes,"—here Mr. Pickwick spoke with the greatest animation, while his spectacles glittered with a just indignation that was reflected upon the listening faces before him,—"from this reptile Blotton of the Aldgates of all countries there has gone forth against our great originator, and hence, gentlemen, against each and every one of us, an accusation so foul, so despicable, that I know no other way to characterise it than to say that it could have only emanated from the mind of a Blotton of Aldgate. That accusation is,——"

Here Mr. Pickwick paused and looked about him while the assembled company remained breathless upon the very verge of expectancy.

"That accusation is," repeated Mr. Pickwick, "that *we are not real, that we are caricatures,* that not one of us, and I beg the company to mark my words, not a single one of us, ever existed, or ever could exist, in short, my friends, that we are mere monstrous exaggerations, each of us drawn in a crude and comic fashion from a few imaginary characteristics!!"

The mingled roar of indignation and contempt that burst from the throats of the auditors gave evidence at once to the power of Mr. Pickwick's oratory, and to the unanimity of their contempt. The loud cries of "Shame! Monstrous!" that broke from the lips of the indig-

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nant Wardle and the vociferous Boythorn, were not unmingled with the sound of the crowing of cocks and the popping of corks, which gave evidence of the lively feelings of Mr. Sam Weller, Alfred Jingle, Esqre., Mr. Tapley, and others of the lighter spirits of the company, while the voice of Mr. Micawber was heard above the din in loud enquiry as to whether this was still a British country or whether his own immediate return to his adoptive Australia was not necessitated by the lamentable but evident degeneration of the British Isles.

Mr. Pickwick waited until a measure of quiet had been restored and then resumed.

"Under the circumstances, gentlemen, you will not be surprised to learn that after consulting with my valued friend, Mr. Sergeant Buzfuz, we have decided to hold an enquiry, or inquisition,—my learned friend will pardon me if the term is misapplied."

"A halibi, governor, make it an halibi," interrupted a deep warning voice, "it's far safer. Halibi first and henquiry afterwards."

"In any case," said Mr. Pickwick, "what I desire to do, with your concurrence, is to place the whole case in the hands of our legal colleagues here present and to request our learned and distinguished friend, Sergeant Buzfuz, to conduct it for us."

Mr. Pickwick paused, turned with a courteous bow toward the long table at his right hand at which a serried phalanx of lawyers in full wigs and gowns were seated, and indicating with a wave of his hand the commanding figure of the Illustrious Sergeant, who sat at the head of the table, he resumed his seat.

Could any reader of the works of the Great Master have been present on this momentous occasion, it would have warmed his heart could he have looked upon the solid array of legal talent at the long table over which Sergeant Buzfuz here presided,—nor could he in the face of such an imposing panel have felt the faintest apprehension that the base allegations of Mr. Blotton of Aldgate and of the numerous and loathsome progeny which have sprung from him, would be scattered to the four winds of heaven.

Here sat in friendly colloquy with Buzfuz the equally illustrious Snubbins: beside them among his piles of papers and his sacks of reference books laboured the industrious Phunkey: near him the massive brow of the great Stryver, bound with a wet towel, was bent over a glass of still steaming punch as if seeking a final inspiration: the nimble Perker of Grey's Inn was side by side with the inscrutable Tulkinghorn of Lincoln's: here sat Wakefield, his wasted face imprinted with the dumb pathos of his broken mind, clasping his daughter's hand for comfort: here the ghastly Vholes and the unregenerate Heep and the obsequious Dodgson and Fogg, mingling their false plaudits with the approbation of the crowd: and here at the further end, with head back-tilted on the chair, with eyes that sought the ceiling, and with pale lips that still murmured the threnody of the guillotine,—the immortal figure of Carton, lit with a softer light, as of the dead among the living.

So sat they, the unreal lawyers of the unreal books of the Master, and as they sat betokened by their very presence a greater power of life and truth than life itself.

Sergeant Buzfuz rose. We wish it were within our power to present to our readers a full report of the magnificent oration delivered by that learned man. The introduction alone in which the Sergeant, with the aid of books and documents, handed to him by Mr. Stryver, rapidly reviewed the history of literature from Plato to Chesterton, was of such singular merit that Mr. Solomon Pell was heard to remark that not even his intimate friend the Lord Chancellor could have made a better presentation. They had before them, said the learned Sergeant, not merely a question of art, but a question of reality, and of the relation between the two. Of the

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nature of reality he would not leave them long in doubt. Witnesses would be called (witnesses of unimpeachable character) who should establish the nature of reality to an iota. Nor should they long remain in doubt as to the nature and meaning of art. He would, if need be, call to the witness box a gentleman of unexcelled antiquarian learning who should establish to their satisfaction the fact of the existence of art among the Romans (here all eyes were turned for a moment toward Dr. Blimber). He would, if it were necessary, further establish the point from the lips of the consort of that distinguished scholar who would testify that there were distinct traces of art even in the writings of Cicero. He would have the word itself examined, searched and impounded by one of the greatest lexicographers of the age (here the Sergeant bowed politely in the direction of Dr. Strong),—a lexicographer, he would add, whose labours had now long since overpassed the question of Art, and all other questions beginning with the noble letter A and were now rapidly traversing the letter D.

"But, gentlemen," continued the Sergeant, and at this point we are able to reproduce his words verbatim, "we need here something more than mere definitions. It is ours to inquire how far ART,—which in this instance is represented by *FICTION*,—is at one with reality: how far the picture of life presented must correspond lineament for lineament with the literal aspect of the thing itself. The accusation has been made in the affidavits of Mr. Blotton of Aldgate that the art of the Great Master is false: that it shows life and character not as they are but distorted into a series of caricatures. The fatal word 'exaggeration' has been launched upon an unsuspecting world. Charles Dickens,"—here the Sergeant for the first time and with an intense majesty of bearing and expression, uttered that noble name before the company,—"Charles Dickens *exaggerates*. That is the charge of which he stands accused. That is the foul calumny by which his fair name is rapidly being overcast. He has made each of us here present represent and typify (so runs the allegation) merely a single characteristic, and that too distorted and magnified beyond its natural shape. I, myself, gentlemen, as presented in the laudable, though I admit somewhat too impartial pages of the Pickwick Papers, represent (so it is said) a mere abstraction of forensic eloquence (I believe the word 'bombast' is used in the allegation before us)."

The Sergeant paused for the fraction of a second, something like an expression of doubt, of uncertainty was seen to rest upon his features. But it passed as rapidly as it had come and he resumed.

"My good friend, Mr. Pickwick, is mere benevolence, sheer insipid benevolence, nothing else——"

At this point, somewhat to the distraction of the speaker, the genial countenance of the chairman, from his spectacles to his double chin, was seen to beam with an expression of such utter and complete benevolence that the Sergeant thought it well to leave that item of his argument incomplete.

"Our friend, William Sykes (he is not in this gathering, but I understand that he is at present engaged in crawling about the roof of this building),—our worthy colleague, Mr. Carker, our esteemed ally, Mr. Jonas Chuzzlewit, these are said to impersonate sheer malice of disposition and nothing else—nay even my good friend, Mr. Pecksniff, whom I believe I see at the end of the hall warming his back at the fire in a manner I think familiar to all, is said to stand for sheer hypocrisy and for no other conceivable characteristic."

At this point Mr. Pecksniff, for he indeed it was, was seen to lift a deprecating hand and those who stood or sat nearest to him were able to hear him enjoin his daughter Mercy in an audible whisper that she should remind him that night to make explicit mention of all literary critics in his prayers.

"Or to come down to mere particulars and idiosyncrasies," went on Ser-

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geant Buzfuz, "it is said that our good friend, Mr. Uriah Heep, is always 'rubbing his hands.'" ("I admit," said the Sergeant glancing with a slight frown at the lawyer's table where Uriah sat, "that he is doing so, happens to be doing so, at this particular moment.") But the allegation runs that he is always and perpetually doing so beyond the verge of human credence. It is similarly charged that Mr. Micawber is always and perpetually brewing punch. (Mr. Micawber's guilty hand was seen to retreat noiselessly from the punch bowl as the Sergeant's eye turned to him), that he also is always waiting for something to turn up, that Mr. Mark Tapley is always 'jolly,' that my honoured friend, Mr. Wardle, owns and conducts a country house where it is always and perpetually Christmas, that Mr. Jingle only speaks in monosyllables and broken phrases and has never been known to make a sentence in his life——"

"Stop there"—interrupted the voice of the Dilapidated Alfred Jingle, "damn lie—sentence once—Fleet Street—sentence—never forget—noble conduct—everlasting gratitude——"

"Tut, tut," interrupted the chairman, "I am sure there are lots of things that we all had better agree to forget."

Mr. Jingle's unhappy introduction of the word "sentence" seemed to occasion so peculiar a feeling of discomfort in a number of the auditors (the lively agitation of Mr. Heep, Mr. Micawber and others was especially noticeable) that the Sergeant with the instinctive feeling of the orator, realised that it was impossible to resume his suspended period.

"But, gentlemen," he continued, "the hour waxes already late. I will no longer expatiate upon the nature of the charge before us. I will proceed at once in its rebuttal."

Here the Sergeant consulted for a moment a list of names that was handed to him by Mr. Phunkey.

"Call Sarah Gamp," he cried. There was a sudden stir in a distant part of the hall, as of a heavy body being set into motion, and to the evident satisfaction of everybody the familiar form of Mrs. Gamp, who had apparently resumed her shawl and her pattens was seen to approach the table. She presently brought up alongside it with as much majesty of movement as that of a full-rigged coal barge coming to anchor beside the Embankment.

The Sergeant now turned to the lawyers' table and addressed one of the members of the panel whose rusted black attire, whose pale, indeed ghastly, face and whose uncertain eyes and ambiguous expression left no doubt of his identity.

"Mr. Vholes," he said, "I understand from the Chairman that it is the general desire of the assemblage that you should act, as it were, as the *advocatus diaboli,* in other words, should have the privilege of appearing for the prosecution. You are at liberty to question the witness."

Mr. Vholes arose. Accustomed as he was to the more leisurely procedure and the congenial delays of the Court of Chancery, he may well have felt somewhat ill at ease in the summary methods of investigation here adopted by the Sergeant. But his courage was fortified by the presence of sundry volumes of literary criticism that lay heaped before him, written in various languages, mostly other than English, on which he relied to establish his case.

"Your name," he said, "is Sarah Gamp?"

"Widge I scorn to deny it," answered that lady.

"Your profession, I understand, is that of a nurse."

"Widge it is," said Mrs. Gamp, "and as I was saying only yesterday to Mrs. Harris, which I don't see here, brought owing to the fact of her being unable to come, and it being the third time poor soul in as many years——"

Mr. Pickwick coughed.

"I must beg you, Mrs. Gamp," he said, "to realise that in the lapse of eighty years a certain change in public taste has dictated—a—has prescribed certain forms of reticence——"

"Retigence!" said Mrs. Gamp, brid-

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ling, "don't talk to me of retigence as if I was a Betsy Prigg that couldn't be trusted within sight of a brandy bottle. Widge I abhor," she added, "except it might be for a chill and being overtired after sitting up with a demise——"

"Very good, Mrs. Gamp," broke in Mr. Vholes, delighted to find his witness developing immediately and without guidance the very characteristics and no others which he wished to elucidate, —"now tell us please, Mrs. Gamp, and remember that you are virtually under oath—Are you real?"

"Am I widge?" said Mrs. Gamp.

"Are you real?" said the rusty lawyer. "Do you mean to tell this court,—this assembly,—that there ever have been or could be women like you; are you willing to assert that you are anything more than an abstraction? Have you ever in the eighty years of retrospect laid open to us, ever really lived?"

Mrs. Gamp might have answered. We say advisedly *might have,*—in the course of time, although to all intent and purpose she seemed suddenly to be rooted immovable, her mouth half open, her features fixed in a stare of mingled surprise and contempt at her interlocutor.

But her answer was not needed. For at this moment a very singular thing happened. Whether it was due to the necromancy of Mr. Micawber's punch, or to the lateness of the hour or to the growing absorption of the assembled auditors, we cannot say. But the truth is that as they sat gazing fixedly at the witness, a strange and wonderful phenomenon made itself felt. The face and form of Mrs. Gamp were multiplied before their eyes into not one but a thousand forms. It was as if the bounds of space and time were pushed aside and the eye could see through the long vista of the years, and through the broad expanse of space from country to country, not one but a thousand,—a hundred thousand Gamps. Here were Gamps in London garrets tending dying fires beside the already dead,—Gamps moving to and fro in area kitchens, their mysterious pattens clicking on the stone floor—Gamps with monstrous umbrellas staggering in the rain,—Gamps tending market stalls in the London fog,—nay it was as if Mr. Vholes's words had acted like a talisman to call for a legion of Gamps to prove the existence of a single one. Nor were the Sarah Gamps confined to a single time or country: there were mid-Victorian Gamps and Gamps of the closing century, Australian Gamps vigorously washing clothes beneath the gum trees, Canadian Gamps scrubbing stone steps regardless of the thermometer, French Gamps busily checking umbrellas in theatres, American Gamps superintending ladies' withdrawing-rooms in railroad stations, nay I will swear it,—Gamps that in form and fashion were negro, negroid or mulatto, but still evidently and indisputably Sarah Gamp. Strangest of all, no two of the figures in the vision seemed quite alike: the red shawl might or might not be present, the brandy bottle might or might not be there, the clicking of the pattens might or might not be there,—and yet indisputably and undeniably each of the figures was the same illustrious undying, ever repeating Sarah Gamp.

Mr. Vholes, aghast at the vision that he had summoned, sank into his seat.

"I think, Mrs. Gamp," said Mr. Pickwick, "that we need not question you further. You at least exist."

* * * * *

Sergeant Buzfuz rose again to his feet.

"Call Mr. Pecksniff," he said.

That gentleman, who was carefully attired in his customary long black coat and irreproachable white tie and who had by this time warmed his back until it had attained to that comfortable sensation demanded by his altruistic feelings, drew near to the lawyers' table.

"Perhaps, Mr. Fogg," continued the Seregant, "as our friend Mr. Vholes appears to be incapacitated for further effort, you will yourself be good enough to examine this witness."

Mr. Fogg rose in his place, bowed to

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the Sergeant and the Chairman, and directed his attention to Mr. Pecksniff.

"Your name, I believe," he said, "is Mr. Pecksniff."

The latter gentleman bowed.

"Will you kindly tell the assembled company," went on Mr. Fogg, looking about him with a great assumption of sharpness, "what is the nature of your profession?"

"I am," said Mr. Pecksniff, "in my humble capacity an architect."

"An architect," said Mr. Fogg, "very good, sir. And now tell us, pray, what notable buildings or institutions have you designed?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Pecksniff with great urbanity, "none at all."

"None at all!" repeated Mr. Fogg surprised.

"None at all," reiterated Mr. Pecksniff. "To be quite frank and candid," he continued, "as we are speaking here purely among friends and I presume under the seal of confidence, I may say that the buildings which I am supposed to have designed were all the work of other people."

"Do you see any of them here?" queried the lawyer.

"One or two," said Mr. Pecksniff unabashed. "I think I see my young friend, Thomas Pinch, whose talent was for many years invaluable to me, and I believe Mr. Chuzzlewit, whose design for a grammar school has always been considered one of my most successful inspirations."

"In other words, sir," said Mr. Fogg, with great severity, "you are an arrant hypocrite."

"I am," said Mr. Pecksniff, with a bow.

"And a fraud, sir."

"At your service," said Mr. Pecksniff.

"You pocket money that you never earned."

"I do," assented Mr. Pecksniff.

"And you cover it up with a cloak of religion and family affection?"

"Precisely," said Mr. Pecksniff, smiling urbanely and placing his hands beneath his coat tails with his familiar gesture of self-satisfaction, "that is exactly my policy."

"And do you mean, sir," said Mr. Fogg, swelling visibly with the importance of his inquiry, "do you mean to tell this sensible, this sagacious company that in face of these facts,—of your carrying on business in this fashion, that you are a real person? Have you assurance, sir, to state in the face of this damning evidence, that there are real people such as you in actual business in actual life?"

Mr. Fogg, to judge by the way in which he here drew himself up, apparently expected that the result of his enquiry would be so to crush and annihilate both the witness and the auditors as to explode the very existence of Mr. Pecksniff into the thinnest nothingness of the most impossible fiction. If so his expectation was doomed to disappointment. For he had no sooner propounded his question as to whether real business by real people was carried on in this fashion than the entire audience broke into loud and uncontrolled laughter. It may have been that the four score years that had elapsed since the first earthly incarnation of Mr. Pecksniff had accentuated the character of modern business. But certain it is that the notion that the existence of Mr. Pecksniff and his methods was a thing unheard of in the present business world convulsed the assembly with spontaneous merriment. We will not say that the same strange phenomenon repeated itself as in the case of Mrs. Gamp. But certain it is that before the minds of the auditors there might well have arisen the vision of an unending, undying series of Pecksniffs,—English, American, and Continental—Pecksniffs of the old world and Pecksniffs of the new—Pecksniffs in little white ties sitting at Board meetings of corporations, Pecksniffs in long black coats presiding at funerals, Pecksniffs interviewing delegations of workingmen and refusing with deep reluctance all suggestions of increases of salary, Pecksniffs presiding over col-

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leges, Pecksniffs elected into senates, Pecksniffs in city councils—till from the very length and extension of the series it appeared as if Mr. Pecksniff expressed within himself the whole spirit and essence of modern business and modern politics. Indeed it appeared not merely as if Mr. Pecksniff were extremely real and actually existed, but as if there existed more of him than of any other human being.

Small wonder then that when Mr. Fogg resumed his seat and Mr. Pecksniff complacently returned to his place in front of the fire, there was a general feeling that the reality of at least his character had been more than indicated.

We could only wish that the limits of space before us would allow of an extended description of the examination of the succeeding witnesses. We could wish that we might convey to our readers some notion of the genial warmth with which Mr. Wardle met the accusation that his house at Dingley Dell was an impossible place such as could only have existed in the grossest and most exaggerated fiction: of how he took his oath, with perhaps unnecessary emphasis, that it was just the kind of house that might be found by those who had the eyes to see it, especially at Christmas time throughout the length and breadth of England: of how he met the accusation that it was always Christmas time at his house by the simple but convincing statement that it always was: of how he met the charge that his young medical friends, Mr. Bob Sawyer and Benjamin Allen, were not possible or actual people by offering to turn any two dozen distinguished modern doctors inside out and find a Bob Sawyer and a Ben Allen coiled up in the composition of any one of them: and of how he presently returned triumphant from the witness stand amid the uproarious applause of Mr. Weller, Mr. Tapley and even the excitable Mr. Sawyer himself.

Equally fain should we be to describe the examination of Mr. Weller Senior, and how he refused to be drawn into any generalisation as to whether actual London bus-drivers and hackney coachmen might be said to resemble himself: or how his solicitor and friend, Mr. Pell (an intimate acquaintance of the Lord Chancellor), saved the day by producing no less than fifty sworn and authenticated photographs of London bus and cabmen of the year of grace 1915, every one of which was conceived in the very spirit and likeness of Mr. Tony Weller. Equally regrettable it is that we cannot linger to describe the triumphant exoneration of Mr. Micawber, of Mr. Wackford Squeers, of Captain Cuttle and others whose characters had been made the subject of unjust aspersions. In every case it was shown with the greatest ease that these gentlemen not only had actually lived, but were still living, and that, too, in every habitable country of the Christian globe. Only one incident of a slightly discordant nature occurred to mar the symmetry of the occasion. At the very height of the general enthusiasm, a number of females,—conspicuous among whom were Mrs. Annie Strong, together with Little Nell—forced their way to the front and burst into such torrents of tears that for the time being they threatened to wash away the entire assembly in the flood tide of their grief. Mrs. Strong, indeed, kneeling at the feet of each of the lawyers in turn and offering to make an ample atonement to each one of them for the errors of her past life, may be said to have pushed the bounds of reality to the breaking point. Indeed for a moment when the loud sobs of Ham Peggotty, John Perribingle, and others of the men were conjoined with those of the women, it seemed for a moment as if the meeting might end in disaster.

But at the critical moment the voice of Sergeant Buzfuz, who declared that the evidence was now all complete and that under the rules of the court evidence given through tears could not be admitted, saved the situation. And when a moment later the Sergeant called upon Dr. Blimber to summarise the general conclusions of the assembly, it

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was felt that a great cause had been saved.

Of the final discourse of Dr. Blimber we fear that we can only give the briefest outline. Whether from the lateness of the hour or from the majestic roll of the Doctor's period, our eyes were closed in such an exquisite appreciation of his eloquence, that the details of it escaped our apprehension. But we understood him to say that the truth was that from the time of the Romans onward, Art had of necessity proceeded by the method of selected particulars and conspicuous qualities: that this was the nature and meaning of art itself: that exaggeration (meaning the heightening of the colour to be conveyed) was the very life of it: that herein lay the difference between the photographer (we believe the Doctor said the daguerreotyper) and the portrait: that by this means and by this means alone could the real truth,—the reality greater than life be conveyed.

All of this and more we truly believe the Doctor to have said.

But as he continued speaking his voice to our ears seemed to grow fainter and fainter, the pictured company around grew dim before the eye, a gentle haze gradually enshrouded the benevolent face of Mr. Pickwick as he sat with closed eyes and head sunk forward, intent upon the Doctor's every word—fainter to the ear and dimmer to the eye—until somehow with the soft vanishing of a cherished vision, the picture drifted from our sight—and we sat alone awake beside the smouldering fire, the open book of the Great Master across our knee, musing over the profundity of its God-given message.

A SHELF OF PRINTED PLAYS

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

A DOZEN years ago, scarcely any current plays were printed in America, except in fifteen cent editions for the use of amateur actors. Now, however, a constantly increasing number of plays are published every year, bound in boards or in cloth, and sold at prices ranging from seventy-five cents to a dollar and a half. The continual appearance of these books of printed plays gives evidence that the publishers have found a market for them; and the growth of this new market must be regarded as a token that our public is beginning to take a studious interest in the drama.

It is doubtful if anybody reads a play for fun: it is so much easier to read a novel. All good plays are devised to be presented by actors on a stage before an audience—they are not written to be read: and this is particularly true in this modern period when the drama, for the first time in its history, has become primarily a visual, rather than an auditory, art. To determine the value and to enjoy the interest of a contemporary play from a mere reading of the stage-directions and the lines requires an extraordinary exercise of visual imagination,—an effort different only in degree and not in kind from the exercise of auditory imagination required to appreciate an opera from a mere reading of the score.

For this reason, and this alone, Sir James Barrie refused for many years to publish any of his plays. To all who pleaded with him he replied that so long as he kept his plays in the theatre the public would continue to regard them as works of literature, but if ever he released them to the library the public "would get on to him." The best moments in his plays, he said, were moments in which no lines were spoken,—moments, in other words, that could not be recorded on the printed page so long as readers continued to skip all stage-directions. What was the use of print-

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ing what the actors said, if the author could not force his readers to imagine how the actors looked? . . . Recently, however, Sir James has been persuaded to try the experiment of publishing four of his one-act plays in a volume called *Half Hours.** This little book, which contains *Pantaloon, The Twelve-Pound Look, Rosalind,* and *The Will,* is by far the most readable of all the recent volumes of printed plays. The author has spread himself upon his stage-directions. Each of the plays is introduced with an induction as charming as any chapter of *The Little White Bird.* These are stage-directions that the reader *cannot* skip, because they are even more delightful than the dialogue. By this subterfuge, the author has made his plays as readable as they are actable: he has taken his cue from Mr. Bernard Shaw and bettered the instruction.

But the fact that Sir James Barrie has contrived to give the reader such a good time with these little plays should not obscure the more important fact that they are still more interesting in the theatre. Mr. George Middleton has formulated the essential point by defining the publication of a play "not as a *substitute* for production, but as an *alternative.*" A good play should be seen in the theatre whenever this is possible; but, in the many cases when it is not possible, serious students of the drama will welcome an alternative opportunity to read the text.

Consider, for example, the recent instance of *Children of Earth,*† by Alice Brown,—the play which won the prize of ten thousand dollars in the competition instituted by Mr. Winthrop Ames. This is a very worthy work; but when it was produced in New York, in the midst of this most disastrous of theatre-seasons, it did not draw sufficient money to warrant the expense of sending it on the road. Thus theatre-goers in other cities were arbitrarily denied an opportunity to see the play. In such a case as this, an alternative opportunity to read the text should be welcomed by earnest theatre-goers who live away from the metropolis. By reading this admirable drama they may, in part, imagine the experience of those of us who were privileged to see it.

In this connection there is another point to be considered. Since the repertory system has not, to any great extent, been adopted in the theatres of America or England, it happens that plays of great value are discarded from the stage after a life that lasts, at most, three years. Under present-day conditions, the only way in which such plays can be brought to the attention of lovers of the drama a decade after the original performance is through the alternative of publication. Consider, for instance, that powerful Catalan tragedy by Angel Guimerá entitled *Marta of the Lowlands,*‡ which was acted in New York in 1903 and revived in 1907. At present the only possible way of becoming acquainted with this exceptionally interesting work is to read the published text.

Many European plays of prime importance are denied a hearing in the American theatre because they are too foreign to attract the patronage of the general theatre-going public. It is important, however, that such plays should be made accessible to students of the drama; and the only way in which this can be done is through the medium of publication. Gerhart Hauptmann, for example, would have remained comparatively unknown in America if a serviceable publisher, Mr. B. W. Huebsch, had not undertaken the publication of an edition of his works in English.

Between seeing a play and reading it there is no choice; but those who cannot see the great works of the contemporary theatre should be allowed the alternative opportunity of reading them. To answer this logical demand, several series of plays have recently been instituted by

*Half Hours. By J. M. Barrie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

†Children of Earth. By Alice Brown. New York: The Macmillan Company.

‡Marta of the Lowlands. By Angel Guimerá. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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reasonable publishers. One of the best of these is the series of *Modern Drama* edited by Edwin Björkman and published by Mitchell Kennerley. Another is *The Drama League Series of Plays,* edited by a committee of the Drama League of America and published by Doubleday, Page and Company. Mr. Björkman's series contains not only standard works by European authors, but also a certain number of American plays that, for one reason or another, have not been produced in the commercial theatre. The idea of *The Drama League Series* is slightly different. Preference is given to plays that have been successfully produced in New York, or else in London, Paris, or other European capitals. This series is designed to afford a record of what the theatre is, instead of what it might be. *The Contemporary Dramatists Series* and *The American Dramatists Series* have both been instituted by Richard G. Badger, of Boston. The former includes plays by European dramatists that are little known in America; and the latter admits many plays of native authorship, most of which have not yet been produced.

The publication of unproduced plays is seldom justifiable. Whenever publication becomes a substitute, instead of an alternative, for production, it may usually be inferred that there is something the matter with the play. As Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has stated in the preface to his recent volume entitled *The Theatre of Ideas,** "No sympathy should be given to dramatists, however lofty their aims, who will not study to please the general body of play-goers of their days." This particular volume by the second greatest living playwright in our language [the greatest, one would have to say, if all his plays were equal to *Michael and His Lost Angel*] takes its title from an amusing narrative burlesque of the fads and fancies of the "high-brows" of the present day. It also includes three one-act plays,—*The Goal, Her Tongue,* and *Grace Mary,*—all of which exemplify the finished art of this good and faithful craftsman.

There is another statement in the author's preface to *The Theatre of Ideas* that requires careful pondering:—"Every dramatist who respects himself and his public should print his plays either before or after production. This will give playgoers a measure of their intrinsic value." The average theatregoer fails to distinguish between the play and the performance and is easily led to overestimate or underestimate the prowess of the author by the efficiency or the inefficiency of the actors who happen to be engaged to play the parts. The only possible defense against this error is the publication of the text. If *What Every Woman Knows* is ever published in this country, it will become possible at last for students of the drama to discern the vast difference between the character of Maggie as imagined by Sir James Barrie and the character as rendered by Miss Maude Adams. Mr. Jones's *Michael* failed in the theatre, for adventitious reasons too complicated to expound completely at the present time; and it is only by a reading of the text that the student can determine how much better it is than *The Silver King,* which made a fortune for the author and is still acted throughout the English-speaking world.

Mr. Barrett H. Clark, the author of a useful volume on *The Continental Drama of To-Day,* which appeared a year ago, has undertaken the task of making a large number of representative European plays accessible in English to the public of this country. Last fall he published *Three Modern Plays from the French,*† a volume containing *The Prince d'Aurec* of Henri Lavedan, *The Pardon* of Jules Lemaître, and *The Other Danger* of Maurice Donnay. Each of these pieces is worthy of careful study. The Lavedan play gives a remarkable characterisation of a

*The Theatre of Ideas. By Henry Arthur Jones. New York: George H. Doran Company.

†Three Modern Plays from the French. By Barrett H. Clark. With a Preface by Clayton Hamilton. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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typical figure of the fading aristocracy of France; the Lemaître comedy is notable for the technical *tour de force* of developing a full-length play with only three characters; and the Donnay drama may profitably be compared in method with the mature work of Sir Arthur Pinero. More recently Mr. Clark has published a volume of *Four Plays of the Free Theatre*,* which comprises *The Fossils* of François de Curel, *The Serenade* of Jean Jullien, *Francoise' Luck* by Georges de Porto-Riche, and *The Dupe* of Georges Ancey. This book contains an especially interesting introduction by Mr. Clark on the subject of Antoine and the "Free Theatre." The most powerful of the four plays is *The Fossils,* a grim and terrible study of a decadent family, by the one dramatist in France who is universally admired by his fellow-craftsmen. François de Curel has seldom achieved a popular success with the theatre-going public of the boulevards; but he enjoys the distinction of being candidly looked up to by all of his more popular contemporaries.

The publication of a play by Sigurd Ibsen is naturally an occasion for curiosity. Perhaps the most interesting feature of *Robert Frank*† is that it reveals no traces whatsoever of the methods of the famous father of the author. It is constructed straightforwardly, not retrospectively; and it deals with a problem that did not come to a crisis during the lifetime of the author of *A Doll's House*. Sigurd Ibsen has been engaged for many years in the diplomatic service of his country; and in *Robert Frank* he makes use of his first-hand knowledge of diplomacy and politics. The hero is a statesman; and the drama deals with a heroic but unsuccessful effort to end once for all the devastating struggle between capital and labour. Though the dialogue is perhaps a little over-written, the play is sturdily constructed. If Henrik Ibsen had lived to see it, he would not have been ashamed of this first dramatic effort of his only son.

Mr. George Middleton has increased his reputation as a writer of one-act plays of American life by the publication of his recent volume called *Possession.*‡ Like its predecessors, *Embers* and *Tradition,* this volume contains six one-act plays: so that the total number of Mr. Middleton's published essays in this interesting form has now mounted to eighteen. These little plays are so clearly intended and so cleverly adapted to the stage that it seems a pity that the lack of market for this sort of work in the American theatre of to-day has obliged the author to seek the alternative of publication. All his plays read well; but they would act even better than they read. Mr. Middleton's favourite subject is a struggle between a woman who is ahead of the times and an environment that is behind the times; and his plays are equally interesting to those who sympathise with his advanced women and to those who sympathise with the older-fashioned people who surround them.

Another volume of six one-act plays, entitled *Dawn,*§ by Percival Wilde, reveals a new author with a striking talent for the theatre. Mr. Wilde is less seriously interested in the problems of actual life than Mr. Middleton; but he exercises an even more emphatic technical dexterity. Surprise is his favourite expedient; and in such diminutive dramas as the comedy of *The Noble Lord* and the tragedy of *A House of Cards* he thrills the reader with the sudden revelation of secrets that have been very cleverly withheld. These plays were obviously written to be acted; and in any other country than America they would

*Four Plays of the Free Theatre. By Barrett H. Clark. With a preface by Brieux of the French Academy. Cincinnati: Stewart and Kidd Company.

†Robert Frank. By Sigurd Ibsen. Translated from the Norwegian by Marcia Hargis Janson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

‡Possession. One-Act Plays of Contemporary Life. By George Middleton. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

§Dawn. One-Act Plays of Life To-Day. By Percival Wilde. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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not be relegated from the theatre to the library.

Another playwright of promise is Mr. Eugene G. O'Neill—a son of the noted actor, Mr. James O'Neill—who has recently published five one-act plays under the title of *Thirst*.* This writer's favourite mood is that of horror. He deals with grim and ghastly situations that would become intolerable if they were protracted beyond the limits of a single sudden act. He seems to be familiar with the sea; for three of these five plays deal with terrors that attend the tragedy of ship-wreck. He shows a keen sense of the reactions of character under stress of violent emotion; and his dialogue is almost brutal in its power. More than one of these plays should be available for such an institution as the Princess Theatre in New York.

The Wisconsin Dramatic Society was organised at the University of Wisconsin for the encouragement of local authorship. Several plays have been produced by this society in Madison and Milwaukee, and on tour in other places in the Middle West; and three of these are now published in a volume called *Wisconsin Plays*.† The best play in this volume is *The Neighbours,* by Zona Gale. This is a study of character, so human and so true in its simple sentiment and pathos that it calls the tears into the eyes. Every sentence seems to count; and an author endowed with such a talent for succinct and searching characterisation seems destined to become as noted in the theatre as she is already noted in the library. *In Hospital,* by Thomas H. Dickinson, is a strong study of tense and tremulous emotion. *Glory of the Morning,* by William Ellery Leonard, depicts the inevitable parting between a French chevalier and his Winnebago squaw in the far-off days that are told about in Parkman's histories. It is less effective than the other two plays in the volume.

The publication of plays which are not only unproduced but are also unproducible can scarcely be defended. If a great scientist or statesman chooses suddenly to paint a picture, his eminence is no excuse for hanging the production in the Metropolitan Museum, unless it happens to be a good example of the art of painting. *Van Zorn*‡ was written by Edwin Arlington Robinson, who has established for himself a creditable reputation as a poet. But Mr. Robinson's ability as a poet should not have been regarded as a necessary reason for publishing an utterly inefficient essay in a different art. There is a fundamental pattern in *Van Zorn* that might have been made interesting by any one acquainted with the practice of the drama; but Mr. Robinson has totally submerged this pattern beneath oceans of very tedious talk. As an instance of the author's utter inability to write dramatic dialogue, the following quotation will suffice:—"Knowing—as I need hardly tell you now—that I could not, in view of my past and present circumstances—presume to ask of this lady the kind of question that she has taken upon herself to ask of me—and this time without wholly anticipating its immediate effect upon one's nervous organisation,—well, I can only say that she has acted in accordance with her own convictions in regard to the solution of a rather difficult problem, and has thereby placed me under excessive obligations—that she cannot expect ever to be entirely fulfilled." Did ever any human being talk like that?

Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams has had some experience before the footlights; but his comedy entitled *And So They Were Married*§ seems written to be read instead of planned to be enacted. It exhibits less a clash of character on char-

*Thirst, and Other One-Act Plays. By Eugene G. O'Neill. Boston: The Gorham Press.

†Wisconsin Plays. By Zona Gale, Thomas H. Dickinson, and William Ellery Leonard. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

‡Van Zorn. A Comedy in Three Acts. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Company.

§"And So They Were Married." A Comedy of the New Woman. By Jesse Lynch Williams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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acter than a clash of theory on theory. The antagonists are not people but ideas. The dialogue is witty and is nicely written; but it reads less like a record of conversation than like a record of quotations from a group of lectures. People do not actually behave like Mr. Williams's characters—they merely say they do: and his play is more valuable as a report of what people say for publication than as an illustration of life.

It was inevitable that the present war should inspire the publication of many plays, and that most of these should be inadequate to the occasion. It may be said at once that the worst of all these journalistic products has been written by the greatest dramatist who has—as the phrase is—felt the impulse. *Der Tag,** by Sir James Barrie, is utterly unworthy of his genius; and in dismissing it, the reviewer can only express a wish that the author's friends had charitably impeded him from publishing it. *Makers of Madness,*† by Hermann Hagerdorn, is also unworthy of so excellent a poet. In this play, Mr. Hagerdorn endeavours to exemplify the sort of intrigues that culminate in the explosion of such a world-war as the present; but his scenes are false to fact, and the reader realises with discomfort that the author knows very little of the matters he has chosen to discuss.

War Brides,‡ by Marion Craig Wentworth, has been successfully acted by Madame Nazimova in the vaudeville theatres. The heroine is a pregnant woman of a war-ridden country who, learning that her husband has been killed at the front, commits suicide in order to prevent herself from giving birth to a child that may only serve as cannon-food in a future war. This play, although the dialogue is crudely written, is powerful in its appeal to a public stirred by contemplation of the present world-catastrophe. But the best of all the recent plays inspired by the European war is *Across the Border,*§ by Beulah Marie Dix, which was reviewed in the January issue of this magazine, on the occasion of its presentation at the Princess Theatre. This highly imaginative work offers to the reader, as well as the spectator, a powerful and touching plea for universal peace.

Every now and then the reviewer is reminded of Meredith's pathetic phrase, —"How low, when angels fall, their black descent!" John Masefield is an able poet; and in *The Tragedy of Nan* he proved himself an able dramatist; but *Philip the King*¶ is valueless, both as drama and as poetry. The scene is set in a little dark cell of the Escorial, in September, 1588. Philip receives tidings of the defeat of his Invincible Armada; and the ghosts of his best friends who have died in battle haunt his loneliness with horror at his overweening undertaking. This single scene is written in rhymed verse that apes the ruggedness of mediæval balladry. The piece would be tedious in the theatre; and it is scarcely less tedious in the library, because the author has deliberately chosen to divest his verse of the element of charm.

Mr. Brian Hooker's *Fairyland,*|| is the second of his operas to win a prize of ten thousand dollars. The prize, in this instance, was offered by the city of Los Angeles; and the music, as in the case of *Mona*, was composed by Mr. Horatio Parker. The verse of *Fairyland* is very lovely, and many of the songs are notable for lyric beauty; but the libretto as a whole seems a little too esoteric in its symbolism to be popular upon the stage. An opera should convey its meaning immediately to the eye; and many of the passages of *Fairyland* require a too careful contemplation.

*"Der Tag," or The Tragic Man. By J. M. Barrie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

†Makers of Madness. By Hermann Hagerdorn. New York: The Macmillan Company.

‡War Brides. By Marion Craig Wentworth. New York: The Century Company.

§Across the Border. By Beulah Marie Dix. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

¶Philip the King, and Other Poems. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company.

||Fairyland. An Opera in Three Acts. By Brian Hooker. New Haven: Yale University Press.

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THE NEW FREEDOM—IN VERSE

BY WILLIAM ASPENWALL BRADLEY

I

THE poetic revival, long scheduled to appear, is at length upon us. Of this there can be no doubt. But the proof is perhaps to be found less in the number of new books of verse that appear from all the presses than in the prefaces which precede so many of them. For the surest sign of an awakening interest in anything is the fact that people are beginning to talk about it. And no talk about poetry is more interesting or significant than that in which poets, when they themselves are thoroughly awake, indulge concerning their own art.

Whatever one may think of the quality or ultimate significance of his work, it is certain that Mr. Vachell Lindsay, author of *The Congo and Other Poems,* is at least thoroughly awake. His verse is the result of no mere physiologic function, as it were, involving the secretion of a certain poetic sentiment. It is the deliberate embodiment of a clearly conceived æsthetic idea. This is the restoration of the "primitive art of song," as it was cultivated a couple of thousand years ago by the Greek poet, who wrote not so much to be read as to be spoken, sung or chanted. Quoting from a recent book on the subject, Mr. Lindsay says in an explanatory note, which Miss Harriet Monroe incorporates in her introduction:

> Here is pictured a type of Greek work which survives in American vaudeville, where every line may be two-thirds spoken and one-third sung, the entire rendering, musical and elocutionary, depending upon the improvising power and sure instinct of the performer.

Hence, "I respectfully submit these poems," he says, "as experiments in which I endeavour to carry this vaudeville form back toward the old Greek precedent of the half-chanted lyric," and upon the art at once of writing and rendering these poems he imposes the bizarre and sounding style of the "Higher Vaudeville." There are those who will regret what Miss Monroe calls this "effort to restore poetry to its proper place—the audience-chamber—and take it out of the library, the closet. Is there, then, to be left no sop to solitude? First it was the drama that was thus subtracted from our hours of slippered ease, in spite of the protests of Lamb and of Maeterlinck. Now it is the epic, the idyll, the lyric, that are to be transferred to the stage, the auditorium. Will these, too, not tend to become there the sport of the "tired business man," the "psychology of the crowd," and that specialised type of materialistic, Saraceyesque criticism which has done so much in our day to separate the drama from literature, and attach it to the science of stage carpentry? The play has become a "show." Will not the poem degenerate into a mere "stunt"?

Then there is the literary reviewer. We realise that he is a negligible factor nowadays, and that his ultimate disappearance will give few regrets. But meanwhile, since the poets themselves still depend upon him for at least part of their publicity (which is as precious, presumably, to the poet as to any other disinterested artist), his practical dilemma cannot be regarded with entire indifference. Already one is told he must hear Mr. Lindsay recite his own "Congo" to "learn what an arresting, exciting person this new indigenous Illinois poet is." Soon the critic will be told that he cannot criticise without such a hearing, or seeing—for much emphasis is placed upon the poet's tense, swaying body, and rhythmic hands. But suppose

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he has not this privilege—and so far, we believe, Mr. Lindsay has not yet been booked for any extensive tour, but has appeared only at a few private dinners and receptions—then he must either keep silence entirely—in which case he is sure to be charged with Philistine apathy and indifference—or else he must speak half-heartedly, knowing well that whatever he says, either for praise or for blame, stands discredited by his own admissions of absenteeism, in advance.

Surely the way of the reviewer is rough! Fortunately, however, so far as Mr. Lindsay's verse is concerned, there is a way out. If we said to one of his thick-and-thin admirers that we did not like his poems "The Santa Fé Trail," "The Kallyope Yell" (printed in *Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty*) and "The Firemen's Ball"—that (what is the plain truth) we found in them merely the "stenciled" products of a formula; that their fantasy was largely typographical, and that their invention rarely rose above the level of sheer verbal artifice—and the admirer replied, "Ah, but you should hear Mr. Lindsay read these poems himself!" then we should come back with: "But we do like 'The Congo' very much, indeed. We respond immediately through the medium of the mere written word (though perhaps this is a confession of weakness, or worse, on our part!), to the strange glamour of this delightful and highly imaginative Afro-American medley, whose restless, interrupted, musical movement is but one of the means by which this very original writer expresses a vision and a sensibility all his own." And there would be the ground of the reviewer sufficiently reëstablished a while longer, for all practical purposes!

The Congo and Other Poems. By Vachell Lindsay. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty. By (Nicholas) Vachel Lindsay. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

You and I. By Harriet Monroe. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Open Water. By Arthur Stringer. New York: John Lane Company.

II

One might think that Mr. Lindsay, having already been brought into the world, as it were, in so happy a fashion by Mr. Yeats at the now famous Chicago dinner, could have dispensed with the services of even so skilful an *accoucheuse* as Miss Monroe, whose own journalistic volume shows the vices and virtues common to this kind of verse. Two other poets, at any rate—Miss Amy Lowell, author of *Sword Blades and Poppy Seed,* and Mr. Arthur Stringer, author of *Open Water,*—speak out boldly for themselves. Both champion that "new freedom in verse" which is so much discussed nowadays, but which, as a matter of fact, is no more really "new" than "the new poetry" of which, as we intimated in an earlier article, it forms more or less explicitly a part.

Those who are familiar with the recent history of French versification will be inclined to smile at the ingenuousness of Mr. Stringer, who, in his very eloquent essay, proclaims the death of that scaly dragon of end-rhyme and rhythm which has long held Poesy a prisoner. This essay sounds so very much like the manifestoes which the poetic youth of France—*Les Jeunes!*—used to issue some thirty years ago, in the eighties and early nineties of the last century. At that time *Décadence* was as deeply absorbed in its transcendental dream of a "third form" 'twixt prose and poetry as Ibsen in his mystic contemplation of a "third empire." Many were experimenting currently with a medium that should be neither the *poëme en prose* practised by Mallarmé and Baudelaire nor the *alexandrin classique,* even "liberated" by Verlaine and Rimbaud. But M. Gustave Kahn has claimed that he and the late Jules Laforgue were the actual inventors of the true *vers libre*—as it is still practised by him, by M. Francis Vielé-Griffin, M. Emile Verhaeren and others at the present—and M. Remy de Gourmont, who himself much prefers the *vers libéré,* substan-

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tially admits this claim in his recent *Souvenirs du Symbolisme*. For a time the most extravagant claims were made for the *vers libre*. Many believed that it would completely revolutionise French poetry, and send the traditional *art poétique*, as refined by so many skilful artificers, from Marot to Banville, to the scrap-heap!

"What irreverence to call the old style of verse 'lines of prose cut by regular rhymes!'" exclaims M. de Gourmont. "And yet," he continues, "nothing appeared to us truer in 1891. Now we should be glad to believe in the equal legitimacy of the two *genres*."

Mr. Stringer is still in the 1891 period of the *vers libre*. Miss Lowell, on the other hand, who is by way of being the Mary Cassatt of the English "Imagistes," is thoroughly in accord with the more moderate and eclectic spirit of the present. "I cannot see," she says, "why, because certain manners suit certain emotions and subjects, it should be considered imperative for an author to employ no others." So she herself uses both the *vers libre*, which she prefers to call "unrhymed cadence," and the classic English metres. It is in the former, however, that she achieves her greatest distinction. Hers is not the finest of ears for for the subtle accords of chiming vowel sounds, and it is obvious, therefore, that it costs her less than it would certain others to dispense with the *"bijou d'un sou,"* as Verlaine called end-rhyming. The best pieces in her book are those in the newer manner, and some of these are among the best which have yet been written in English.

III

In dealing with *vers libre*, or "unrhymed cadence," or "polyrhythmical poetry"—the last being the term preferred by Mr. James Oppenheim—it is necessary to distinguish between what may be called the "naïve" variety and the "artistic"—between that which recognises no law at all and that which recognises a higher law controlling its composition. Of these two contrasted styles, Miss Lowell's practice excellently illustrates the latter, Mr. Stringer's and Mr. Oppenheim's the former.

"These poems, built upon cadence," writes Miss Lowell, "are more subtle, but the laws they follow are not less fixed." Rather more, it is possible. For the apparent freedom of her form will deceive only the most unsophisticated. Liberated, as they apparently are, from every constraint of conventional versification, these little pieces yet tend to produce an impression of extreme artificiality. With their elaborate and symmetrical structure—in which there are no loose ends and nothing is left to chance—as well as in their recurrent *revenant* of a refrain, such poems as "Astigmatism" and "The Precinct. Rochester" even subtly suggest the now altogether effete "fixed forms" of early French versification, *ballade, rondeau, villanelle*. And what are those two charming poems, "The Basket" and "In a Castle," so amusingly modelled on the *mannequin* of the author of the delectable *Ballades Françaises* but a couple of glorified pantoums?

As for Mr. Stringer and Mr. Oppenheim, the former is apt to forget that, as Miss Lowell says, "merely chopping prose lines into lengths does not produce cadence," the second overlooks too often the fact that this cadence itself "is constructed upon mathematical and absolute laws of balance and time." Of the three, it is Mr. Oppenheim who is most often visited by moments of real inspiration, who has the most penetrating imaginative vision, the most convincing *cri du coeur*. But, unfortunately, he is also the slackest and most slovenly in all that pertains to his art. He largely lacks restraint. His "free verse" is too often only an invitation for him to cut loose so that, with his racial inclination toward an ethical rather than an æsthetic interpretation of life, the poet is lost in the ranting popular preacher.

The best offset for such a spectacle is offered by the admirably sustained art of Mr. William Ellery Leonard. His

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volume *The Vaunt of the Man* comes to us, in a sense, out of season, since we note that it was published several years ago. But such work is never really unseasonable, and is, perhaps, even more welcome at present than when it was first published. For in these days of often rather reckless experimentation it shows what supple and powerful expression a modern poet can still achieve strictly within the traditional forms of our verse. With characteristic ineptitude, American criticism, while admiring Mr. Leonard, has not failed at times to praise him for the wrong thing, even when it has been difficult to find "the wrong thing" in his work. Thus one critic singled out for hyperbole the sonnet "To the Victor," which, taken by itself, does, indeed, give some colour to the charge brought by a recent English critic against American verse in general, and Mr. Leonard's verse in particular, of "cosmicality." And yet, as a matter of fact, although Mr. Leonard, like the late Mr. Moody, is distinctively a religious poet, in the sense that he is not indifferent to the spiritual issues of life, there are few poets on this side of the Atlantic less given to vague metaphysical vapouring. To us, at least, he seems by far the most mature and accomplished of the poets of the "younger generation."

IV

Last year Miss Rittenhouse performed the feat of publishing an anthology of American verse with that title, and leaving out Mr. Leonard. If this strikes one a little like the classic instance of giving *Hamlet* without Hamlet, then Mr. Braithwaite's *Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1914,* omitting Mr. George Sylvester Viereck, might be compared with a production of *Romeo and Juliet* minus Mercutio. Certainly Mr. Viereck's fine poem to the Kaiser, with its fiery invective against

> England, the serpent of the sea,
> And France, the wanton of the world

however one may disavow its sentiments, is one of the very best poems that have been produced by the war thus far in this country. It is worth scores of Mr. Percy MacKaye's solemn sonnets, several hundred of Mr. Walter Conrad Arensberg's infantile necrophilic fancies and thousands of E. Sutton's drum, bugle and bagpipe soldier pieces. And most of the other poems, dealing in the main with the moral and general aspects of the great struggle, leave us unmoved.

Out of Mr. Braithwaite's book, which is bigger and unquestionably richer than it was last year, but which, on the whole, still sins rather through commission than omission, it is tempting to try to shape an anthology of one's own through a process of exclusion. The first to go would be Mr. Bliss Carman's perfunctory, slipshod, shuffling "Phi Beta Kappa Poem, Harvard, 1914," though this has allusions of interest to the literary student, who, in

> Our dark young poet who from Dartmouth came,

will recognise Mr. Carman's old associate in Vagabondia, the late Richard Hovey, and in "Ralph" and "Bertram," two distinguished architects of to-day. But we should retain his pleasant and characteristic screed, "The Deserted Pasture," although this thin trickle of picturesque and sentimental verse seems mild, indeed, compared with Mr. Robert Frost's tense and tragic interpretations of the significant New England

Sword Blades and Poppy Seed. By Amy Lowell. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Songs for the New Age. By James Oppenheim. New York: The Century Company.

The Vaunt of Man and Other Poems. By William Ellery Leonard. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1914 and Year Book of American Poetry. By William Stanley Braithwaite. Cambridge, Mass.: William Stanley Braithwaite.

Contemporary War Poems. With an Introduction by John Erskine. New York: American Association for International Conciliation.

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landscape in the volume *North of Boston,* to which we shall refer again later. We like also Mr. Louis Untermeyer's "Landscapes," that passionate study in contrasts, whose powerful protest, *Good God, and what is all this beauty for?* finds a minor echo in the title poem of another of the season's books of verse, Fannie Stearns Davis's *Crack o' Dawn.*

> Oh, but were I pagan yet!
> God! could I forget! forget!

The budding social consciousness which begins to find expression in nearly all verse to-day, of whatever degree, is fed by such a book as *Songs of Labour,* by Morris Rosenfeld, a New York Yiddish poet, whose work has been well translated by Rose Pastor Stokes and Helena Franck. Mr. Rosenfeld's verse is perhaps all the more moving in that, while it sees clearly that "things are wrong," it is, on the whole, the voice of labour, not in revolt, as in the case of the late Voltairine de Cleyre, but in abject, hopeless subjection.

V

Mr. Oppenheim and Mr. John Curtis Underwood, author of *Americans,* both see the promise of a "new age" in this welter of inequalities and social injustice which we call the "present." The former is seen at his best in the long "polyrhythmical" piece Mr. Braithwaite has chosen, Mr. Witter Bynner, in his brief, epigrammatic yet impassioned protest against "War." His verses "To a Phœbe-Bird" lack the ultimate note of simplicity and sincerity discernible, for example, in Florence Earle Coates's "Jewel Weed."

It is, on the whole, however, the women, rather more than the men, who show this note of over-strain. It is absent from "The Regents' Examination," by Miss Jessie Wallace Hughan. But it is terribly obtrusive in Alice Duer Miller's sonnet "Newport," with its absurd exaggeration of the significance of its subject—society, in the wrong sense; in Amelia Josephine Burr's "In the Roman Forum," which aims at Piranesi and achieves—chromolithography; in the bathos of Ruth Comfort Mitchell's "Billy the Soldier Boy," and in sundry passionate outbursts by Eloise Briton, Laura Campbell, Faith Baldwin and Corinne Roosevelt Robinson. Women also often find it as difficult to descend to the lighter forms of lyrical trifling as they do to rise, without loss of their wings, to the upper ether. Witness Miss Sara Teasdale's mincing manner in "The Look." But what is most striking is the absence of true lyrics in the collection by writers of either sex. Half a dozen years ago this would have been filled with brief songs and lyrics, good, bad and indifferent. Now Mr. Edward J. O'Brien, who in his best pieces has the speed, passion and concentration of the true singing style, stands almost as its sole representative.

The reason for this is doubtless to be found in the sudden new vogue of the long descriptive and narrative poem. Two rather formidable-looking examples of the now popular type of the tale in verse are Mr. Percy MacKaye's "Fight: The Tale of a Gunner at Plattsburgh, 1814," and Mr. Conrad Aiken's "Romance." The former is something rather more than a merely accomplished piece of occasional verse-writing. It is a spirited battle description, nearly as good in parts as anything in Brownell's *Lines of Battle.* But the sudden extinction of the young gunner-boy hero whose head, taken off by a cannon ball (history, according to Roosevelt, vouches for it!), bowls over the American admiral, Macdonough, at the moment of victory, in our opinion constitutes an artistic blemish and brings the poem to a lame conclusion. Mr. Aiken's "Romance" is one of three tales in his volume entitled *Earth Triumphant.* The author shows in his preface a certain nervous dread of being regarded as an imitator of Mr. Masefield—and with some reason. For one would certainly have said that he was impregnated with the influence of the English poet—and not in the struc-

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ture solely, but in the very cast of his sentiment and in the details of his style.

VI

A number of other poets represented in Mr. Braithwaite's collection have published recent volumes of verse. There is Mr. Arthur Davison Ficke, for example. His *Sonnets of a Portrait Painter* have not come to our notice as a whole, and the three detached specimens offered by Mr. Braithwaite do not enable us to form any opinion of the skill with which the poet has developed the successive stages of an artist's love-story. But they do, nevertheless, give us some idea of the texture of the verse. This is not always as carefully wrought as it should be in a classic sonnet sequence, and there are distinct blemishes, as when "dumber" is made to rhyme with "summer":

The Cornish sea is silent with the Summer
That once bore Iseult from the Irish shore;
And lovely lone Fiesole is dumber
Than when Lorenzo's garland-guests it wore.

Mr. Edward Arlington Robinson, represented in Mr. Braithwaite's collection by two poems in his best manner, appears in the book-lists with a prose play, *Van Zorn,* that must surely be in his worst, as well as by a revised and enlarged edition of his volume of verse, *Captain Craig.* This poet is clearly a dramatist, but no playwright. Mr. Witter Bynner, on the other hand, achieves technical skill, as well as admirably colloquial blank verse dialogue, in *The Little King.* Mrs. Robinson has more high-pitched hysteria in *One Woman to Another.* While Miss Burr is weighted down by attempts to achieve historic imagination, in which she is notably deficient, and her latest collection, *In Deep Places,* falls somewhat below the level of its predecessor, *The Roadside Fire.* Miss Burr is really at her best in such a pretty, playful, unpretentious little poem as "Aunt Jane." Mr. George Sterling also, who seems so habitually striving to surpass himself, actually achieves this result when, ceasing for a time to pile Ossa on Pelion, he gives us a quiet, whimsical portrait, not untinged with emotion, or unconducive to a thougbtful mood, of "The Master Mariner."

Mr. Clinton Scollard, who has perhaps written more for the magazines than any other living American poet, and than whom this country has no more consistently careful craftsman in verse, comes with a welcome volume of *Poems.* A middle-aged man he must be now; but he writes with the same youthful enthusiasm as when he was twenty, for all that is exotic and romantic. Mr. Joyce Kilmer, on the other hand, though still

Crack O' Dawn. By Fannie Stearns Davis (Mrs. A. McK. Gifford). New York: The Macmillan Company.

Songs of Labor and Other Poems. By Morris Rosenfeld. Translated from the Yiddish by Rose Pastor Stokes and Helena Frank. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

Selected Works of Voltairine de Cleyre. Edited by Alexander Berkman. Biographical Sketch by Hippolyte Havel. New York: Mother Earth Publishing Association.

Americans. By John Curtis Underwood. New York.

The Present Hour. A book of Poems. By Percy MacKaye. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Earth Triumphant and Other Tales in Verse. By Conrad Aiken. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Van Zorn. A Comedy in Three Acts. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Captain Craig. A Book of Poems. By Edwin Arlington Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Little King. By Witter Bynner. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

One Woman to Another and Other Poems. By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

In Deep Places. A Book of Verse. By Amelia Josephine Burr. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Beyond the Breakers and Other Poems. By George Sterling. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.

Poems. By Clinton Scollard. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Trees and Other Poems. By Joyce Kilmer. New York: George H. Doran Company.

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on the sunny side of thirty, writes as if he were at least fifty or sixty, so eminently serious and *sage* is he—so ostentatiously, at times, we feel, "on the side of the angels." He, too, is for romance, but it is the romance of simple, common, ordinary, everyday things—trees, servant girls, deserted houses, delicatessen, and suburbanites. His note is of a certain carefully cultivated naïvété, combined with a certain elderly indulgence. In short, his inspiration appears to have been blended of William Blake, William Wordsworth, Edwin Arlington Robinson and Sylvestre Bonnard.

In the late Madison Cawein, America lost a poet with a fine eye for the delicate detail of nature, and with a skilful touch in its rendering. In Dr. Van Dyke she has one with a special predilection, as in *The Grand Canyon, and Other Poems,* for the grandiose. Perhaps it is for this very reason that he lacks a certain ease and grace in his occasional verse. He has little of the felicity that was frequently displayed by the late Dr. Weir Mitchell, who once, in "The Birth and Death of Pain," adopting the "Autocrat's" own happy manner, referred, in passing, to

> The vital pathos of that Holmes-spun art.

Some poets seem to have been born especially for occasions, and one rather wonders what Harvard in general, and the Class of '77 in particular, would have done for the last twenty-five or thirty years without Mr. Edward Sanford Martin, some score of whose commemorative verses, grave and gay, grace the recent volume of his *Poems.* If it is the social instinct that gives Mr. Martin's verse its main value, it is the personal note of deeper feeling that gives a real glow to several pieces in Professor Giddings's unpretentious little volume. In W. J. Dawson's *America, and Other Poems,* it is the sincerity of his concern for the spiritual destinies of his adopted country.

It is, of course, the story of Prometheus that Mr. Rhys Carpenter tells once more in *The Sun-Thief.* It is an old story, yet his treatment of it is his own. Of this myth, from which so many symbolic tragedies have been manufactured, he has made, as it were, a sort of masque—a masque of misanthropy. For Prometheus, the man-lover, chained to his rock and shown, in order to shake his devotion, all the murderous misery of mankind, comes almost to hate the race he has befriended. The ordonnance of this long poem is excellent. The development, through song and dialogue, leaves nothing to be desired. The language is impeccable, clothing ideas and images in appropriate garments of words and showing everywhere the chastening effects of Mr. Carpenter's classic culture. But somehow, in spite of all this, he fails to move us deeply. Nothing that he shows us is, as it were, seen through a temperament. His verse lacks "atmosphere."

The trouble with Mr. Howard V. Sutherland, author of *Idylls of Greece,* is that the temperament through which he sees classical antiquity, in these Tennysonian extensions, is not sufficiently his own. Such a criticism, however, cannot be made of Mr. Louis How, the value of whose highly original, subtly evocative and carefully wrought verse consists precisely in the personal quality of what he has to say, plus the intensity with which he says it. This, it will be recalled, is the characteristic quality of Emily Dickinson's work. A hitherto unpublished sequence of her verses addressed to one person now appears under the title of *The Single Hound,* with a preface by her niece, Martha Dickinson Bianchi.

Miss Agnes Lee in *The Sharing* reprints a poem to "A Roman Doll," which we singled out in an earlier article. Miss Katharine Howard and Mr. George Cronyn write in a very different mood artistically, the one entirely traditional, the other modern. Yet both express an identical spirit of romance, and both seek to clothe it in the flowing, diaphanous forms of free verse. Their work needs only a trifle more emotional pressure, as it were, to become imagina-

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tively arresting. Neither philosophical poetry, represented by Dr. Paul Carus, in *Truth, and Other Poems,* nor the poetic drama, by Lily A. Long, in *Radisson, the Voyageur,* is absent from the season's list; nor is child verse, in *Burges Johnson's Rhymes of Childhood;* while the "outlandish" has its exemplars in Mr. Henry Herbert Knibbs's "hobo ballads," *Songs of the Outlands,* and in Mr. Norbert Lyons's *Lays of Sergeant Con,* "made in Manila," precursor, perhaps, of some Philippine "Mulvaney." It is interesting to note that even the epic still has its devotees in this country, and three contemporary specimens of this cumbersome and long since discarded form come to remind us of "Hartford Wits," "Columbiads" and the origins of our yet youthful literature.

VII

It is also of an early, though not quite so early, a period of American life and letters that Mr. Frost's *North of Boston* reawakens echoes. New England poetry, decadent—losing its firm grasp on reality—has long ceased to be conscious of itself in any large local sense. That for some time has been left to the idyllic story-tellers—to Miss Sara Orne Jewett, Miss Mary E. Wilkins and Miss Alice Brown. They also are poets, but their medium is prose; and it has been left for Mr. Frost to renew in verse the elder tradition of literary New England. This he does by seizing the very aspect and sentiment of rural life at the present day with as sure a touch as ever Whittier did for the past in his "Snowbound." It is not a pretty picture. This rural life that Mr. Frost shows us is largely a matter of mouldering remains—men and women as well as stone walls, well-sweeps and wooden houses. These decomposed and decomposing elements he reproduces with faithful realism in their various stages of decay, and distils their somewhat macabre and sinister sentiment. This does not mean, however, that he has not also his more fanciful and imaginative side. He invests his scene with a certain atmosphere of fantasy, at times almost elfin, as in the very first poem, "Mending Wall," and makes us see with newer eyes this old New England which we

The Grand Canyon and Other Poems. By Henry van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Complete Poems of S. Weir Mitchell. New York: The Century Company.

Poems. By Edward Sanford Martin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Pagan Poems. By Franklin Henry Giddings. New York: The Macmillan Company.

America and Other Poems. By W. J. Dawson. New York: John Lane Company.

The Sun-Thief and Other Poems. By Rhys Carpenter. New York: Oxford University Press.

Idylls of Greece (Third Series). By Howard V. Sutherland. New York: Desmond FitzGerald, Inc.

Barricades. Lyrics and Sonnets. By Louis How. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

The Single Hound. Poems of a Lifetime. By Emily Dickinson. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Sharing. By Agnes Lee. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

Poems. By Katharine Howard. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

Eve. By Katharine. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

Poems. By George Cronyn. New York: Albert and Charles Boni.

Truth and Other Poems. By Paul Carus. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.

Radisson the Voyageur. A Verse Drama in Four Acts. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

Rhymes of Little Folks. By Burges Johnson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Songs of the Outlands. Ballad of the Hoboes and Other Verse. By Henry Herbert Knibbs. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Lays of Sergeant Con. By Norbett Lyons. Manila, Philippine Islands.

Hernando De Soto. By Walter Malone. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Conquest and Other Poems. By Richard Osborne. Boston: The Gorham Press.

Lincoln at Richmond. A Dramatic Epos of the Civil War. (The Fourth Poem in the Lincoln Tetralogy, A National Epos in Four Parts, which is itself the first portion of the Lincolniad, complete in six volumes.) By Denton J. Snider. St. Louis: Sigma Publishing Company.

North of Boston. By Robert Frost. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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thought we had seen so many times before. With what subtle, restrained skill he can present a figure itself fresh and charming may be clearly seen in the following lovely lines from "The Death of the Hired Man":

She put out her hand
Among the harp-like morning-glory strings,
Taut with the dew from garden bed to eaves,
As if she played unheard the tenderness
That wrought on him beside her in the night.

Mr. Frost received his first, very generous recognition in London, where his little book was published. Without technical novelties, it at once attracted attention among English poets and critics by its power and intensity, and also by its unmistakable "American" note—something for which they too often look in vain in American verse.

Of English verse, fewer volumes have come to us than usual. This is due, no doubt, to the conditions that prevail today in England, as on the continent. Many English poets must have gone to the war. We know of one, anyway, Mr. Rupert Brooke, whose work has appeared in *Georgian Poetry, 1911-1912,* and *New Numbers.* He went to Antwerp, after a few weeks' training, in Mr. Winston Churchill's hastily assembled and ill-starred naval brigade, but after a week or ten days in the trenches returned unscathed to England. One of Mr. Brooke's associates in *New Numbers,* Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, a poet already favourably known to many American readers, has, however, published an important new volume entitled *Borderlands and Thoroughfares.* Mr. Gibson has always been the poet of the people—the submerged individuals, the obscure masses—whose lives and whose dreams he has interpreted as no one else has even attempted to interpret them in our time in English. How natural that in the circus poem called "Hoops" the dwarfed and deformed stableman in charge of the camels should confess:

I've always worshipped the body, all my life—
The body, quick with the perfect health which is beauty,
Lively, lissom, alert, and taking its way
Through the world with the easy gait of the early gods.
The only moments I've lived my life to the full,
And that live again in remembrance unfaded, are those
When I've seen life compact in some perfect body,
The living God made manifest in man.

Then he enumerates the poet revealing a sculptural, even more than a painter's, aptitude in these vigourous evocations of the figures of modern life:

A brawny Cleveland puddler, stripped to the loins,
On the cauldron's brink, stirring the molten iron
In the white-hot glow, a man of white-hot metal;
A Cornish ploughboy driving an easy share
Through the grey, light soil of a headland against a sea
Of sapphire, gay in his new white corduroys,
Blue-eyed, dark-haired and whistling a careless tune;
Jack Johnson, stripped for the ring, in his swarthy pride
Of sleek and rippling muscle . . .

To accomplish his purpose Mr. Gibson employs, so far as possible, the very speech of the people themselves, taking it, exalting it, and fashioning from it a poetic instrument of superb plastic force. Indeed, sometimes, in such a poem as "Bloodybush Edge," the creation of style would seem to be the chief concern with him, and one even wonders whether, on the whole, criticism has not wrongly over-emphasised the social thinker at the expense of the creative artist in this very powerful and original poet. Superficially resembling Mr. Gibson in his apparent intention of forming a new poetic

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medium out of the colloquial speech of our own day is Mr. Gilbert Frankau, author of *Tid'apa* (*What Does It Matter?*). But on the closer examination which it scarcely merits this highly coloured tale, whose scene is laid at Aden, on the Red Sea—one of those hells where East and West do meet—turns out to be simply a sort of exotic variation on the familiar Camille theme. Beginning almost like Conrad, it soon becomes inferior Claude Farrère (*Les Petites Alliées* and *Les Civilisés*), with a touch, a veneer, of Loti, Kipling and Myriam Harry.

Among the many books for which the war is directly responsible are two: *Remember Louvain!* "A Little Book of Liberty and War," compiled by Mr. E. V. Lucas from the more or less appropriate stores of English poetry in all ages; and *Sing Songs of War,* by Maurice Hewlett. With one of these "sing songs," "The Emperor of Almain," BOOKMAN readers are already familiar. But the best seems to us the brief initial number, "For Two Voices." "Brave Words from Kiel," written in German dialect, reads like one of the famous Hans Breitmann ballads, which appear in a brave new edition prepared by the author's niece, Elizabeth Robins Pennell. These, in turn, take on a new and contemporary significance when we read down the list of titles and note "Hans Breitmann in Battle" and "Breitmann as Uhlan." "As a German gentleman who drinks, fights and plunders," Breitmann seemed to his creator, and one rather wonders that he has not been revived to take his part in the polemics of the period. Mr. Masefield's *Philip the King,* not less than Mr. Barry's playlet *Der Tag,* might seem to owe its inspiration to the present situation in Europe, as a dramatic poem symbolical of the new dangers that now confront England from another Armada—of submarines. But lest any one fall into the error of mistaking Miss Katharine Tynan's *The Flower of Peace* for a tract on anti-militarism, let us hasten to inform the reader that it is simply an exquisitely printed and bound collection of that writer's devotional verse—verse that loses none of its divine significance through the blending with it of a purely human tenderness, as in some old simple, naïve primitive painting.

Miss Katharine A. Esdaile's *Lux Juventutis,* it must be confessed, is somewhat *siccum lumen.* This is not owing to the absence of the personal element, which is even obtrusive at times and comes near turning what is probably meant as a mere artistic invention into what in places reads perilously like a private confession. In Mr. Henry Bryan Binns's *The Free Spirit,* on the other hand, the philosophical intention, which is to show how the central fact of personality and the creative effort of its expression gives a clue to the meaning of all experience, weights down the rapturous flight of what are supposed to be rhapsodies. Yet even so, the poet is so far from having exhausted his meaning in his verse that he is obliged to add an imposing prose note on "Personal Expression," which fills fully a third of the book. Still, Mr. Binns often writes with passion and intensity, and when he breaks through the exterior shell of his subject

Borderlands and Thoroughfares. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. New York: The Macmillan Company.

"Tid'apa" (What *Does* It Matter?). By Gilbert Frankau. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

Remember Louvain! A Little Book of Liberty and War. Selected by E. V. Lucas. London: Methuen and Company, Ltd.

Sing Songs of the War By Maurice Hewlett. London: The Poetry Bookshop.

Hans Breitmann's Ballads. By Charles Godfrey Leland. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Philip the King and Other Poems. By John Masefield. With a Portrait by W. Strang. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Flower of Peace. A Collection of the Devotional Poetry of Katharine Tynan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Lux Juventutis. A Book of Verse. By Katharine A. Esdaile. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

The Free Spirit. Realizations of Middle Age, with a Note on Personal Expression. By Henry Bryan Binns. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

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sufficiently to write clearly as well he achieves real distinction. This he does particularly in certain of his sonnets on thinkers like Shelley, Whitman and Nietzsche, who, as it were, represent stations (to use Barrès's term), in his own thought, and in some of his often quaint and mystical notations of nature.

A real mystic of the contemplative Oriental type is presented to English readers in a selection of the *Songs of Kabir*—who lived in India *circa* 1450—

Songs of Kabir. Translated by Rabindranath Tagore, with the Assistance of Evelyn Underhill. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The King of the Dark Chamber. By Rabindranath Tagore. Translated into English by the Author. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Satires of Circumstance. Lyrics and Reveries. With Miscellaneous Pieces. By Thomas Hardy. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Children of Love. By Harold Monro. London: The Poetry Bookshop.

The Poems of François Villon. Translated by H. DeVere Stacpoole. New York: John Lane Company.

Poems by Tegnér. The Children of the Lord's Supper, translated from the Swedish by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and Frithiof's Saga, translated by Rev. W. Lewery Blackley. With an Introduction by Paul Robert Lieder, A. M., Harvard University. New York: The American-Scandinavian Foundation.

The Poems of Edgar Allan Poe. Collected and Edited, with a Critical Introduction and Notes, By Edmund Clarence Stedman and George Edward Woodberry. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

New Poems by Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Edited by Sir Frederic G. Kenyon, K. C. B., D. Litt., with Two Portraits. New York: The Macmillan Company.

A Belgian Christmas Eve. Being "Rada" Rewritten and Enlarged as an Episode of the Great War. By Alfred Noyes. New York: F. A. Stokes Company.

A Page of Dreams. By George Klingle. Boston: The Gotham Press.

A Bar of Song. By Henry E. Harman. Columbia, S. C.: The State Company.

A Poet's Cabinet. Being Passages, Mainly Poetical, from the Works of George Lansing Raymond, L. H. D. Selected and Arranged According to Subject by Marion Mills Miller, Litt. D. Illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Scattered Leaves. A Collection of Poems by Andreas Bard. Burlington, Iowa: The German Literary Board.

Voices of the Silent Things. By William Stapleton Long. Boston: The Gorham Press.

The Man Sings. By Roscoe Gilmore Stott. Cincinnati: Stewart and Kidd.

Something Beyond and Other Poems. Recreations of a Busy Life. By John Gaylord Davenport. Boston: The Gorham Press.

A Book of Common Verse. By Albert L. Perry. Chicago: Post Print Shop.

The Springtime of Love. By Albert Edmund Trombly. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

Poems Obiter. By R. E. L. Smith. Boston: The Gorham Press.

Phantasies. By Nanna Matthews Bryant. Boston: The Gorham Press.

The Wayside Shrine and Other Poems. By Martha Elvira Pettus. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

Justification. A Philosophic Phantasy. By John H. White. Boston: Richard G. Badger. The Gorham Press.

The Lutanist. By Alice Wilson. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

Poems. By Leonard Lanson Cline. Boston: The Poet Lore Company.

A Caravel of Dreams. A Book of Verse. By Lila Munro Tainter. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

Lichens from the Temple. By Robert Restalrig Logan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Great Grey King and Other Poems Old and New. By Samuel Valentine Cole. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

And Then Came Spring. By Juliane Paulsen. Boston: The Gorham Press.

Flood Tide and Other Poems. By Carolyn Elizabeth Haynes. Boston: The Gorham Press.

The Rainbow Chaser, and Other Poems. By Kenneth Rand. Boston: Sherman, French and Company.

The Route of the Frost King and Other Fairy Poems. By Eugene Neustadt. Illustrated by Harold Sichel. San Francisco: Paul Elder and Company.

Ballads of Blyndham Town. By Robert DeCamp Leland. Amityville, N. Y.: Paul Bailey.

The Gift of White Roses. By James Cloyd Bowman. Third Revised Edition. Boston: The Pilgrim Press.

Canticle of the Sun. By Saint Francis of Assisi. Translated from the Italian by Matthew Arnold. Now Set Forth in Designs by Arthur Howard Noll. Published by Harry Alfred Fowler, Kansas City, Missouri.

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which have been beautifully translated by Rabindranath Tagore, with the assistance of Miss Evelyn Underhill, the "high priestess of English mysticism." Mr. Tagore himself has a long and characteristic poetic play in prose, *The King of the Dark Chamber.* The "man of the moment," however, is neither this Bengali bard nor Mr. Thomas Hardy, whose new collection of singularly compact and concentrated verse, *Satires of Circumstance,* deepens the impression made by its predecessor, *Time's Laughing-Stocks,* without adding anything essential to our knowledge of the poet's very remarkable talent for speed and economy of expression. It is rather Mr. Harold Monro, who comes to us in a slender pamphlet published by The Poetry Bookshop in London, of which he is the director.

Mr. Monro himself is not entirely a newcomer either. He has printed an earlier sheaf of verses (as well as a verse drama), from which two selections were given in *Georgian Poetry, 1911-1912.* But his present work shows a marked advance over anything he had accomplished before, in the sense at least that he has now found or forged for himself a far more completely individualised utterance.

It is the sacred hour; above the far
  Low emerald hills that northward fold,
Calmly, upon the blue the evening star
  Floats, wreathed in dusky gold.

So began his "Lake Leman" in the earlier collection. It was good writing, but anybody of equal talent might have written it; whereas nobody else would have been likely to write certain of the pieces in *Children of Love.* In these poems he has made many metrical innovations. He has even written, like Miss Lowell, in "unrhymed cadences," or *vers libres.* But for the most part he favours rather what the French call *vers libéré*—verse, that is, which, while accepting a metrical norm, takes all sorts of liberties with it.

It was Verlaine who invented this style of writing in French—it is, to be sure, far less of an innovation in English—and it is Verlaine—especially the Verlaine of the *Fêtes Galantes*—who is strongly suggested, not only in the musical movement, but in the very shape of the sentiment, by such a poem as "Suburb," with its magical evocation of the dulness of life in a new "residential section":

Dull and hard the low wind creaks
  Among the rustling pampas plumes.
  Drearily the year consumes
In fifty-two insipid weeks.

Most of the grey-green meadow land
  Was sold in parsimonious lots;
The dingy houses stand
Pressed by some stout contractor's hand
  Tightly together in their plots.

Perhaps it is Mr. Monro who will eventually give us that happy fusion between the *vers libre* and regular metrical verse, which has been achieved by M. Henri de Regnier and other French poets of the present.

We have, in conclusion, to note a new translation of *The Poems of François Villon,* by H. DeVere Stacpoole; a selection of *Poems by Tegnér,* with a long, interesting and scholarly introduction, in which the editor tries to show that much of Longfellow's Acadian landscape in *Evangeline* was taken from the descriptions of this classic Swedish writer; a reprint of the admirable Stedman-Woodberry edition of *The Poems of Edgar Allan Poe* in the Scribner Series of Modern Poets; and some unimportant *New Poems by Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning.*

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AT THE DAY'S CLOSE

BY MADISON CAWEIN

THROUGH pools of feldspar heav'n, above which lies
One cloud's flamingo wing, the God of Day
Wades downward to his death: along his way
Leap little ripples of the sunset skies;
And every stepping-stone of mist he tries
With Midas foot, transforms its stony grey
To burning gold; until, with one red ray,
He sinks, and o'er him, stars, like bubbles, rise.
So should all Beauty pass: in rich accord
With its surroundings; touching Earth till all
Conform with it as an accessory;
Transferring to its features the regard
Of its own dreams, through which the spiritual
At last's attained, and immortality.

IN MEMORY OF MADISON CAWEIN

BY J. CORSON MILLER

TO-NIGHT Pan strays across Kentucky's hills,
Beside him, Lo! his pipes are hanging, mute,
For nevermore shall Moschus touch the lute
To hold entranced the listening vales and rills.
The Zephyrs wail a threnody that thrills
The ancient pines to silence—Hesper's fruit
Shrivels to dust, and every branch and root,
Leaf, bloom and bud weeps with the whip-poor-wills.
And Pan fares on; bent as by weight of time,
He walks with faltering feet, bound for the sea,
Crooning the while some childhood melody,
Entwined anon with strains of sad-glad years.
Ah! where is Moschus, Prince of Rippling Rhyme?
Yea, he is gone: Pan's eyes are blind with tears.

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SOME NOVELS OF THE MONTH

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

"THE SECOND BLOOMING"

THE special problems offered by the married woman of to-day as affected by her changed environment have produced such a swarm of novels, good, bad and indifferent, both in England and America, that when occasionally we come across one which really says something new, or even something old in a new and convincing way, the temptation is to overpraise it out of sheer gratitude for the relief of mind. Yet there is little danger of overpraising Mr. W. L. George's really admirable piece of work, *The Second Blooming*. This writer, as the readers of his previous books are aware, is not exempt from mannerisms; he is by no means lucid; he suits his own time and convenience in reaching the pith of what he has to say. But none of this alters the fact that what he has to say is well worth the effort required to get at it, and the present reviewer may frankly say, without exaggeration, that he has not had a treat of similar order since the still memorable day when he first made the acquaintance of Mr. Galsworthy's *Man of Property*. *The Second Blooming*, as the above comparison would suggest, belongs to the class of novels that a reviewer finds curiously elusive, tantalisingly difficult to epitomise. The central idea, as conveyed by the title, is the vital need of the modern married woman of the upper classes, the childless woman or the woman with one or two children at most, to find some outlet for her energies when the years drift by and the once devoted husband is so busy with business or politics that he ceases to remember, excepting intermittently, that he has a wife. Mr. George has taken, as his typical case, a family of three daughters, Clara, Grace and Mary, all very carefully placed in a matrimonial way, to the eminent satisfaction of their dear, conservative, incurably mid-Victorian mother. Mary has drawn, from the outside point of view, the least desirable of the three husbands. He is a diligent plodder, he is satisfied with little, he pays his bills and they average one child a year. Mary sums up her own case as follows:

> I've made something of marriage. It isn't easy, you know, being what it is. I've heard people talk of free love and all that sort of thing; I don't know, I'm not clever, but it seems to me we've got to take it as it is and see what we can do. Perhaps it means that we've got to find the thing to do when we're married—I hardly know. Anyhow, not to be lazy or have a good time. Children, that's a way—that's how I look at it. One can't help being fond of them if one has enough—a sort of habit. So I'm not sorry. Sometimes I think it wasn't the best thing I could do, and sometimes I think it was the best thing in the world, and then the baby cries, or something, and I stop thinking, and it's all right. Marriage is pretty difficult, you know, but it strikes me if you take it in my way, well—there's hope."

Mary, by the way, as Mr. George is careful to explain, is one of those rare women of to-day who have no second blooming—she had "bloomed from the beginning." But her sisters, Clara and

*The Second Blooming. By W. L. George. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

Young Ernest. By Gilbert Cannan. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

The Chalk Line. By Anne Warwick. New York: John Lane Company.

Brunel's Tower. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The Wooden Horse. By Hugh Walpole. New York: The Doran Company.

The Man of Iron. By Richard Dehan. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The Sword of Youth. By James Lane Allen. New York: The Century Company.

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Grace, each in her way, are on the verge of an explosion; their repressed faculties clamour for some outlet. Clara, Lady Govan, is childless. Her husband, Sir Henry, has limitless aspirations in Parliament; so, having nothing else to do, she flings herself, body and soul, into the arena. We visualise her easily, a thin, wiry bundle of raw nerves, goading herself beyond all reason and achieving sheer miracles, thanks to the magnetism of misdirected feminine appeal. Clara's husband, although quite unaware of it, owes his success with his party chiefly to that Second Blooming of his wife, which leaves her while still in her thirties a physical wreck, condemned to pass her days upon a sofa.

The Second Blooming of Grace is of a different order. With more temperament than either of her sisters, it is Grace's fate to be bound to a man of much physical charm, a man of great natural kindliness and, when he occasionally remembers her, a most generous husband. But unfortunately for them both, Edward Kinnersley seldom has a thought apart from himself, or, as the author phrases it, "all roads led straight back to Edward Kinnersley." In his eyes his wife is a plaything, a doll, something to be indulged when it pleased him, but never to be taken seriously. His everlasting "Gracie-Bracie" and "Girlie-Girlie" are slow in getting on her nerves, but there comes a time when they affect her like a toothache. Then comes a night that marks an epoch. One would like to quote the entire scene, revealing, as it does, with rare understanding, the husband's monumental incomprehension and the wife's awakening to realities. We may at least quote this fragment of her thoughts as she lies sleepless beside him:

> Yes, it was true, he was a lover still in a way. Still could he clasp her close in his arms, perhaps thrill her with fleeting delight. She was a woman after all, and she could be his. But was he hers? Had he been conscious, all these years, that he was not alone in his joy? Had he known that she was there at all? Had he courted while he conquered?

As for Grace's mad passion for Enoch Fennor, her fervid Second Blooming that ran mad risks and at last inevitably came to the knowledge of her two sisters, there is no space here in which to do it justice. Here are two people, plucked at random, out of London's millions, by the sheer caprice of a born artist; and yet they leave behind them a haunting memory of something quite lawless and indefensible, but, at the same time, something pervaded with that ineffaceable beauty of the great love stories of all times. Enoch Fennor is a social rebel, a man of parodoxes, whose philosophy of life is that there are just two ways of living: first, never to do anything of which you are ashamed, and secondly, never to be ashamed of anything that you do. And he has chosen the second way. Of course, this clandestine passion, quite beautiful while it lasts, must inevitably end soon; indeed, its death-blow really dates from the day when the two sisters learn the secret. But Grace stubbornly refuses to face the truth until the man, who from the beginning has had but one name for her, Russet, a name borrowed from the tone of her wonderful hair, at last one day calls her Grace.

Such, in a very clumsy retelling, is the essence of a book of rare quality, perhaps the biggest piece of fiction that the present season has seen. Its worth cannot be conveyed at second hand. It must be read slowly, patiently, and with growing appreciation before it can be adequately understood.

"YOUNG ERNEST"

Mr. Gilbert Cannan is one of a number of able young writers in England whose ability has already been proven, but who are overworking the time-honoured formula of George Borrow. In all sorts of ways and with an infinite variety of excuses, the heroes of these novels suddenly break away from the

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quiet, comfortable rut in which they have been travelling and, in one direction or another, take to the open road. In Mr. Cannan's *Old Mole* we had the case of a veteran professor in an old-established English school, who after half a lifetime of slow, treadmill discipline, suddenly breaks loose, lands in jail, and attaches himself to a wandering circus company. In *Young Ernest* we have another product of that same school, this time a young tutor handicapped by the inborn instinct of vagabondage, for his own father deserted the family roof when the son himself was too young to remember him. The hero plods along, unaware of his real temperament, specialises in sociology, in which he has no interest, marries a girl who is, physically and mentally, hopelessly incompatible, and then one day revolts, and without a qualm of conscience deserts her. The remainder of the volume relates in detail his subsequent sexual education at the hands of two other women, both of them too good for him, and his final settling down with the latter of the two, whom he cannot marry on account of the awkward existence of his deserted wife. But, as one of his advisers consolingly remarks, "the marriage laws in England are so mixed up that perhaps it is more respectable, after all, not to get married." And this, seemingly, is the moral of the story.

"THE CHALK LINE"

The Chalk Line, by Anne Warwick, may be fairly summed up as a story based on a unique and poignant situation, in the development of which the author fell short of the possibilities offered. The scene is laid in Shanghai, the action all passing within and about the bungalow of one of the four characters concerned, and the period of time is limited to the number of days which the local health officers regard as sufficient quarantine against cholera. Hilary Comer, concert singer by training and a natural shirker of responsibilities, thought to escape the boredom of a life she hated by marriage with a man whom she neither understood nor loved. Nash Comer is a big, blunt, rough diamond of a man, with a handicap in age of many years, a taste for rank cigars, and an incurable carelessness of speech. At the opening of the story Hilary has persuaded herself that she has formed the great passion of her life, and that Louis Pembroke, reckless, handsome and wealthy, with the airs of a man of the world and the intelligence of a raw schoolboy, will compensate her for social ostracism and the patient devotion of a big-hearted man. So she arrives at Pembroke's bungalow, which the infatuated young idiot has made a bower of roses, in honour of her coming; but their lips have hardly met, in the ardour of his first welcome, when they are rudely broken in upon by an intimate friend of all parties concerned, Dr. John Brent, hard-headed philosopher and scorner of all sentimentalism, who has guessed the truth as to Hilary's proposed folly and intends by fair means or foul to prevent it. Brent in bygone days in Vienna had loved Hilary and had his chance; she would have married him gladly, but marriage was not what he proposed then. He had advanced views regarding the mutual freedom of the sexes, and although unconventional, Hilary could not quite meet him on his own ground. She feels now, and rightly, that sermons on morality and duty toward a husband come with ill grace from the man who formerly regarded the marriage bond so lightly; and Brent's mission is about to end abortively when two events occur in swift sequence to precipitate a crisis: Hilary's husband, also having guessed her purpose, arrives to make the fourth actor in the tense little drama, and on his heels comes the news that one of Pembroke's native servants has been stricken with cholera and the place is quarantined. So here, within the few cramped rooms of a bachelor's bungalow, these four are marooned for no one can predict how long—the woman of unstable affections, her former suitor, her husband and her latest lover—and over

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them hangs the remote yet insistent threat of deadly contagion. Just what readjustments take place between these four under the relentless discipline of propinquity, just what awakenings and regrets and self-reproaches, it would be unfair to betray in advance, because this book belongs to the class the main interest of which lies in a teasing suspense rather than in the artistry of the working out or the development of character. Of course, Hilary in the end makes her choice for the last time, or rather fate and a big man's sacrifice help her to make it. But where the author has not quite risen to the height of her opportunity is in having made us bestow our sympathies elsewhere than upon the final winner in this triangle race.

"BRUNEL'S TOWER"

Brunel's Tower, by Eden Phillpotts, is a cross between a monograph on the craft of pottery-making and a psychological study of a lad with a defective sense of right and wrong. Harvey Porter is the product of unfortunate birth and environment, in which the reformatory whence he has just escaped at the opening of the tale has played no small part. Chance takes him in his fugitive wanderings to a certain prosperous pottery works, established a generation earlier by one George Easterbrook, who, emigrating from the Midland country, had discovered in South Devon some admirable clay pits, and also an old ruin known as Brunel's Tower, which was just what he needed to house the few modest kilns with which he proposed to begin his enterprise. In the following years Easterbrook had built up a reputation country-wide for honest wares and high personal rectitude. No employer could have been more respected or more beloved by all his staff; and while he set a high standard in his demands upon his men, he was generous in recognition of faithful service. Into this atmosphere of high-minded honesty Harvey Porter is flung by chance; and the kindness of his new master in accepting him on the strength of his own somewhat garbled tale, and keeping him on and guarding his secret even after the facts leak out that his name is fictitious and that he is a fugitive from justice, all unite in appealing for the first time to the boy's dormant sense of loyalty. The consequence is that, setting Easterbrook on a sort of shrine, Harvey dedicates his life to just one object, namely, the greater glory of Brunel's Tower; and because of his warped standards of morality he has no scruple as to ways and means, so long as the pottery works and their owner may profit. Just one flagrant example of his callousness will serve as a luminous commentary on his whole nature, namely, his treatment of old Miss Medway, who for fifty years had been one of the expert hand-decorators of the Brunel's Tower ware. It was common knowledge that her hand had lost its cunning, and that the greater part of her output now had to be sent to the rubbish-heap; but there was no one, from the master down to the humblest helper, who would not have cut off his hand sooner than let the contented old woman suspect that her twenty pounds a year was sheer charity. But Harvey, with his distorted outlook, seeing only the greater good of Brunel's Tower, has no scruple in privately seeking out the old woman and telling her with a brutal directness that her usefulness is over, that she is a drain on the master and that her own pride ought to tell her it is time she retired. And the fact that he is indirectly the cause of her death shortly afterward does not give him even a passing pang, for has he not saved his master twenty pounds a year? This is only one out of a score of acts, any one of which, if discovered, would have led to the boy's dismissal; but the crisis comes in one crowning, unpardonable piece of perfidy. Among the neighbouring rival potteries, big and little, there is one that is famous for a special kind of ware of much finer grade than the native clays ordinarily yield, and is known far and wide as Todd's Ware. Now Todd and Easterbrook are loyal friends, and while

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if Easterbrook could of his own accord discover some formula that would yield a ware of as fine and strong a grain as Todd's, he would not hesitate to use it, on the other hand he would take no means save those that were fair and square to reach such an end. But Harvey, with the twist in his moral nature, sees no harm in going deliberately to work to win the heart of old Todd's dull-witted and unattractive daughter, Nell; and the latter, believing that he means marriage, in her gratitude tells him the secret of the formula. Harvey privately sets to work to make a specimen of the genuine Todd ware, and in great elation carries it to his master, without even a premonition of the thunderbolt of scorn and wrath that will fall upon him when his despicable cleverness is acknowledged. Old Easterbrook is adamant where the good name of his pottery is concerned; and the poignant part of it is that the boy cannot understand; he has made his great offering at the feet of his idol and it has been rejected. In the end, to be sure, enlightenment comes and he makes another sacrifice than which, we are told, no man can make greater, and the tale ends with Mr. Phillpotts's customary artistry. And yet the reader is conscious of a disappointment; for throughout the book there has been an argument between Easterbrook and his chief assistant regarding the extent to which a crooked character may be remodelled by the right kind of environment; and to this big question Mr. Phillpotts has shirked the answer.

"THE WOODEN HORSE"

Mr. Hugh Walpole has already taught us that he can be depended upon for at least two admirable things: he is a verbal landscape painter as well as a most subtle caricaturist of human nature; and the landscapes he chiefly loves are the grey seas and misty moorlands of the Cornwall coast, and the types he loves to satirise are the male and female snobs of the British upper classes. *The Wooden Horse,* with the slightly artificial symbolism of its title, is a fair example of his characteristic vein. The Trojans are one of the leading families in the once peaceful little Cornish town of Pendragon, and their stronghold is the "House of the Flutes," rising boldly on the promontory overlooking the town. The family are five in number: old Sir Jeremy, now nearing his end; his daughter and two sons, Clare, Garrett and Harry, and his one grandchild, Harry's son, Robin. The latter has never known his father, for twenty years prior to the opening of the story old Sir Jeremy and his oldest son had quarrelled, and the future heir to the title was thrust out with orders never to return home until he had made his fortune. So now, a score of years later, Robin is waiting for the father he has never known, because at last Harry has been summoned back from New Zealand in order that a reconciliation shall ease the old man's last days. Robin is the true product of his Aunt Clare's careful training. Constantly she has drilled into him the doctrine that a Trojan must thank God that he is not like other men; he must remember that, in a thousand ways, what others may do a Trojan must not do if he is to be worthy of the name; above all, he must never show emotion or enthusiasm; he must lead an even, methodical, punctual life, and never forget that his family is "very old, and very expensive, and very, very good," and entitled to proper deference from all outsiders. Into this pharisaical atmosphere Harry Trojan, fresh from the free, open life of New Zealand, enters like a whiff of clean air, bringing consternation with him—for in the hot-house air of the Flutes, fresh air, physical or moral, is the last thing desired. The situation is pictured with no small strength and skill: the big, rugged, honest man, pathetically anxious for the love of his only son, and the affection of his kin; and the others, one by one, turning from him, ashamed of him, fearing that he will hurt them in the eyes of the little narrow clique of fellow snobs who are doing their best to spoil the one-time simplicity

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of Pendragon. To tell the details of Harry's rapid disillusion, of his favourite refuge in a tavern down on the Cove, where the fishermen congregate, of his meeting with the one woman in the place whose temperament fits her to understand him, and of his final conquest over the united forces of his family, by saving young Robin from the consequences of a youthful folly, after aunt and uncle have both done their best and failed,—all this may be left to the far better telling by the author himself. But the general drift of it is foreshadowed in the title: the Trojans, though fortified by tradition and exclusiveness, are foredoomed to fall, and this can be accomplished, as in the case of an earlier Troy, by the entrance of a Wooden Horse, in the person of Harry Trojan, who, all unsuspected, carries within him the armed forces of fresher, saner standards, broader and more democratic views.

"THE MAN OF IRON"

One prefers to remember Richard Dehan as the author of *Between Two Thieves*. No matter how many flaws in its technique a dispassionate rereading may reveal, it undoubtedly had its big moments, its surging, torrential episodes, that refuse to be forgotten. A ruthless pruning, here and there, would perhaps have helped it in point of symmetry; but something rather vital might have been lost at the same time, something born of an audacious disregard of proportions, a scorn of the thumb-rules of mere talent. The book was too crowded, to motley in its surge of swarming humanity, to be easily read or absorbed; and in retrospect it inevitably left a blur such as the eye-balls feel in real life, while watching vast throngs disappear down the lengthening vistas of busy streets. But at least the figures in the thronging canvas fitted naturally into their places; there was no sense of strain in the plot structure; the narrative might almost have built itself,—indeed, it is not unlikely that in part it actually did. By contrast, *The Man of Iron*, Richard Dehan's latest book, is distinctly disappointing. It has, to be sure, the advantage of timeliness; indeed, if the author had been endowed with prophetic powers, she could hardly have conceived of any theme better fitted to the hour both in locality and in treatment. But, the whole structure is so palpably custom-made, so to speak, so obviously put together by measurements calculated to secure a maximum of effect in defiance of probabilities, that the reader with an appreciation of good artistry, and especially the well wisher of Richard Dehan, finds himself divided between regret and irritation. The theme of the volume, as the combined title and cover design indicate, is the Franco-Prussian war of 1870. Now, of course, the present reviewer does not claim to be clairvoyant; he is unaware what operations went on in the author's mind, but let us assume a certain line of thought and see where we arrrive. First, as to the general point of view from which to see the action? Why, from the German side, naturally, since there the campaign was planned, the incentive given and the victory already assured before a shot had been fired. The central figure? Who else than Bismarck, the Man of Iron, the master mind, grim and invincible, a colossus dominating the whole action. But naturally, there must be behind and about him not merely the boom of cannon and the clash of swords; there must be human interest of a different sort in which women other than nuns and Red Cross nurses play a part. But Bismarck was a man of middle-age, a man apart from romance and intrigue. His dealings with the other sex are confined at this period to the spies which Germany so freely uses. A happy thought! A spy by all means, a Frenchwoman, better still, a woman of social position, the wife, perhaps, of a French general, who has placed herself beyond the pale by eloping, let us say, with a German Prince. She has betrayed her husband; well, it is only one step further to betray her country. She may even be dastardly enough to be willing to barter away her

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only daughter's honour, if a vulgar intrigue in the Imperial household of France may help to discredit the reigning Napoleon. We already seem to have a fairly workable structure for melodrama, but we still have what Byron once assured us to be an uncommon want,—a hero. Now, a German hero would scarcely be to the taste of a British public, and a French hero, besides lacking variety, could scarcely see and criticise from the vantage ground of the German side. Then why not a young Englishman? Why, of course, how obvious,—but shall we make him a soldier? No, for English soldiers have no place in the Franco-Prussian struggle. A doctor, then? Hardly, since he too would have limited opportunities in the way of time and place. A war correspondent, then? Exactly; and Richard Dehan goes one step further than our most daring flight of imagination would have taken us, by combining all three qualifications in the single personage of her young man; he is the son of a British soldier, he has himself tried for three separate branches of the service, but failed each time to qualify; he then studied medicine in a German university,—that, you see, explains his proficiency in the Teutonic tongue,—and finally drops into journalism as being the only place where a derelict like himself would fit in. In short, as a hero, he is pretty thoroughly discredited from the start; and when, friendless, without letters, and without even a connection with any English newspaper, he makes his way to Berlin, forces himself into the presence of no less a person than the Iron Chancellor and wrings from him a safe conduct to the front over Bismarck's own signature,—well, not to put it too harshly, we think that the author must have been a little confused in her own mind regarding the identity of some of her characters. It is really not worth while to follow the intricacies of this amazing plot any further. There are, of course, some splendid bits of description of the sheer barbarities of war, for in this special line Richard Dehan could not do bad work if she tried, but here and there we find her at her very worst, notably in that unbelievable scene in which grotesqueness and bad taste mingle in equal proportions,—the scene in which the young French girl, intent upon murdering the Man of Iron, creeps into his room at midnight and finding him purple in the face and slowly strangling because he has swallowed one of his numerous decorations upon his breast, suddenly feels a revulsion of feminine pity, fishes down his throat with her slim French fingers, saves his life, and incidentally renders him quite violently sick. Really, this episode seems to need no comment. In conclusion, let us for a moment reduce this book to terms of the paint and brush. A true epic novel may always be visualised as a vast canvas, with an almost limitless perspective, a canvas crowded with innumerable and serried ranks, stretching back like the endless waves of the sea, yet all in true proportion according to their relative position. *The Man of Iron,* by way of contrast, suggests a sort of poster art caricature, in which a vast distorted figure of Bismarck towers spectre-like from the bottom of the frame to the top, while swarms of human midgets, like their prototypes of Cassius's day, "creep under his huge legs and peep about to find themselves dishonourable graves." All of which is just another way of saying that the whole picture is grossly out of drawing.

"THE SWORD OF YOUTH"

This latest novel by James Lane Allen would unjustly be called an historical novel, notwithstanding that its setting is the closing years of the Civil War. Joseph Sumner is a Kentucky lad who has seen his father and brothers march to the war on the Confederate side, and he has seen the silent agony of his grim, self-repressed mother as the news of their deaths successively arrives. His father's parting injunction to stay at home and care for his mother still rings in his ears, and for two years he

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is faithful to his trust. But when he is seventeen the call of what he believes to be a higher duty becomes too strong to resist. So, defying his mother, and after a scene of bitter hostility, he goes away secretly at night, and for more than a year no word comes from him to the mother and the sweetheart whom he has left behind, nor from them to him. Then suddenly, one day, a bag of delayed letters reaches a certain Confederate regiment, and among them is one from the girl telling young Sumner that his mother is dying and that she wants to see him before she goes. This happens on the eve of a great battle, and Sumner knows that to ask for leave of absence would be futile. Desertion in the presence of the enemy means death, but he does not stop to think of that. He has a devoted friend who is to do picket duty that night, and that friend lets him pass unchallenged. How the boy makes his way, unmolested, through all the intervening miles back to his home, he hardly ever knows; all he remembers is that he arrived too late. The girl whom he loves and has not seen for a year is the one who breaks the news to him, and he neither kisses her nor utters one fond word, because his scruple as a soldier forbids him any personal gratification as a result of his gross breach of the rules of war. That same night he starts backward toward his self-imposed penance, intending to surrender himself and accept consequences. The means by which Mr. Allen achieves the conventional happy ending is based upon a touch of Southern chivalry which is the one thing in the story that really localises it in regard to time and place. For the rest, it might have happened anywhere that nations or factions are at war.

SIX BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Gerhart Hauptmann's "Dramatic Works"*

The more important of Gerhart Hauptmann's plays, in their English garb, have here been gathered into a five-volume edition, which gives the student of contemporaneous literature a comprehensive survey of one of the foremost literary personalities of the day. The edition has the full approval of the author, and the grouping of the plays, which strikes one as odd at first in its neglect of chronological dating, is that followed by the latest German edition of Hauptmann's collected works. The plays are grouped in the volumes by subject-matter rather than by any regard to the order of their first appearance. There is much that appeals to the reader in this arrangement. One's enjoyment is not hampered by the startling curves and swooping flights, in its divergences of subject and treatment, that Hauptmann's production showed, particularly in the first decade of his work.

But the student of Hauptmann, as well as the student of the recent developments of German literature, cannot so easily read the story of both in these volumes. Hauptmann's extraordinary versatility appears here as nothing more than the exuberance of one of the richest imaginations of the past century. The other side of it, the side that most influences criticism of him in his own country, is not so apparent. This is the intimate relation between each one of Hauptmann's plays, in the order of their creation, and the literary and political tendencies uppermost in the public mind in Germany at that time. This relation is clearly marked for those who know

*Dramatic Works. By Gerhart Hauptmann. Edited by Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

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the public mind of Germany during the last quarter century. And it is the reason why many literary critics to whom Hauptmann makes no appeal as a poet or dramatist call him a mere imitator, a "modeller" seeking a subject, and perceiving by intuition the trend of public thought. They fail to give sufficient credit to the unusual sensitiveness of an abnormally active brain, which felt, suffered and struggled for expression along many paths.

So that, after all, a later world may achieve a fairer estimate of Hauptmann's true powers by the present arrangement, which he himself has ordered. The scope and breadth of his creative ability, the keenness of his observation, which is the observation of the painfully acute senses and emotion rather than the calm onlooking of the neutral brain, and his powers of interpretation, can all stand on their own merits and thus prove whether there is in them the quality which endures when the epoch that called it into being has faded into the past. In volume I the play which first made Hauptmann known and his first play, *Before Dawn,* the much discussed herald of a new era in German drama, is grouped with three works of a later period, *The Weavers, The Beaver Coat, The Conflagration,* under the general heading Social Dramas. The two plays written and performed between the production of *Before Dawn* and that of *The Weavers, Das Friedensfest* (translated here as *The Reconciliation*) and *Lonely Lives,* appear in the third volume in company with *Colleague Crampton* and *Michael Kramer* as Domestic Dramas. In volume 2 three plays of much later date than those in volume 3 are grouped again under the heading of Social Dramas. These are *Drayman Henschel, Rose Bernd* and *The Rats,* of which the first and the last are not only the most powerful of Hauptmann's achievements in the line of naturalistic drama, but can safely be ranked among the most powerful achievements of that class of drama anywhere. Volumes 4 and 5 contain the legendary and symbolic dramas: *Hannele, The Sunken Bell, Henry of Aue, Schluck and Jau, Pippa Dances, Charlemagne's Hostage.*

The plays not included in this edition are the fragments *Elga and Griseldis, Die Jungfern von Bischofshofen-Florian Geyer* and *Gabriel Schilling's Flight.* The editor gives no reason for not including the last-named play in the series. But one can agree heartily with his assertion that the others are no loss either to the student of Hauptmann or of the modern drama. Hauptmann himself acknowledged their failure.

To the student of modern drama, discovering Gerhart Hauptmann for the first time through the medium of an English garb, there will come but few echoes of the storm and stress of literary revolution, and literary evolution, that surged about the appearance of his first plays. A new era was dawning for the drama in Germany—an event of greater importance to German literature possibly than would have been the case in other countries—of far greater importance to the world in general than if it had been the dawn of a new type of poetry or novelistic effort. For centuries Germany has offered its great literary prizes through the medium of the drama. The support given dramatic art in theatres subsidised by prince or municipality —theatres run under the repertoire system, which allows of experiments as does no other method of stage production—attracted the literary talent seeking expression, and gave it a promise of quick and fair hearing. For more than a century the drama as a form of literary expression has flourished in Germany at the expense of the novel. There are no German novels, if we except Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister,* on the great international rôle of literary fame. But the German drama more than holds its own in this gallery. Theatrical conditions in Germany offer so much to the budding literary talent that many a one more suited to other forms of endeavour has followed this fascinating path of quick and lasting success.

By some critics Gerhart Hauptmann

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is classed as one of these. His position as foremost epic poet of modern Germany is not disputed as are his claims to the title of dramatist of the same standing. But it is undeniable that of all the soaring spirits of that Storm and Stress period, when modern realism first found its way to the German stage—it were a slur on Lessing, one of the truly Great, not to use this qualifying adjective—Gerhart Hauptmann alone still holds the attention of the public. And he alone has made his way slowly into a renown that reaches beyond the borders of his home.

In spite of his utter disregard of stage convention, his ignoring all of the rules for the dramatist, which even most of the French Realists dared not throw aside, the fact remains that some of Gerhart Hauptmann's plays do not unfold all their beauty to us until we see them on the stage. It is equally true, however, that there are a number of them which will endure longer as written drama. Among these it is easy to class the symbolic and legendary plays. Apart from the difficulties of the setting demanded, their theme, even when it springs from some simple legend known everywhere, is so individualised by the poet's own temperament that the characters move and have their being beyond the horizon of the crowd—psychology.

But the plays rightly grouped in this edition as social or domestic dramas have one great element of dramatic life in them. They may lay stress on thought rather than on action, they may underscore psychology rather than plot, but the characters in them *live*—they are living, breathing, human beings modelled in every line with a sculptor's accuracy, standing upright on the stage with the firmness of bronze statues. They offer tasks to the actor more fascinating and more instructive than any other group of dramatic figure modern stage literature can show. Illuminating tasks, too, for none of the comfortable "traditions" of acting will serve in recreating a Hauptmann character. Unswerving, pitiless truth is necessary. Hauptmann's characters, important or episodic, have made the reputation of many an actor of high standing in Germany to-day. And as long as the interpretative gift of the true actor demands worthy tasks, as long as the sincere artist of the boards that typify the world desires the opportunity for some great recreation which will make him live in the memory of those who have seen him, just so long will Gerhart Hauptmann's plays continue to be played in his own country at least. And this quite regardless of his indifference to every canon of dramatic art save one—speak the truth.

Space does not permit a longer lingering here on criticism of Hauptmann's literary abilities. These are still much discussed both in his own home and elsewhere. Time is beginning to clarify and make more distinct the peculiar position which he undoubtedly occupies. But more than one word of praise is due publisher and editor of this edition for the high courage which prompted the undertaking. The value of it will become apparent as the years go on. The greater number of the translations have been made by Dr. Lewisohn himself. Roy Temple House, Mary Morrison and Dr. Sarah T. Barrows have also stood sponsor to the English rendering of some of the plays. Of these Miss Morrison's translation of *The Weavers* is quite beyond criticism in its excellence. The task was an extremely difficult one and has been wonderfully met. Dr. Lewisohn asks in his preface for consideration for his rendering of the local dialects of which Hauptmann's work is so full. The apology is quite unnecessary. He has proved himself quite equal to the task and has handled it in a manner far more evenly excellent than in his rendering of those portions of the plays which he himself thinks the easier to do. We allude here to the ordinary conversation of people of education in modern high German. It is in these parts of his translation that Dr. Lewisohn, in his endeavour to give the "textual" rendering so dear to the professorial heart, re-

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minds one sometimes of a joke culled from the Harvard *Lampoon:*

"This sentence," said the Professor, "is grammatically correct, but it sounds odd to the English-speaking ear."

At some moments, indeed, the textual accuracy of the translation requires a re-reading back into German to get the sense of it, something which renders it valueless for the very people for whom it was intended, those, namely, who do not read German. A little greater knowledge of the fine possibilities of colloquial English would have put the last touch of excellence on a labour of love for which, in spite of these slight faults, one can have nothing but words of sincere praise.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

II

Seymour Dunbar's "A History of Travel in America"*

One of the stock day-dreams in which the man of imagination in idle hours indulges is that of parading the achievements of the present for the benefit of some particular favourite ghost of the past. Imagine Christopher Columbus, or Captain John Smith, or General Israel Putnam, or General Washington, or Washington Irving, or Daniel Boone in a kind of material reincarnation, and yourself as the chaperone and guide of a personally conducted tour. What an amazing fairyland of great steamships, of railway network, of towering structures, of motor-cars and air-craft would be unfolded before astonished eyes! How pale and colourless in comparison would seem the most extravagant "Thousand and One Night" tale of enchanted horses and productive lamps related by Schehezerade, the Vizier's daughter! How pleasantly the imagination plays over the picture! To show Columbus the hemisphere of which he did not dream; Captain Smith the Virginia of Anno Domini 1915; Washington Irving the skyscrapers that have obliterated almost the last vestige of the Knickerbocker city that he loved so well; General Washington, as they are to-day, Valley Forge and the New Jersey hills, where he achieved the independence of the colonies, and the countless "Headquarters" associated with his name; Daniel Boone the rich plains and flourishing cities of that Kentucky that he knew as a wilderness!

But perhaps the wonderment of the American of 1750 or thereabouts, taking his seat on the observation platform of the twenty-hour flyer between New York and Chicago, would not be so much greater than that of the American of to-day if he were confronted with the problem of a journey to be made under the conditions that held in the eighteenth century and the early years of the nineteenth. The traveller, accustomed to slipping into a berth in New York of an evening and alighting from the train at Pittsburgh the following morning, must rub his eyes with bewilderment at the description of a journey between the two places that required twenty-three and a half days, of which nineteen and a half were travel by water. And that was not in the sixteenth, but in the nineteenth century. The history of a nation's travel is in a sense the history of a nation, and for that reason it is almost impossible to overestimate the importance of a work like Mr. Seymour Dunbar's four-volume *History of Travel in America.* How well a study of this kind is done is a matter for subsequent consideration. To the man who does it at all a certain tribute is due. Consider the magnitude of the labour, the vast amount of research, the extent of necessary reading! Here is first the story of the pioneer, then of the inventor, then of organisation. In the beginning was the wilderness, a continuous and almost unbroken forest from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, a thousand miles from East to West, a thousand miles from North to South. The reconstruction of that wilderness was the first step in Mr. Dun-

*A History of Travel in America. By Seymour Dunbar. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

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bar's narrative; then followed the story of the levelling of it, through the years, before the march of men. In the tangled forest that stretched out westward, when the first intrepid adventurers landed on these shores, were two or three hundred thousand copper-coloured natives, who were peculiarly in harmony and sympathy with their home, and desired that it should remain always as they knew it. Their travel was by water. For their land travel they created paths leading from one stream to another. Yet theirs was a faculty for establishing routes that were, economically, the best that could be chosen. Practically the whole present-day system of travel and transportation in America east of the Mississippi River, including many turnpikes, is based upon, or follows, the system of forest paths established by the Indians many hundreds of years ago. The first conspicuous journey in the annals of American travel was made in November, 1635, when a party of sixty Massachusetts Puritans migrated from Plymouth to what is now Windsor, Connecticut. The hundred miles were accomplished in two weeks. The household goods of the travellers were sent by water, but the live stock, consisting of numerous cattle and a few horses, marched through the forest with their owners. The speed of the caravan averaged a little more than a mile an hour. That was the beginning of a restless movement that, in the course of the ensuing century, took companies of early New Englanders to southern Connecticut, Long Island, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Virginia and North and South Carolina.

By 1683 the towns of Boston and New York and the new settlement of Philadelphia had become so important that travel from one to another was a common thing, and the need for land highways became imperative. About the same time came the problem of ferry facilities for New York and Boston. In Massachusetts Bay were used barge-like boats capable of carrying horses and goods as well as men. The ferries in use in New York waters were similar barges, equipped with sails. Within towns the wealthy and official classes travelled in sedan chairs. The utility of the first coaches was limited. Roads were such in name only, and there were no bridges. When a coach came to a stream too deep to be forded it was stood upon its wheels in two parallel canoes, and thus conveyed across. The horses swam. The fact that winter, when the roads were no longer seas of mud, with archipelagoes of stumps, was the favourite season for travel, brought sleighs into general use. Then, little by little, the roads in all settled parts of the colonies were extended by the coöperation of communities and through individual labour, and in time continuous horseback journeys between Boston and Philadelphia was possible with comparative ease.

In sharp contrast to the effete colonial of the Atlantic Coast cities, pampered in his travel by the luxuries and conveniences indicated in the preceding paragraphs, was the frontiersman, the type of first American who marched to the West. He was a descendant of the bands of restless spirits that came down by overland marches from the more northerland localities of Pennsylvania and New England during the north and south migrations of the period from 1735 onward, and who brought with him into the South not only the traditional knowledge of border existence, but a lifetime of personal experience as well. There were no schools, but the boy's education began as soon as he could walk. At the age of twelve or fourteen his father handed him a rifle, and he ceased to be a boy. At fifteen or sixteen he was married. Life was a struggle for self-preservation. His face, brown from exposure to the elements, was singularly set in expression and carried a sort of grimness. His eyes were clear, inscrutable and direct. Eyes and ears were trained to an instant perception of the abnormal. "A footprint of any sort shrieked like a ten-inch shell, and a single leaf standing on edge when it should have been lying flat made him halt and ask the question, 'Why?' "

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The public conveyance came into existence in the fourth decade of the eighteenth century with the rival stage-coach lines between New York and Philadelphia. The coaches at first ran from Amboy to Bordentown, the beginning and end of the journey of ninety miles, taking five days, being made by boat. The time was reduced to three days, and finally, just before the outbreak of the Revolution, the coach "The Flying Machine" was advertising to make the trip in one and a half days, although in reality it took nearly two days, for the westbound wagon left Amboy at three o'clock in the morning, and an intending passenger had to depart from New York the previous evening in order to secure his seat. Leaving Amboy between three and four in the morning, the stage reached Brunswick in time for breakfast. The noon stop was made at Princeton and the evening stop at Trenton. The Delaware was crossed in a scow navigated by setting poles; then a fast thirty-mile drive brought the travellers to Philadelphia at sunset the second day. But the swiftness of that New York-Philadelphia journey was a response to the cry for more speed. "The Flying Machine" was "The Twenty Hour," the "Côte d'Azur," the "Sud Express" of its time. The trip from New York to Boston consumed more than a week, and when Franklin became postmaster of the colonies in 1754, eighteen days were required to travel from Philadelphia to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and a considerable part of the journey could be performed only on horseback.

But of that old world which has so irrevocably passed there was one feature over which the modern imagination can play with something very like regret. The tavern, the inn, the ordinary—by whatever name you call it—the hostelry of colonial times had a flavour and a charm. Sleeping accommodations may have been primitive and uncomfortable, but there was a cheer to the glowing fire, and a meal was nearly always a bountiful repast. Travellers have left innumerable records attesting the quality of the early American inns. Wrote a French visitor: "You meet with neatness, dignity, and decency; the chambers neat, the beds good, the sheets clean, supper passable; cider, tea, punch and all for fourteen pence a head. "The best old-fashioned New England inns," averred Timothy Dwight, "were superior to any of the modern ones. There was less bustle, less parade, less appearance of doing a great deal to gratify your wishes than at the reputable modern inns; but much more was actually done, and there was greater comfort and enjoyment. In a word, you found in these inns the pleasures of an excellent private house. Your bills were always equitable, calculated on what you ought to pay, and not upon the scheme of getting the most which extortion might think proper to demand." Nor were the early taverns always limited in the matter of the number of guests for whom entertainment could be provided. The "Indian Queen" of Baltimore had no less than two hundred bed-chambers, and similarly large houses were to be found in Boston, New York and Philadelphia. As anything like a condensation of a work of the magnitude of Mr. Dunbar's work of almost twelve hundred pages is quite impossible within the limitations of a review, the reviewer takes leave of the author at this point of his story, with a tribute to Mine Host of yesterday, described in the words of John Adams as "well dressed with his ruffles, etc.," upon enquiry found to be "the great man of the town, their representative as well as tavern-keeper."

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

III

Guido Rey's "Peaks and Precipices"*

No true mountaineer can afford to miss reading Guido Rey's *Peaks and Precipices.* If you are not yet a climber, but feel the call of the mountains, this

*Peaks and Precipices: Scrambles in the Dolomites and Savoy. By Guido Rey. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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book will be the deciding factor. Your next vacation will surely be planned for an acquaintance with nature in her higher and grander aspects. But if you are already a member of this world-wide brotherhood who in every land have sought the solitude and the companionship of the mountains, you have only to read a page of *Peaks and Precipices* and you will become a fascinated traveller with Guido Rey through all his climbs.

Ah, but these are climbs, indeed, that test the courage and skill to the utmost! Here is the ascent of the Grépon and of the Petit Dru, Mount Blanc's most famous aguilles. Amid such difficulties as command the entire attention of even the most experienced mountaineer, Rey is not only thinking of his young friend and companion, Ugo De Amicis, but he is noting the minute details of the climb. Many accounts of mountain ascents have a tiresome similarity in that they fail to individualise the climbs; but in this we almost feel the personality of each of the mountains as well as that of the mountaineers. Here is practical information combined with a poetic style that has not been surpassed in the literature of the mountains. Guido Rey is the Pierre Loti of the Alps!

What mountaineer has not read with delight in the author's earlier book on *The Matterhorn* the chapters on the ascent of the seldom climbed Zmutt ridge, and of his daring climb on the precipitous Furggen arête? Years ago these awakened hopes which are here abundantly fulfilled.

Rey's companion on these climbs was Ugo De Amicis, a youth of whom he says: "He had been entrusted to me by a great and good man, whom I revere and love, Edmondo De Amicis, who had said to me, 'When my boy is with you, I feel no anxiety'; and I realised that with these grave and kindly words he was putting into my hands the care of all he held dearest in the world. It was his soul that I was taking with me."

So, at once, in honour of the occasion, Rey picks out one of the most difficult rock-climbs to be found in all the Alps, and they proceed in mutual confidence to the assault of the Grépon. This involves at the start the ascent of the famous Mummery Crack, a route undreamed of even as a possibility until England's greatest climber met and conquered it. This was the open door, and the only one, to the secrets of the mountain. How they entered it we leave the reader to learn.

But this was only preliminary to the climb. Constantly they were halted by lack of foot or hand holds in any direction; ever hanging on the verge of terrific precipices, they faced the impossible, and conquered it! Let any one who would question the difficulties turn to the photographs of this climb and he will doubt no longer. Even Rey admits:

> I do not think it possible to continue such severe work, under the burden of such anxiety, for many hours without becoming quite exhausted. The Grépon involves sustained effort for a whole day; one starts well trained and rested, full of courage and enthusiasm, but the sum of one's physical forces soon dwindles away. Strength of will remains the greatest of all, and it is precisely in this that we seek to test ourselves on the mountains; and in this respect the Grépon is an ideal test.

True mountaineers were these two, for on the following morning they commenced preparations for the Dent Du Requin via a traverse of the Charmoz! "And then, in order to reassure our families, we telegraphed to them that our campaign was ended and that we were about to start for home." After a series of acrobatic performances that tested every faculty of the soul, they arrived "exultant at having conquered the Requin. The hours we had spent in anxiety and in struggle counted for nothing in the peace of mind that we now enjoyed. Ah, how cheaply is happiness earned in the mountains!"

In the following chapter, one of the most interesting of all, the author de-

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scribes his climb of the Petit Dru, and of a thrilling night bivouac on a narrow sloping ledge high up its precipitous face. Again and again have these climbers apparently reached the extreme limit of human endurance, and yet have kept on. Finally the summit is gained, but at so late an hour that return is impossible. Feeling their way downward through the ever-enfolding dusk, they discover a tiny ledge where they must remain. Now they lie utterly exhausted, without food or shelter, roped together to delay rolling into the abyss. Words fail them, thoughts mingle in confusion. They watch the meteors, they listen to the avalanches, they await the morning. . . . And yet—"Two days later, at eight in the morning, we stood triumphant on the summit of the Aiguille Verte, which we had overcome with great rapidity." He whose heart does not respond to this book is no climber!

Do we hear some one doubting whether mountain-climbing is interesting work? Then listen to its joy in the words of a well-known author: "Would you know what it is to hope again, and have all your hopes at hand? Hang upon the crags at a gradient that makes your next step a debate between the thing you are and the thing you may become. There the merry little hopes grow for the climber like flowers and food, immediate, prompt to prove their uses, sufficient if just within grasp, as mortal hopes should be." And one may add, feeling quite as safe, perchance, in God's protection there, as one would anywhere.

While this book at once takes its place with Mummery's *My Climbs in the Alps and the Caucasus* as a mountaineering classic of the first order, it is not to the mountaineer alone that Rey appeals. This poem in prose is a delight to every one whose heart rejoices in the freedom of the open air, whose soul responds to the inner voices of nature. This great Italian climber loves his Alps with a sympathy deep as that of John Muir for our glorious Sierras. Each man brings to us the very spirit of his mountains.

In the second part of the book Rey leads us on some of his recent climbs in the Dolomites. Ugo's invitation has at last brought fulfilment to his secret longing to visit these weird and wonderful mountains. They secure a guide whose very disregard of recognised limits in climbing has seemed to be his protection in whatever he attempted. Together they make straight for the Vajolet Towers. Here, with shoes of rope that enable their feet to discover and cling to unseen holds, they wrestle with their problem as do players on a chess-board.

Many years have come and gone since man and boy bound close their friendship on the Alps, and into the heart of Guido there has stolen a secret fear. Will he hesitate or falter; is he still the mountains' master? So, as difficulties one upon another are surmounted, his heart rejoices as of old. Finding themselves anew in the joy of these ancient mountains, they hasten to the South Face of the Marmolada, most difficult of all ascents in the Dolomites.

> But really the word "difficult" tells nothing. . . . Perhaps the camera alone could provide a true picture, but what man has the courage to take photographs when he is hanging over a precipice, with both hands and both feet clutching the rock, whilst any sudden movement would put in jeopardy his own life and that of others?

In his exquisite Intermezzo, Rey reaches the most intimate understanding of his friends of a lifetime—the mountains.

> I have gained a new religion for the mountains, one perhaps less peaceful and less joyous than that of my early years, but more rigid and more human, I think. For, if I have not missed the deep and subtle meaning of the secrets that were whispered to me by those rocks during the passionate embraces of our contest, during the anguish of danger and the triumph of victory on the slender summits; if I have properly understood the hidden voice of the silent gullies and the imperceptible sounds that rise up to us

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from those fearful depths, I think that that voice, those sounds, called to me with but one sweet word: love.

Long before this chapter is reached this great friend of the mountains will have become our friend, and we shall follow on with him from peak to peak as reluctant as he to leave their eternal sanctuaries.

Toward the close of the book there rises a sweet and solemn hymn of peace. With Guido we are singing:

I have given them the best part of my enthusiasm, but I have had from them in return compensations such as no other earthly thing could give me: my love has grown year after year and their beauty has taken on new fascinations, and continual changes, that it may correspond to the changes in my soul. . . . There is now but one pure flame that burns gently and steadily, and does not flicker with the breath of praise or blame. I know that were I to return to the place whence I started, I should again choose without hesitation the road to the mountains.

Le Roy Jeffers.

IV

What I Found Out in the House of a German Prince*

It is only natural that a reader, no matter how strong his prejudices may be, should regard the revelations of German life and ambitions in this book with a measure of suspicion. One might even go so far as to question the existence of any such person as the lady who purports to be the author, and ascribe the work to a London journalist with a fertile imagination, and natural feelings of exasperation against the Kaiser and his circle. For one thing, the appearances on the scene of various persons now conspicuous in the world-war drama—the War Lord, the Crown Prince, Count Zeppelin, General von Hindenberg, Von Kluck and Bernhard Dernburg—are too opportune to be convincing. They recall, in this respect, that delightful humbug of twenty-odd years ago, *An Englishman in Paris,* whose hero happened always to be turning the corner at the precise moment that some great historical event was maturing. The heroine of *What I Found Out in the House of a German Prince* represents herself as having been born in Washington, the daughter of an English father and an American mother, the latter a daughter of an American naval officer who, "in the course of his travels round the world, met the present Kaiser before he came to the throne, and the Kaiser's brother, Prince Henry of Prussia." It was through the latter's influence that she found her way into the house of the unnamed prince and princess as the governess of their two small sons, aged six and five, respectively. In that house she stayed some years, and, as she tells us, saw much of significance. The very first impression she received of her charges was ominous. Under the direction of Lieutenant von X., the children were playing at a game that had been invented for them by no less a celebrity than Count Zeppelin. The floor of a room had been made into a surprisingly accurate miniature London. Over this the boys were being taught to fly miniature war balloons, from which a device enabled them to drop little bombs on Buckingham Palace, the Bank of England, the Tower, or Trafalgar Square. In order to lend variety to the game there were similar models of Paris and St. Petersburg. Lieutenant von X. politely assured the governess, whom he regarded as an American, that if she cared to join in the game, no attempt would be made on a miniature New York, Boston, or Washington.

That first touch indicates the general tone of the book. Celebrities come and go, and they are almost invariably pictured as repellent. They all have the dome heads such as all great men in Germany are supposed to possess. The dominant characteristic which impressed

*What I Found Out in the House of a German Prince. New York: F. A. Stokes Company.

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the governess was a colossal and astounding national conceit. Bernhardi, in particular, earned her dislike. Very likely he showed her scant consideration, for she retails the information that to him women were not much higher than four-footed animals, that he loudly contradicted his wife, even at hotel tables, when they travelled together; that he always walked ahead of her in the street, and pushed past her and other ladies, if strangers to him, in order to go first through a doorway. Another of the dome heads was von Kluck, whom the governess met when he was on the point of visiting France incognito for the purpose of looking at some quarries near Soissons which the Germans had bought and were secretly making ready to use as trenches a year before the outbreak of the war. But, according to the story of the governess, a greater German than von Kluck had visited French soil in disguise. She was looking through some albums filled with very significant photographs. One picture in particular caught her eye. The German woman who was showing the albums seemed inclined not to let her see, but changed her mind. "There is no harm in showing it to you," she said. "You may guess who it is."

The snapshot in question represented a gentleman in civilian clothes, which looked as if they had been made in England. He wore a pot hat, an overcoat with a scarf tucked in at the neck, and had rather a large moustache, which drooped and looked ragged at the ends. Over his head a companion, a laughing, jolly-looking man, was holding an umbrella. Just behind them was the Arc de Triomphe, so I knew that the photograph had been done in Paris.

"It looks a little like the Emperor, with his mustache disguised; but, of course, it can't be he," I said.

"It is nobody else!" laughed Frau Niemann. "His Majesty has been there more than once. There is no reason why he should not go privately incog. and enjoy a little adventure, if it is not known officially."

The picture the book gives of the Crown Prince is that of a restless man, with shifty eyes and an indiscreet tongue, almost constantly at loggerheads with his father. Father and son were in the habit of saying the wrong things, and making each other and the diplomats furious. The Crown Prince's visit to India was in the capacity of a "glorified spy," the most august of that vast army of spies which the governess professed to find on every corner in Germany, and which she claims to have been in active service for years in every city of Europe and the United States. It was to one of these spies, and the interception of a letter, that she says she owes her dismissal from her position and her hazardous escape from Germany. These revelations by "an English-American governess" make curious and interesting reading, but it is probable that they should be taken with more than a grain of salt.

Dudley Brooks.

V

Carolyn Sherwin Bailey's "Montessori Children"*

Madame Montessori's methods of child-training are every year taking a stronger hold upon thinking parents who are interested in the scientific upbringing of their children; and this is notwithstanding a certain opposition on the part of professional kindergartners and teachers who seem to feel an encroachment upon their professional training. A number of books have been published describing the theory and the practice of the Montessori method; *Montessori Children* describes the application of the practice upon a number of selected cases of children representing wide varieties of child-traits. These cases were studied by the author in Mme. Montessori's school in Rome, where she had an opportunity of observing at first hand the Montessori system of education.

*Montessori Children. By Carolyn Sherwin Bailey. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

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When the children came to Dr. Montessori they were, in many instances, little *infants terrible,* and were often the despair of their good mothers. One little baby of Rome of some three years was so uncontrolled and of such a malevolent disposition that his case seemed hopeless even to the directress. Another, physically abnormal, came to the school with "little bent limbs and a tired-out spine and clumsy, fumbling fingers." After the unaccustomed environment of gentleness and sympathy had an opportunity to impress them, both showed a quick development toward useful and social activities. Others are described in the particular incidents that illustrated the discovery and growth of conscience, the touch and colour senses, the will, imagination, love of nature, ability to read and write, the social sense and other qualities that appear in childhood.

Miss Bailey has interestingly adapted the Montessori idea to her own exposition of its working. In her chapters she first describes the dramatic incident that attracts our attention and by the human trait illustrated arouses our interest in the child; then we follow the little one's development, somewhat uncertain as to its outcome, and not until the conclusion of the incident do we find stated the general principle by which Montessori has guided her pupil's steps. So Miss Bailey's book is interesting and dramatic reading, and nowhere is the author so didactic as to lessen our enthusiasm. The training of the little children, their growth along the right lines toward good citizenship and happiness and the realisation of the fine "background" of early environment which they will take with them to their higher learning or out into life, cause sad reflections upon the customary method, or rather lack of method, characteristic of the early environment of so many of our American children. Parents already interested in the Montessori method will find Miss Bailey's book an excellent help.

G. G. Wyant.

VI

R. B. Fosdick's "European Police Systems"*

Mr. Fosdick's synthetic study of *European Police Systems* justifies itself on three counts: It is the only book of its kind, it is exhaustive, and its method and manner are all that could be desired. Each of its ten chapters furnishes solid proofs of the author's statement that he spent nearly two years in gathering his materials at first hand from the police departments of twenty-two European cities, ranging from London to Budapest, and from Amsterdam to Rome. It is the third volume in the series undertaken by the Bureau of Social Hygiene.

One difficulty of Mr. Fosdick's task lay in the diversity of conditions encountered. The countries he covered were England, Scotland, France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Holland and Belgium. Though the police of all large European cities, including London, are controlled by the crown or state, and not by the municipal authorities, the pages of Mr. Fosdick reveal a surprising divergence of police functions and methods in the various countries treated. The most striking contrast, of course, is between England and Germany. The London "Bobby" is a civilian with even more limited power than that of a New York patrolman, while the Berlin Schutzmann is a military man with judicial and other powers which no English or American community would tolerate.

The functions which in England belong to the police courts and in France to a distinctly judicial branch of the civil service, says the author, are in Germany discharged by the regular local police. In the majority of cases there is not even a semblance of judicial procedure—no witnesses are called; the accused has no opportunity to explain. The policeman sees you do something which he thinks is against one of the innumerable local ordinances; he files a

*European Police Systems. By Raymond B. Fosdick. New York: The Century Company.

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report with his superior officer, and in due course you are notified of your impending punishment, imposed by an official whom you have not seen and who knows nothing of the case except through the unchallenged testimony of the policeman.

Such power is easily capable of abuse, and it is at times used arbitrarily; but Mr. Fosdick found little corruption anywhere, in spite of the fact that the average maximum wage of European policemen is only $464.61 per annum. The police machines of Berlin and Vienna are ponderous and overorganised, but the author discovered as many phases of superiority in them as in the decentralised system of Scotland Yard or the unsurpassed personnel of the Italian Carabinieri.

The chapters on "The Detective Force" and "Methods of Crime Detection" are among the most valuable, especially as regards new methods now commanding attention abroad. According to the author, "Scotland Yard, as a whole, shows a higher degree of resourcefulness and common sense than the Berlin detective force, but . . . Germany and Austria, with their scientific temper and their love of detail, are developing a method of criminal research which, in spite of the handicap imposed by the poor quality of their detectives, will inevitably give them front rank in dealing with crime." One regrets that Mr. Fosdick has studiously refrained from all comparison with American police methods, but his book is a mine of suggestive and authoritative facts for the student of American police betterment. It deserves to become a standard work in its domain.

Edwin L. Shuman.

THE SHROPSHIRE LAD

(*To A. E. Housman*)

BY WITTER BYNNER

I KNOW a little Shropshire lad,
Who's half-way gay and half-way sad.

He whistles of the lasting sleep
A melody to hear and keep,
Beguiling me the little while
I've need to sigh and chance to smile.

And whistles next of happy things
That each unhappy waking brings,
Until I've half forgotten why
I've need to smile and chance to sigh.

You see, he's always, gay or sad,
A friendly little Shropshire lad.

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READER'S GUIDE TO LATEST BOOKS

Psychology

Prescriptions. By R. D. Cabot, M.D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 50 cents net.

A collection of extracts from Dr. Cabot's *What Men Live By.* The chapters are on work, play, love and worship.

Philosophy

What Nietzsche Taught. By Willard Huntington Wright. B. W. Huebsch. $2.00.

A summary of Nietzsche's writings, book by book, with conclusions and comments upon Nietzsche's thought. The book contains many direct quotations from Nietzsche's work. It was written for the student who desires a survey of Nietzsche's philosophy before entering upon a more careful study of the complete works.

Religion and Theology

Deliverance: The Freeing of the Spirit in the Ancient World. By Henry Osborne Taylor. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25 net.

A discussion of the spiritual efforts of early societies about the Mediterranean and in the East to discover peace.

The Early Church. By George Hodges. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company $1.75 net.

A history of the Church from Ignatius to Augustine.

The Higher Individualism. By Edward Scribner Ames. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.10 net.

Essays on the individual and his relation to society and to his religious duties.

The Reconstruction of the Church. By Paul Moore Strayer. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50 net.

An effort to show how the spiritual message must be reclothed to meet the demand of the present industrial age, and its programme reconstructed for efficiency. The author upholds organised religion.

Sociology and Economics

America in Ferment. By Paul Leland Haworth. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

A discussion of modern problems in this country including industrial troubles, big business, feminism, industrial tendencies, etc.

Conciliation and Arbitration in the Coal Industry of America. By Arthur E. Suffern. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.00 net.

A Hart, Schaffner and Marx prize essay. A discussion of the relations between employer and employee in both the bituminous and anthracite districts.

The Creation of Wealth. Modern Efficiency Methods Analysed and Applied. By J. H. Lockwood. Cincinnati: The Standard Publishing Company. $1.00 net.

A handbook of elementary economics.

Problems of Community Life: An Outline of Applied Sociology. By Seba Eldridge. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $1.00 net.

A non-critical and uninformative outline arranged by topics of problems to be met with in social work. An excellent book from which to choose subjects for discussion.

The Wayward Child. By Hannah Kent Schoff. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.00 net.

In the *Childhood and Youth* series. The author is president of the National Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teacher Associations. The book is said to be based on investigated cases. It covers topics from parents' mistakes in early childhood to juvenile courts.

Welfare as an Economic Quantity. By G. P. Watkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50 net.

A Hart Schaffner and Marx prize essay. A study in the field of economic consumption. It is theoretical in character, and is largely a criticism of the exposition of the utility doctrine.

Women Under Polygamy. By Walter M. Gallichan. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50 net.

An impartial study of conditions of women under polygamous systems in all parts of the world, including Mormonism. There is a concluding comparison of monogamy and polygamy.

Political Economy

German World Policies. By Paul Rohrbach. Translated by Dr. Edmund von Mach. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25 net.

German aspirations and culture from the German point of view.

Education

Making the Most of One's Mind. By John Adams. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.00 net.

A book of self-culture and intellectual development offering a plan of campaign.

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Montessori Children. By Carolyn Sherwin Bailey. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $1.25 net.

Short stories of the practical accomplishments of the Montessori system on particular children.

The Public Schools and Women in Office Service. By the Department of Research, Women's Educational and Industrial Union, Boston, Mass. Boston: Women's Educational and Industrial Union.

Volume VIII. in *Studies in Economic Relations of Women* series.

Philology

Comedy, by John Palmer; Satire, by Gilbert Cannan; History, by R. H. Gretton; The Epic, by Lascelles Abercrombie. New York: George H. Doran Company. 40 cents each net.

Four books in the *Art and Craft of Letters* series, introducing the general reader to the literary fields mentioned.

The French Revolution and the English Novel. By Allene Gregory. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75 net.

A discussion of the effect of the political idealism of the French Revolution upon the English novel, notably on the work of Godwin and Holcroft. A chapter is devoted to expressing the early feminism associated with Mary Wollstonecraft.

Science

Heredity and Environment in the Development of Men. By Edwin Grant Conklin. Princeton, N. J.: The Princeton University Press. $2.00 net.

The author is Professor of Biology in Princeton University. His book consists of his lectures delivered at Northwestern University in February, 1914. Special emphasis is placed upon the possibilities of improving the race.

The Law of Biogenesis. By J. Howard Moore. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr and Company.

On the origin of human nature. Showing how organisms in their individual development repeat the life history of their race. Special emphasis is put upon our heredity.

Medicine, Hygiene

The Truth About Twilight Sleep. By Hanna Rion (Mrs. Frank Ver Beck). New York: McBride, Nast and Company. $1.50 net.

A popular and informative discussion of the Freiburg method of painless childbirth. It is declared to be authoritative and scientifically accurate.

Agriculture

Practical Talks on Farm Engineering. By R. P. Clarkson. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.00 net.

Practical problems of the working farm answered. The author is expert on engineering matters of the *Rural New-Yorker*.

Domestic Science

Efficiency in the Household. By Thetta Quay Franks. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.50 net.

A practical book for the housewife, giving first, in a short preface, a discussion of foods, their values and costs; the following pages being arranged by the days of the week throughout the year, giving a proposed menu and blank space for memoranda of all kinds for each day.

Business

Advertising: The Social and Economic Problem. By George French. New York: The Ronald Press Company.

A discussion of advertising from a social and economic point of view. A practical book, however, for the advertiser.

The Panama Canal and International Trade Competition. By Lincoln Hutchinson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75 net.

The economic and commercial significance of the Canal. The author analyses the interchange of goods between the Atlantic and Pacific basins.

General Literature, Essays

The Appetite of Tyranny. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.00 net.

A phase of the English attitude called forth by the outbreak of the present war.

Fantastics and Other Fancies. By Lafcadio Hearn. With an Introduction by Dr. Charles W. Hutson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.00 net.

Articles contributed to the New Orleans papers during the author's residence in that city in the early 'eighties. Recently discovered and now given to the public for the first time.

Paths of Glory. By Irvin S. Cobb. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $1.50 net.

A story of the war as seen at first hand at the front in Belgium and within the German lines.

The Old East Indiamen. By E. Keble Chatterton. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $3.00 net.

A history of sailing ships during the times of the East India Company. Well illustrated.

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The Prussian Hath Said in His Heart. By Cecil Chesterton. New York: Laurence J. Gomme. $1.00 net.
The author is the brother of Gilbert K. Chesterton. A plea for England's good faith in the justice of her cause.

Visions and Revisions: A Book of Literary Devotions. By John Cowper Powys. New York: G. Arnold Shaw. $2.00 net.
Impressions of the great figures of literature.

While the War Rages. By Henry A. Stimson. New York: The Methodist Book Concern. 50 cents net.
An appraisal of some of the moral aspects of the present European struggle.

Military and Naval

The British Navy from Within. By "Ex-Royal Navy." New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.00 net.
A discussion of the daily life of officers and men in the British Navy.

Motor Transports in War. By Horace Wyatt. New York: George H. Doran Company. 50 cents net.
The varieties of the motor vehicles being used in the present war.

Submarines, Mines and Torpedoes in the War. By Charles W. Domville-Fife New York: George H. Doran Company 50 cents net.
An account of the construction and use of these weapons. Semi-technical.

Poetry and Drama

Across the Border: A Play of the Present. By Beulah Marie Dix. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 80 cents net.
A play of military life in action.

Advent: A Play in Five Acts. By August Strindberg. Translated by Claude Field. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 75 cents net.
A gloomy play of ultimate justice.

A Belgium Christmas Eve. (Being "Rada" rewritten and enlarged as an episode of the Great War.) By Alfred Noyes. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.00 net.
A play of the German occupation of Belgium.

Captain Craig: A Book of Poems. By Edward Arlington Robinson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25 net.
A revised edition, with additional poems.

The Children of Earth. By Alice Brown. New York: The Macmillan Company $1.25 net.
The prize play that won ten thousand dollars in Winthrop Ames's contest. It is a study of New England life at the present time. The play was produced first on January 12, 1915, at the Booth Theatre, New York.

Crack o' Dawn. By Fannie Stearns Davis. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.00 net.
Modern verses on a variety of subjects, and especially on phases of nature.

Dawn. By Percival Wilde. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $1.20 net.
Six one-act plays of modern life.

Death and The Fool: A Play in One Act. By Hugo Von Hofmannsthal. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 75 cents net.
Another example of the Continental school of symbolism and fatalism.

The Flower of Peace. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.
A collection of the devotional poetry of Katharine Tynan.

Homeric Scenes. By John Jay Chapman. New York: Laurence J. Gomme. 60 cents net.
Selections from Homer. *Hector's Farewell* and *The Wrath of Achilles* arranged in play form in blank verse.

Jesus: A Passion Play. By Max Ehrmann. New York: The Baker and Taylor Company. $1.00 net.
The persons who founded Christianity are here stripped of supernatural embellishments and are represented as simple, real, ardent Orientals in the throes of a great and impending tragedy.

North of Boston. By Robert Frost. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $1.25 net.
Poetry of the "Way Down East" section.

A Page of Dreams. By George Klingle. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.00 net.
Verses written in the author's lighter moments, for the most part containing no religious verses.

The Plays of Oscar Wilde. New York: H. S. Nichols. $1.25 net.
A thin paper edition, bound in purple limp leather.

Songs of Labor, and Other Poems. By Morris Rosenfeld. Translated by Rose Pastor Stokes and Helena Frank. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 75 cents net.
The author, a Jew, has written of the conditions and hopes of labour in the great cities.

Stultitia: A Nightmare and an Awakening in Four Discussions. By a Former Government Official. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.00 net.
A satire in four acts on the supposed stupidity of those national senators obstructing the development of our national defenses.

The Theatre of Ideas: A Burlesque Allegory and Three One-Act Plays. By Henry Arthur Jones. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.00 net.
Four plays of criticism and satire upon modern themes.

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War Brides. By Marion Craig Wentworth. New York: The Century Company. 50 cents net.

A play of German peasant life during the present military conscription. Largely propaganda for feminism.

Fiction

Arundel. By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.

The awakening of a young man from the smugness of prosperity through his love affair.

Billie's Mother. By Mary J. H. Skrine. New York: The Century Company. $1.30 net.

A novel set in English and Scottish country and Australia. The heroine is an English country girl, who goes to Australia as a companion to a rich mistress. The development of her character is the theme.

The Bride of the Sun. By Gaston Leroux. New York: McBride, Nast and Company. $1.25 net.

A story of adventure among the Indians of Peru.

Brunel's Tower. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50 net.

A story of modern day-to-day existence in a pottery community, giving also the descriptions of the various processes in this art.

The Chalk Line. By Anne Warwick. New York: The John Lane Company. $1.25 net.

A modern problem novel concerning the admixture of certain wives and husbands. The scene is laid in Shanghai.

Contrary Mary. By Temple Bailey. Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Company. $1.25 net.

One way for a man to seek regeneration.

Dr. Syn. By Russell Thorndyke. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.25 net.

A smuggling tale of a haunted marsh in the days of George III.

The Dusty Road. By Therese Tyler. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.25 net.

A novel of modern Philadelphia life and of the development of the heroine's character.

The Final Verdict: Six Stories of Men and Women. By Sidney L. Nyburg. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.00 net.

Short stories of unusual experiences in the legal profession.

The Gentleman Adventurer. By H. C. Bailey. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.

A tale of piracy and adventure on the Spanish Main.

The Good Soldier. By Ford Madox Hueffer. New York: John Lane Company. $1.25 net.

A story of the effect of "the girl's entrance into a quiet little coterie of friends at Nauheim.

The Happy Recruit. By W. Pett Ridge. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.

The story of a little Russian boy and his fight to conquer life in his unfavourable environment of a restaurant and hotel servant's existence. The story is set in London.

The Harbour. By Ernest Poole. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.40 net.

A story of social and industrial New York treated with a philosophical observation.

Here's to the Day. By Charles Agnew MacLean and Frank Blighton. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.

A story of the great war with an American hero. Aviation plays a large part in the plot.

Katy Gaumer. By Elsie Singmaster. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.35 net.

A love story of the Pennsylvania Dutch.

Martha of the Mennonite Country. By Helen R. Martin. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.35 net.

How an author in need of local colour goes as a school teacher to a little Pennsylvania Dutch town, and there meets his fate.

The Man of Iron. By Richard Dehan. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.35 net.

An historical novel of the Franco-Prussian War of 1870. Bismarck is the dominant figure.

Molly. By Jean Louise de Forest. New York: Sully and Kleinteich. $1.25 net.

The story of a sunshiny girl and her love affair.

Mushroom Town. By Oliver Onions. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.

A frontier town is really the hero of this story. A little seaside town changes to a shrieking Coney Island sort of place.

The Mystery of Lucien Delorme. By Guy de Téramond. Translated by Mary J. Safford. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $1.25 net.

A murder mystery of Paris.

On the Fighting Line. By Constance Smedley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35 net.

A novel of European social conditions and tendencies written before the outbreak of the present war.

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The Orchard Pavilion. By Arthur Christopher Benson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00 net.
Three university men, representing different ideals of life, discuss first their plans and years after their accomplishments.

Red Fleece. By Will Levington Comfort. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.
A story of the Russian advance in the present European war, with emphasis upon the idiocy and waste of the struggle and the crime against the ignorant peasants.

Red Poppies. By Margarete Münsterberg. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $1.25 net.
The life story of a modern painter in society and in Bohemia.

A Reluctant Adam. By Sidney Williams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.35 net.
A modern love story of five women and one man.

The Rose Garden Husband. By Margaret Widdemer. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.00 net.
One must read this book to find out what sort of a husband is a "rose garden husband."

A Russian Comedy of Errors. By George Kennan. New York: The Century Company. $1.25 net.
Strange stories of Russian police and spy systems.

Sanine. By Michael Artzibashef, with a Preface by Gilbert Cannan. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.35 net.
Said to be the most sensational novel published in Russia during the last five years, and to deify the natural instincts of man. A result of the last attempt at a revolution.

Sanpriel: The Promised Land. By Alvilde Prydz. Translated from the Norwegian by Hester Coddington. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25 net.
The author has been considered Norway's greatest woman writer. Her story is of modern life, with mother love for its theme. A good example of Scandinavian thought and literature.

The Secret of the Reef. By Harold Bindloss. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.30 net.
A story of the sea and of a desolate island off the coast of Alaska, where lies the abandoned wreck of a treasure ship. A mystery complicates the situation.

Shower and Shine. By Guy Fleming. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $1.60 net.
Short stories of life's little tragedies, comedies and farces.

The Sword of Youth. By James Lane Allen. New York: The Century Company. $1.25 net.
A story of the Civil War in America, and of the self-sacrifice of a prodigal son.

The Trail of the Waving Palm. By Page Philips. New York: The Macaulay Company. $1.25 net.
Life in barbarous Mexico.

The Valley of Fear. By Arthur Conan Doyle. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.
Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson again with a murder mystery, half of which occurs in America. The brewing of the trouble occurs in an American coal-mining town, and is reported to be based on the depredations of the Molly Maguires.

The Wooden Horse. By Hugh Walpole. New York: The George H. Doran Company. $1.25 net.
Another story of the Cornwall life described by this author. The black sheep home from the world is contrasted with his conventional family.

Young Ernest. Gilbert Cannan. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $1.35 net.
An intensified study of an average life.

Juvenile

A Cadet of Belgium. By Captain Allan Grant. New York: George H. Doran Company. 60 cents net.
A boys' book of adventure in war-torn Belgium.

The Guns of Europe. By Joseph A. Altsheler. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $1.30 net.
The story of a young American, caught in the war zone, who joins the allied armies and tells his experiences at the front.

Rhymes of Littls Folks. By Burges Johnson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.00 net.
Juvenile verses for the most part in normal English. An effort to see things from a boy's point of view.

The Squirrel's Pilgrim's Progress. By J. D. Williams. Chicago: Laird and Lee. 75 cents net.
A story-book for little children, written with the idea of inculcating the use of proper English.

When Mother Lets Us Make Toys. By G. Ellingwood Rich. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company. 75 cents net.
A handbook for the amateur boy and girl toy-maker. Brass paper fasteners are used in the construction of the toys and no glue.

George Washington: A Story and a Play. By Mary Hazelton Wade. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 60 cents net.
Half of the book is the story of Washington's life and the other half presents in an eight-act play the dramatic incidents of that life for children.

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History

Carranza and Mexico. By Carlo De Fornaro. (With Chapters by Colonel I. C Enriquez, Charles Ferguson and M. C. Rolland.) New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.

The story of the peons and their revolt, from a sociological point of view.

A History of the Japanese People. By Captain F. Brinkley, R.A. New York: The Encyclopædia Britannica Company. $3.50.

The author is the editor of the *Japan Mail,* and he has had the collaboration of Baron Kikuchi, former president of the Imperial University at Kyoto. The book gives the history of Japan from the earliest times to the end of the Meiji era.

The Scotch-Irish in America. By Henry Jones Ford. Princeton, N. J.: Princeton University Press. $2.00 net.

The story of the Ulster Plantation and the great immigration from Ulster.

Geography and Travel

California, The Wonderful. By Edwin Markham. New York: Hearst's International Library Company. $2.50 net.

The subtitles are as follows: Her Romantic History, Her Picturesque People, Her Wild Shores, Her Desert Mystery, Her Valley Loveliness, Her Mountain Glory, including Her Varied Resources, Her Commercial Greatness, Her Intellectual Achievements, Her Expanding Hopes; with Glimpses of Oregon and Washington, Her Northern Neighbours. The author has lived forty years or more within the boundaries of California.

Four on a Tour in England. By Robert and Elizabeth Shackleton. New York: Hearst's International Library Company. $2.50 net.

A chatty sketch of an automobile tour through the English countryside and cathedral towns. Scotland is also visited.

The Home of the Blizzard. By Sir Douglas Mawson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. Two volumes. $9.00 net.

The story of the Australasian Antarctic Expedition, 1911-1914. Well illustrated.

Peaks and Precipices. Scrambles in the Dolomites and Savoy. By Guido Rey. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $3.50 net.

Descriptions of some of the most remarkable climbs in the world. Well illustrated.

Biography

The Confessions of Frederick the Great and the Life of Frederick the Great. By Heinrich von Treitschke. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

The Confessions of Frederick were published in an English edition many years ago, shortly after the death of the King. Treitschke's *Life* is now translated and appears in English for the first time. The preface claims that the origin of the gospel of inhumanity is to be found in Frederick's *Confessions.*

Kitchener, Organiser of Victory. By Harold Begbie. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.25 net.

An impartial biography and appreciation of Kitchener's personality.

Friedrich Nietzsche: His Life and Work. By M. A. Mugge. New York: Brentano's. $1.50 net.

A biography of the German thinker, a summary of each of his writings, an appreciation and a critique of his personality and work. A concluding section gives a bibliography.

Edward Rowland Sill: His Life and Work. By William Belmont Parker. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.75 net.

The poet most widely known for his "The Fool's Prayer" is discussed and appreciated.

The World of H. G. Wells. By Van Wycke Brooks. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.

A study of Wells's work and of the development of his personality.

General Works, Miscellaneous

The Audacious War. By C. W. Barron. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.00 net.

The commercial causes, financial aspects and the cost in men and money of the present struggle.

European Police Systems. By Raymond B. Fosdick. New York: The Century Company. $1.30 net.

The author was formerly Commissioner of Accounts in the City of New York. His book is a description of the theory and functions of police forces throughout Europe.

The German Spy System from Within. By an Ex-Intelligence Officer. New York: George H. Doran Company. $1.00 net.

An effort to describe a much exploited political phenomenon.

How Belgium Saved Europe. By Dr. Charles Sarolea, with a Preface by Count Goblet D'Alviella. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.00 net.

The significance of the Belgium campaign, the character of the people and their king, and the country's international position.

The Slav Nations. By Srgjan Pl. Tugíg. New York: George H. Doran Company 50 cents net.

A treatise on the Slav peoples engaged in the present war.

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THE BOOK MART

The following are the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of February and the 1st of March:

FICTION

City	1st on List	2d on List
New York(Uptown)...	The Turmoil	Quinney's
New York(Downtown)	The Ragged Messenger	The Lone Star Ranger
Albany, N. Y.....	The Turmoil	The Ragged Messenger
Atlanta, Ga.....	Amarilly of Clothes Line Alley	The Turmoil
Baltimore, Md.....	The Turmoil	The Perch of the Devil
Birmingham, Ala.....	The Turmoil	The Ragged Messenger
Boston, Mass.....	The Turmoil	Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo
Boston, Mass.....	The Turmoil	The Lone Star Ranger
Buffalo, N. Y.....	The Turmoil	The Harbor
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	The Turmoil	The Lone Star Ranger
Cleveland, Ohio.....	The Rose Garden Husband	Amarilly of Clothes Line Alley
Dallas, Tex.....	The Clarion	Pollyanna
Des Moines, Iowa....	The Eyes of the World	A Set of Six
Detroit, Mich.....	The Turmoil	God's Country and the Woman
Indianapolis, Ind.....	The Turmoil	The Ragged Messenger
Jacksonville, Fla.....	The Turmoil	The Lone Star Ranger
Kansas City, Mo.....	Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo	The Pastor's Wife
Los Angeles, Cal.....	The Turmoil	The Lone Star Ranger
Los Angeles, Cal.....	The Turmoil	The Clarion
Louisville, Ky.....	The Turmoil	The Lone Star Ranger
Memphis, Tenn.	Clark's Field	Oddsfish!
Milwaukee, Wis.....	The Turmoil	Pollyanna
Minneapolis, Minn.....	The Turmoil	The Pastor's Wife
New Haven, Conn....	The Turmoil	The Lone Star Ranger
New Orleans, La.....	The Pastor's Wife	Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo
Norfolk, Va.....	The Lone Star Ranger	Gideon's Band
Omaha, Neb.....	The Lone Star Ranger	The Eyes of the World
Philadelphia, Pa.....	The Turmoil	Amarilly of Clothes Line Alley
Philadelphia, Pa.....	The Lone Star Ranger	The Turmoil
Portland, Me.....	The Turmoil	The Lone Star Ranger
Portland, Ore.....	The Turmoil	The Ragged Messenger
Providence, R. I.....	The Turmoil	The Rose Garden Husband
Richmond, Va.....	The Turmoil	The Haunted Heart
Rochester, N. Y.....	The Turmoil	The Lone Star Ranger
St. Louis, Mo.....	The Turmoil	The Eyes of the World
St. Louis, Mo.....	Pollyanna	The Three Sisters
St. Paul, Minn.....	The Turmoil	The Lone Star Ranger
San Antonio, Tex.....	The Turmoil	The Eyes of the World
San Francisco, Cal....	The Ragged Messenger	The Turmoil
Seattle, Wash.....	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	The Turmoil
Spokane, Wash.....	The Turmoil	The Lone Star Ranger
Washington, D. C.....	The Turmoil	Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo
Washington, D. C.....	The Pastor's Wife	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail
Worcester, Mass.....	The Turmoil	Amarilly of Clothes Line Alley

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(*Continued*)

FICTION

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
The Grill Mystery	Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo	The Goldfish	Sanine
Selina	The Great Mirage	The Haunted Heart	Yourself and Your Neighbours
Sheep's Clothing	Amarilly of Clothes Line Alley	The Man of Iron	The Lone Star Ranger
The Eyes of the World	Patrol of Sun Dance Trail	The Wall of Partition	The Perch of the Devil
The Ragged Messenger	Rise of Jennie Cushing	Delia Blanchflower	The Pastor's Wife
God's Country and the Woman	Pollyanna	The Eyes of the World	The Wall of Partition
Patrol of Sun Dance Trail	The Lone Star Ranger	Sheep's Clothing	Little Sir Gallahad
Patrol of Sun Dance Trail	Little Sir Galahad	The Secret of the Reef	The Auction Block
The Valley of Fear	The Eyes of the World	The Lone Star Ranger	Amarilly of Clothes Line Alley
Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo	God's Country and the Woman	Little Eve Edgarton	Rung Ho!
The Turmoil	God's Country and the Woman	Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo	The Lone Star Ranger
The Eyes of the World	The Turmoil	The Honourable Percival	The Wall of Partition
Amarilly of Clothes Line Alley	Pollyanna	Little Straw Wife	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail
Amarilly of Clothes Line Alley	The Eyes of the World	The Clarion	Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo
Mrs. Martin's Man	Quinney's	Patrol of Sun Dance Trail	Rise of Jennie Cushing
Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo	The Eyes of the World	The Clarion	The Pastor's Wife
The Turmoil	Pollyanna	The Prince of Graustark	The Turbulent Duchess
The Wife of Sir Isaac Harmon	The River	The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail	The Honourable Percival
The Awakening	Daddy-Long-Legs	Before the Gringo Came	The Wife of Sir Isaac Harmon
Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo	The Turbulent Duchess	The Sword of Youth	Europe Revised
For the Allison Honour	The Perch of the Devil	No. 13 Washington Sq.	The Turmoil
Patrol of Sun Dance Trail	The Prince of Graustark	Saturday's Child	The Lone Star Ranger
The Eyes of the World	A Set of Six	Patrol of Sun Dance Trail	The Clarion
God's Country and the Woman	The Haunted Heart	The Harbor	Amarilly of Clothes Line Alley
The Lone Star Ranger	Bambi	Delia Blanchflower	The Eyes of the World
The Clean Heart	How It Happened	The Man and the Woman	You Never Know Your Luck
Pollyanna	The Turmoil	The Ragged Messenger	The Voice in the Fog
Big Tremaine	The Dusty Road	Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo	The Good Shepherd
The Eyes of the World	The Dusty Road	The Second Blooming	Rose Garden Husband
The Eyes of the World	Contrary Mary	Patrol of Sun Dance Trail	Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo
The Eyes of the World	The Raft	The Clarion	God's Country and the Woman
The Turbulent Duchess	Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo	Amarilly of Clothes Line Alley	The Clarion
The Wall of Partition	The Eyes of the World	Pollyanna	The Ragged Messenger
The Eyes of the World	The Clarion	Rose Garden Husband	Kent Knowles: Quahaug
The Wife of Sir Isaac Harmon	The Twenty-fourth of June	Gideon's Band	The Street of Seven Stars
The Pastor's Wife	Innocents	Gideon's Band	Selina
The Eyes of the World	Patrol of Sun Dance Trail	The Pastor's Wife	Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo
Pollyanna	The Perch of the Devil	The Clarion	The Wall of Partition
The Eyes of the World	The River	The Clarion	The Duchess of Wrexe
Rise of Jennie Cushing	The Lone Star Ranger	The Clarion	Delia Blanchflower
The Clarion	Patrol of Sun Dance Trail	The Eyes of the World	The Wall of Partition
The Lone Star Ranger	The Pastor's Wife	The Second Blooming	Rose Garden Husband
Innocent	The Lone Star Ranger	The Wisdom of Father Brown	Penrod
Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo	The Lone Star Ranger	Kent Knowles: Quahaug	Big Tremaine

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SALE OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The New York Public Library, Circulation Department, reports books most in demand, excluding fiction, as follows:

For the week ending February 3d:

1. Germany and the Next War. Bernhardi.
2. From Dublin to Chicago. Hannay.
3. Recollections of Full Years. Taft.
4. Abroad at Home. Street.
5. The Promised Land. Antin.
6. My Path Through Life. Lehmann.

For the week ending February 10th:

1. Progressive Democracy. Croly.
2. In Dickens's London. Smith.
3. Air Craft in War. Spaight.
4. Plays. Schnitzler.
5. Business Organization and Combination. Haney.

For the week ending February 17th:

1. Abroad at Home. Street.
2. Pan-Germanism. Usher.
3. Fighting in Flanders. Powell.
4. Mainsprings of Russia. Baring.
5. Appearances. Dickinson.
6. California. Austin.

For the week ending February 24th:

1. Evolution of Modern Germany. Dawson.
2. The Promised Land. Antin.
3. Abroad at home. Street.
4. Poems. Tagore.
5. Memoirs of Forty Years. Radziwell.
6. Photo Drama. Phillips.
7. Germany and England. Cramb.

BOOKS—NON-FICTION—IN DEMAND—FROM THE BOOKSELLERS' LISTS

What Men Live By. Cabot.
With the Allies. Davis.
The Evidence in the Case. Beck.
Fighting in Flanders. Powell.
Secrets of the German War Office. Graves.
Pan-Germanism. Usher.
Germany and the Next War. Bernhardi.
Abroad at Home. Street.
The Sunny Side of Diplomatic Life. Hegermann-Lindencrone.
Germany and England. Cramb.
Germany and the Germans. Collier.
California. Markham.

BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see chart, pages 222 and 223) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on	any	list	receives	10
" " "	2d	"	"	"	"	8
" " "	3d	"	"	"	"	7
" " "	4th	"	"	"	"	6
" " "	5th	"	"	"	"	5
" " "	6th	"	"	"	"	4

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Turmoil. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.35	352
2. The Lone Star Ranger. Grey. (Harper.) $1.35	173
3. The Eyes of the World. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.35	135
4. Mr. Grex of Monte Carlo. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.35	96
5. The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25	81
6. The Clarion. Adams. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.35	69

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